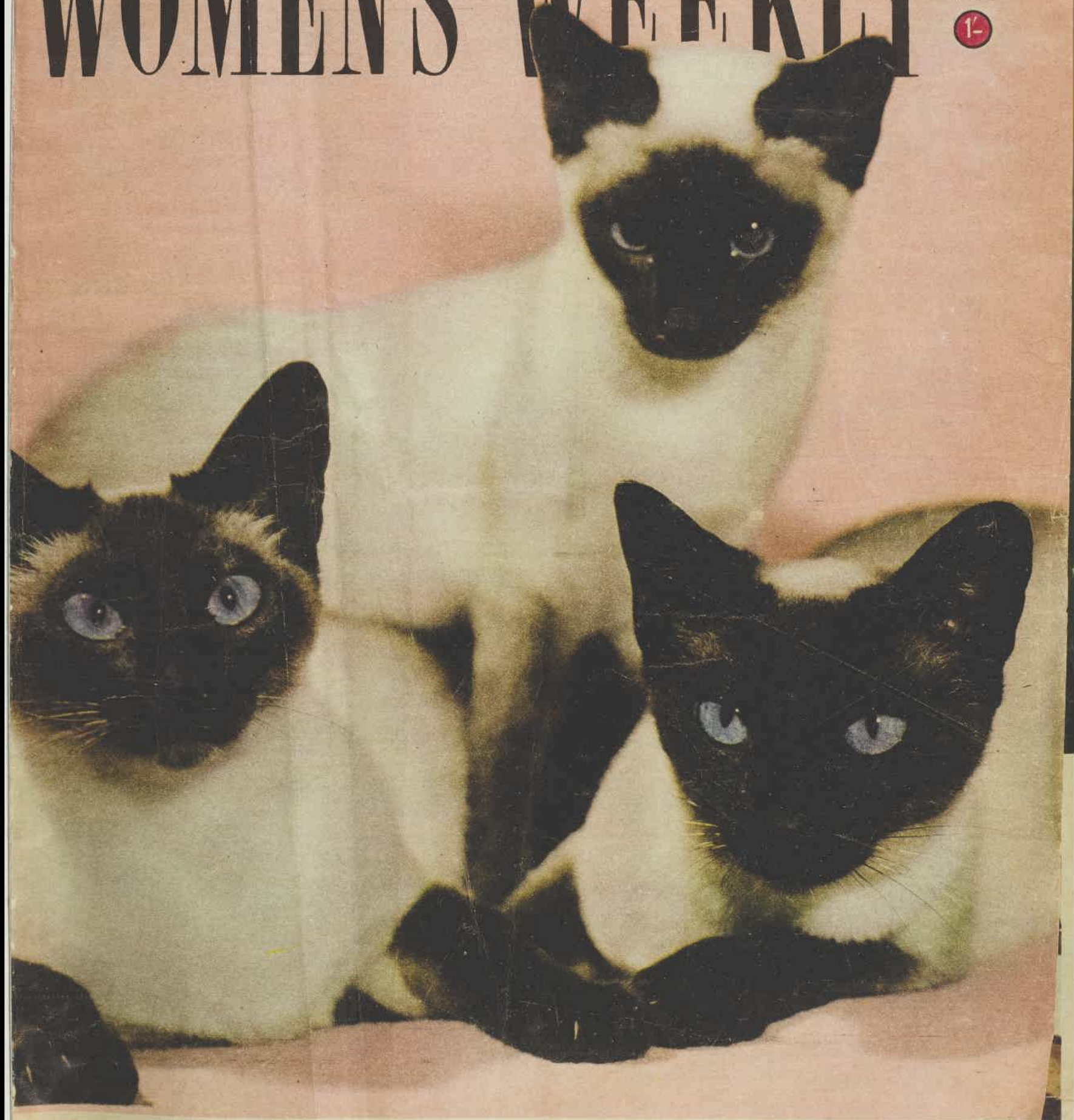
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.
January 3, 1962
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-



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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4038WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elisabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 3, 1962 — Vol. 29, No. 1

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● With seal-point Siamese cats on our cover, we were interested in a recent cat survey in the United States which revealed that there, among pedigreed cats, this was the most popular breed, followed closely by the blue-point Siamese.

THESE facts appeared in a book, "The Fabulous Feline," by Milan Greer, recently published in America.

Mr. Greer gives fascinating data about the personality of cats.

Siamese, he writes, even though they sometimes go round muttering to themselves, are fun-loving and friendly; Persians have minds of their own; Burmese are wise and persuasive; a Manx cat is timid and dependent.

Writer Greer debunks some "old cats' tales."

For instance, far from having nine lives, cats are often not much interested in one—they will give up the struggle for life much more quickly than most other animals.

And, contrary to popular opinion, baths are good for cats, helping them in their endless task of keeping clean and preventing hairballs forming in their stomachs from too much licking.

HOW TO MOUNT 1962 WILDFLOWER CALENDAR
(Pages 24 and 25).

Cut out the two pages carefully, using the dotted lines as a guide. Then, using either paste or transparent adhesive tape across the corners, attach each page on a sheet of cardboard slightly larger than the actual size of the page.

Make the holes, as indicated, through both paper and cardboard, thread with colored cord or string for hanging.

Change pages round halfway through the year.

THE glamorous picture of Sydney model Margo McKendry in last week's issue to announce her engagement to Dr. Michael Vincent Hogan was taken by Sydney fashion photographer John Nisbett just before Margo returned to America after holidaying at home earlier this year.

Margo hadn't seen the picture before, although it has been in several photographic exhibitions.

Before John and his wife, Fairlie, returned to Sydney recently they dined with Margo and her fiance in New York before going on to see the Broadway hit "The Unsinkable Molly Brown."

When we asked him about Dr. Hogan, John's comment was: "A particularly nice bloke."

★ ★ ★

IAN FLEMING'S Secret Service Agent James Bond (Eton, Sandhurst) and man-about town makes Paris his town in our long exciting story "FROM A VIEW TO A KILL" (see pages 16-17).

Connoisseurs of Mr. Bond will be delighted to find that he is still delightfully knowledgeable about foreign drinks ("champagne a l'orange"—champagne with orange, "fine a l'eau"—cognac and water, "Americano"—bitter campari, vermouth, lemon peel, and soda).

Ian Fleming, once a Fleet Street journalist, wrote his first best-seller, "Casino Royale," in Jamaica ten years ago.

Since then he has written seven more, all about James Bond, Number 007 in the English Secret Service. Our short story comes from his recent collection "For Your Eyes Only."

Another man-about-town is the hero of our other long short story, "JEEVES MAKES AN OMELET" (pages 18-19).

Bertie Wooster is a person pretty much the direct opposite of James Bond. Where Bond deals out the telling blows on the head, Bertie collects them. He is at his customary charming silliest in this amusing story, where, as usual, Jeeves, that evergreen gentleman's gentleman, makes all the important decisions.

In addition to these two long short stories there is a delightfully topical one, "A NIGHT LIKE ANY OTHER," by Sylvia Dee, with a theme of New Year's Eve parties, also another instalment of our wonderful serial, "THE PALE HORSE," by Agatha Christie.

Our cover

● Three generations of pedigreed seal-point Siamese cats are shown with grandmother Hookstone Heaven (left), her daughter Greenacres Yum Yum (right), and Yum Yum's daughter Greenacres Peep Bo, the kitten (behind). Heaven was a winner at both the Sydney and Melbourne 1961 Royal Shows (she was the Best Siamese in the Melbourne Show). This family portrait was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow. The cats are owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lowery, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

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Lovely Ana will sing in Australia

The girl who 'thinks, sleeps, and lives' grand opera

● Like a youthful combination of Sophia Loren and Maria Callas, Ana Raquel Satre is an opera producer's dream come true. Watching her move about her flat or sitting at a piano it is hard to believe she is 31 and has a nine-year-old son.

THE South American singer is coming to Australia to tour in the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's 1962 grand opera season.

She will appear at the Perth Festival in the role of Violetta in "La Traviata." At the Adelaide Festival of Arts in March she will sing in "Don Giovanni" as well as "La Traviata."

Later the company will visit Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, where the season ends on July 31.

The Latin coloring and vivacity of Ana Raquel Satre are muted by a quiet manner and soft, subdued speaking voice which make it easy to understand why all her friends call her Mimi.

But Miss Satre says this gentle image is most unreliable.

"I have a foul temperament when I get depressed," she told me with relish. "But thank goodness it is not too often. The one thing that does depress me is having to be worried about business.

Surrounded by music

"I think I have the voice to be a good artist. But after my American tour last year I know that I have no ability to handle myself where business is concerned.

"Anyone can make a fool of me, and of course I don't enjoy that."

Ana Raquel Satre was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, of well-to-do parents. As a child she studied the piano and ballet and loved to sing whenever she had a chance.

Her father's voice was exceptional for an amateur and her grandfather had been a great friend of the famous Polish tenor Jean de Reszke, so the young Ana was surrounded by music.

She had not thought of it as a career, however, and when she reached university she studied law.

She left the university to get married, and it was after this marriage failed that she decided to study singing at the National Conservatorium in Montevideo.

At the conservatorium the famous French singer Ninon Vallin encouraged Ana to take her training seriously, even though she didn't have to earn her living.

She toured in several operas in South America, and then, at 26, went to France to study

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

with Ninon Vallin and Pierre Bernac.

Three months after her arrival she won an international singing contest at Toulouse and an engagement to sing in the Cannes Festival.

There a critic wrote: "Her superb musicianship and beauty of phrasing must surely be unique in Europe today."

When the sparklingly young and talented singer toured all Europe the critics outdid one another in comparing her with great singers of the past.

Ever since she saw Maria Callas at Covent Garden in 1959, Miss Satre has been determined to become an opera star.

"I had done quite a lot of straight acting in Montevideo because I enjoyed it," she said. "But I had thought of myself as primarily a recital artist until I saw Callas.

"Then I realised that opera was my greatest chance to combine my love of acting with my singing career. From that minute onwards I have thought, slept, and lived opera."

Miss Satre is unusual in that, although she has a full soprano range, she is sufficiently rich in tone in her lower register to take mezzo-soprano roles.

Recently she won great acclaim for her Decca recording of Emilia in "Otello," with Del Monaco and Renate Tebaldi. Decca were so pleased that they chose her to sing the part of Alisa in "Lucia di Lammermoor" opposite Joan Sutherland's Lucia.

Loves meeting people

"It was a wonderful experience to sing with her and I found her a most happy-to-work-with personality," said Miss Satre, her English becoming a little scrambled in her enthusiasm.

The lovely singer's devotion to an operatic career has not made her an artistic bluestocking.

"I'm always embarrassed when people ask me what my hobbies are," she says. "You see, I have to answer: horse-riding and parties.

"'Parties' sounds so frivolous. But the point is that I really love meeting and getting to know people, and I think that parties are the easiest way to do it."

● With her classical bone structure and expressive features, Ana Raquel Satre has a perfect stage face. At right: She accompanies herself on an old virginal in her bedroom in a Kensington, London, flat. It is much quieter than a piano, so she is able to practise without disturbing the neighbors.

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Why men are moody

● Men have been put on the defensive against women, says Alan Lloyd, writer of this article. A husband, especially, is confused about his role in today's changed social conditions. Unless his wife gives him assurance of his manliness, his confusion can turn to resentment—and moodiness.

Part two of "Do You REALLY Understand Him?" a study of men by ALAN LLOYD

MANY qualities are important to a man in his wife — tenderness, integrity, imagination, a sense of humor, and so on —besides harmony with his own sexual rhythms.

He is better able to adjust to a woman's responses in love than she to his.

It is perfectly true that a great deal of what is loosely referred to as "incompatibility" would rapidly vanish, given a little more imagination and romantic spirit on the part of most husbands.

Less sensitive to surroundings and the prevailing mood than their wives, few men realise the extent to which a woman's reactions in love are governed by the whole of her environment — consequently, the importance of making courtship not merely a preliminary to, but a continuous aspect of, marriage.

At the same time we men are not entirely without our own problems.

For every man, say the psychologists, love presents a barrage of dilemmas. He wants the completeness a woman can give him, but is fearful he will pay for it by being dominated by her.

He wants the gentleness and tenderness of a woman, but is afraid it will rub off on him and rob him of his masculine toughness.

He wants to rejoice in the loveliness of a woman, but is tied by a mass of inhibitions and frightened by his own responses — responses society persistently forbids him to express during the long, frustrating years between puberty and marriage.

The average fellow's attitude to women often appears to flip somewhat haphazardly between reverence and aggression, as most girls have quickly discovered with their first boy-friend.

A big puzzle

One moment everything was going swimmingly, then suddenly his mood became black as thunder and she spent the rest of the evening trying to fathom what she'd done wrong.

She didn't know it, but so did he. If anything, it was more puzzling to him than her!

When a man occasionally withdraws into himself, confused and resenting his apparent inability to cope with the role of lover in our modern culture, it should be possible for a woman to understand. Above all, he looks for her continuing excitement and pleasure in their marriage, for lack of it casts a deep shadow on his masculine pride.

Then again, he looks to her not only for reassurance of his manliness, but as a means of displaying it to the world. For this reason, he expects his wife to "dress up" and look attractive for his friends.

It is important to him that she should be desirable to other men.

Simone de Beauvoir has written aptly: "For men, a party takes on the form of a ceremonial in which gifts are exchanged; each offers to all the others the spectacle of the feminine body that is his property."

"VINTAGE" MEN have many attractions for younger women. America's President Kennedy (above) was recently chosen by a group of French women as "the most attractive man in the world." At 44, he's a baby compared with their other heart-throbs, including Charles Chaplin (left), Picasso (right), the late Ernest Hemingway (below).

But, frustratingly for many a wife, as soon as she wears something that would excite him on his favorite film star, or the blonde down the road, he becomes resentful and disapproving.

By making herself too attractive she has made him jealous. He feels insecure. A husband wants his wife to be respected as well as "physically" esteemed.

In fact, a husband expects all things in his wife — a superwoman, and even that's not quite right, because a truly efficient woman is anathema to his sense of authority.

How often has a helpless bride devoted herself, for her husband's sake, to becoming the mistress of all situations, only to find that he has lost the "masterly manner" she fell in love with in the first place!

The new confidence women have found in the past half-century has aggravated this problem.

The husband, struggling to make good in a professional world of increasing complexity and speed, gradually relinquishes his domestic authority to a lively and competent wife. After the day-long pressures of living up to her expectations he gets home, retires into a quiet corner with the television set, and gladly lets his wife "wear the trousers."

"Stripped of his aggressiveness," says psychologist Dr. Maurice Linden, "the husband becomes a passive partner. He loses interest in making love satisfying for his wife."

He wants her to "make the advances."

If she wants the reverse, the result is an impasse.

Women repeatedly express themselves hurt by the preference their menfolk so often show for masculine company, and the passion they expend on strictly non-feminine interests.

Golf-wives and a whole variety of other "grass widows" are sometimes irked to the point of wishing the competition wore skirts—then, at least, they would know where they stood.

By donning the appropriate kit and plunging into masculine activities in search of husbands, they merely confuse and irritate the issue.

Men feel the need to escape from women at times to preserve their identity.

I have stayed in hotels recently where the "men only" bars were so crowded that customers had to fight their way in—while the ordinary saloon and public bars stood empty.

In London, many venerable and physically comfortless men's clubs are as well subscribed as ever. And in America, where some observers consider a modern matriarchal society to be just round the corner, all-male restaurants, as The Bull and Bear at New York's Waldorf Astoria and the Locke-Ober in Boston, are flourishing.

There is even a daily New York-Chicago air flight which carries only male passengers. Significantly, however, they are cared for by a stewardess, not a steward. They don't want to escape as much as all that!

The fact is that this strange masculine creature who shares your life — traditional warrior, breadwinner, pace-setter, lord and master of the human race — is on the defensive against femininity. After all, twentieth-century woman has altered his life beyond recognition, upended his totems, and laughed at his taboos.

Like a mule

You may think it is a sign of his stature and versatility that, on the whole, he has taken it with philosophical good humor. Or you may think it is a tribute to the powers of womanly persuasion.

One way or the other, he won't be driven. The man in your life can be as stubborn as a mule. But coax him a little. Encourage him. He'll jump through a hoop for a pat on the back.

Recently, in France, a dozen or so women of distinction and charm put their heads together to draw up a list of the most attractive men in the world. Their first choice, America's 44-year-old President Kennedy, is a mere baby beside most of their other heart-throbs. More typical of the vintages favored were Charles Chaplin, General de Gaulle, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Picasso, Vittorio de Sica, the late Gary Cooper, and the late Ernest Hemingway.

Women, as it is hardly necessary to point out, are extremely susceptible to the charm of older men. Secretly, many a coffee-bar Apollo would be willing to trade his golden locks for the grey hairs and female fan-club of a Betjemen, a Horrocks, or a Maugham. It is his seemingly enviable status that makes the man with the silver temples so easily misunderstood.

Life begins at 40, they say. Love seems to be blooming later and later. T. S. Eliot was in his mid-sixties when he married Miss Valerie Fletcher, 30; Peter Townsend was well into his forties when he married Mlle Jamagne, 20; while Earl Beatty and the late Sir Thomas Beecham both married in the "autumn" years of life.

On the face of it, the older man has all the advantages. He is at the height of his career, established and recognised in society. He is worldly wise and wealthy enough to indulge in luxuries he couldn't afford when his family were young.

He wears good suits, drives a well-polished car, and generally handles the business of life with assurance and wit. Above all, the impression he cultivates is that he can look after himself — you, too, if you care to let him.

Experts on human behaviour are not deluded. Men have always been terrified of the ageing process.

Women make more fuss about it, but, to a man, the vision of anno domini is dreadful beyond words. They have tried everything to turn back the clock.

Today, "monkey gland" is a joke, but it wasn't for the men who flocked to try it out in the 1920s—and middle age is still no joke for the average man. Many wives are too concerned with the more dramatic implications of their own "change of life" to realise that their husbands have troubles as well.

As one family doctor told me: "Everyone knows that women need sympathy and understanding during the climacteric, but fewer people know that men need a similar approach. A lot of them take their troubles to doctors.

"Successful, well-established men from all walks of life come to me with the whole range of stress diseases — ulcers, high blood pressure, chronic headaches, and so on —which arise basically from emotional problems.

"What they really need is a remedy for the anxieties of middle age."

What are the anxieties? A common one is the feeling that they have missed the path somewhere in life. The urge for security drives more and more men into dull, pensionable jobs instead of lively, interesting ones which entail greater financial risk.

As the small, individualistic firms are slowly squeezed out of business, the "personal" ingredient disappears from work and the choice increasingly lies between the headless giants of nationalisation and private monopoly.

The grousers

In time, men who have a lack of satisfaction in their jobs become moody and irritable.

They become grousers, for ever nagging about this and that. They become critical of their wives and families, whom they see as the cause of their unrewarding workaday existence. Such men tend to see marriage as an institution that grinds them into the dust.

Women can help to avoid this by playing down their own instinct of "safety first," by encouraging their husbands to take a chance, to do something new and bring adventure and personality back to their lives.

Another sort of man hots up the pace of his business activities as he passes middle age, and is constantly fighting the clock.

Continued on page 34

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You read about them in 1961

HERE'S A YEAR'S-END QUIZ

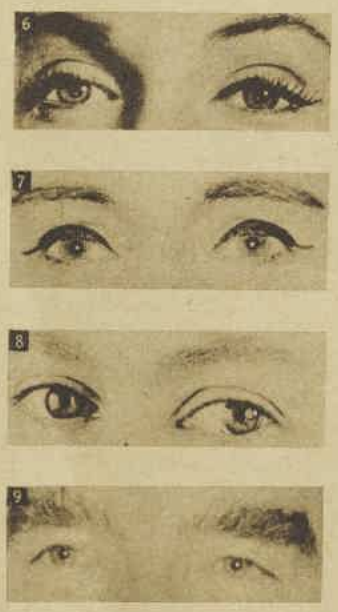
● *Perhaps he's the world's best-known monkey. He's an American citizen and figured in a history-making flight. What is his name, and where did he go?*

● *This international figure died in an air crash. Who was he? And his position?*

● *Here's his acting successor. What's his name, nationality?*

● *He died in Sydney. He was probably the firs. Australian singer to record, and the first song he recorded, in 1904, was "Navaho." Name?*

● *A fight made headlines. One of the boxers is a household word in Australia. What's his name and who is his opponent?*



● *You have seen these four international celebrities pictured very often in newspapers and magazines. You know their faces, but can you identify them by their eyes?*

● *Three famous sportsmen and one woman. Two of them are Australians, two are visitors. They represent three sports. Who are they?*

● *Wife of a famous political figure — she remains well in the background. Who is she?*

● *Australia's best-known home. What is its name? Where is it?*

THE ANSWERS

1: America's first space-monkey, Ham, who survived a 153-mile-high ride in a rocket on January 31. (Here he gets his first reward—an apple.)
2: Dag Hammarskjold, United Nations' Secretary-General.
3: U Than, from Burma.
4: Peter Dawson.
5: Jimmy Carruthers (right), losing to Alio Pravisani.
6: Marilyn Monroe.
7: Joan Sutherland.
8: Queen Elizabeth.
9: Prime Minister Menzies.
10: Stirling Moss, British racing motorist.
11: Margaret Smith, Australia's new tennis star.
12: Wesley Hall, West Indian cricketer.
13: Norman O'Neill, Australian cricketer.
14: Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev.
15: "Yarralumla," Governor-General's Canberra residence.

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Christmas lights in Perth

PERTH, following the lead of overseas cities and other Australian capitals, has for the first time gone gay with Christmas street decorations and illuminations costing more than £4000. The twinkling scene (above) shows Murray Street at the Forrest Place intersection where a giant balloon, of the "Around The World In 80 Days" variety, dominates the decorations. The balloon is 20ft. in diameter, and its red-and-yellow "skin" was made by Australian Olympic yachtsman Rolly Tasker, a professional sailmaker. The decorations, sponsored by the Perth Chamber of Commerce, will continue to brighten the city scene for the opening of the Festival of Perth on January 1. The festival continues until February 17, with a programme including plays, operas, concerts, international and children's film festivals, and art exhibitions. The decorations will then be put away till November, when, with appropriate additions, they will give Perth a festive air for the Empire Games. Picture by Reg Morrison.

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He may settle on the Pacific coast

"Billarney" is on walkabout again

● Famous Australian bushman and author Bill Harney, who left Darwin because it became "too settled and civilised," has decided after five years to leave Alice Springs for the same reason, and is planning to return to his native Queensland.

BILL HARNEY, Australia's best-known bushman, noted as much for his generous conversational abilities as his writing.

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

HE was born in Charters Towers, which he left in 1908.

Bill — or "Billarney," as he is called by the aborigines—hopes to buy a five-room cottage at Mooloolaba, about 80 miles north of Brisbane, where he can "do a spot of writing, a spot of fishing, and a spot of loafing."

"All my old mates will be welcome there," said Bill. "I've been bludging on them all over Australia for 20 years and more. Now I hope they'll come and do a spot of bludging on me."

If he successfully negotiates for the cottage, he won't settle in until about July.

After spending Christmas with his sister, Mrs. F. Escreet, of Yeppoon, near Rockhampton, he intends to visit "mates" in Grafton and Sydney, stay with another sister in Narrandera, N.S.W., and see more "old mates" in Melbourne, before arriving in Adelaide in time for Writers' Week during the Festival of Arts.

Then he is moving on for a short stay at Wilpeena Pound in the Flinders Range —"they're so beautiful, anyone who doesn't go and see them is mad"—before returning to Alice Springs to gather material for a new book for which he has received a Commonwealth Literary Grant of £500.

"Hi ya, mate!"

He will go walkabout west of Alice Springs to the Peterman Ranges for three or four months.

The book will deal with the impact of tourism on Central Australia and will include stories about the mythology of the country.

Bill Harney's decision to leave the Northern Territory, where he has lived for about 40 years, came as a surprise to me when I met him in Adelaide.

The last time I saw him in Adelaide, nearly three years ago, he asked my advice on furnishings for the house he was building in Alice Springs.

While I wanted to sit back and hear some of Bill's hilarious tall stories, he wanted to talk about bedsteads and curtains, bathrooms and bookcases.

A few months later when I visited the Alice, Bill invited me out for a cup of tea and showed me over the then unfinished house as proudly as any new home suburban dweller.

When I saw him in Adelaide the other day he had changed very little.

Short and nuggety, he was still brown from the northern sun, his eyes were the vivid light blue I remembered, and his greeting was the same — "Hi ya, mate!"

Bill told me why he had decided to give up his job as Ranger of Ayers Rock and move to Queensland.

"First, there is the sea," he said. "I love to be near the water. The aborigines say rain —meaning water—brings happiness, and certainly the drought round Alice Springs has had a depressing effect.

"But most important of all is the fact that I am a roamer, and I will continue to roam.

"After a while I find complaints with every joint I live in. I look at the town's cemetery and move on; I know I don't want to be buried there. When I die I want to be buried in a nice cemetery with plenty of water round me.

"I suppose really I am getting to the stage where I get disgruntled easily.

"I got fed up with Darwin because it was getting too settled and civilised, but when I went back there recently there had been a lot of rain and everything looked so green and lush I wondered what I had complained about.

"I like Alice. She's a nice place. But it is also growing rapidly. If you go into town these days, you have to dress up, otherwise people call you an eccentric. But in a place like Mooloolaba, I reckon it'll still be O.K. to go round in shorts with no boots on."

Bill Harney, whose reminiscences have made him a favorite with radio listeners in many parts of the world, knows himself too well to say definitely that he will settle down permanently.

"However," he said, with a smile and rueful shake of the head, "I'm rising—as they say about horses — on 67. I suppose I'm getting on.

"The place I have got my eye on at Mooloolaba is only a third of a mile from the sea, and at the back of me I will have those wonderful Buderim Mountains.

"There are a lot of fishermen there and I hope I'll be able to give them a hand with the nets.

"I won't starve. I can always get a few fish. Also I've got a few bob from the books I've published, and when that runs out I can always fall back on the old age pension."

The house at Mooloolaba will be the third Bill Harney has owned.

He had a house at Two Fella Creek, near Darwin, which he "gave away to a mate" when he left for Alice Springs. ("What would I want with two houses?")

Now he has sold his house and furniture in the Alice, taking with him only his pictures—he has one by Albert Namatjira which "Albert sort of gave me because I once lent him some money"—and his books.

"All my life I have burnt everything ahead of me," explained Bill, "things like letters and documents that only gather dust."

Caravan, too

In Queensland Bill Harney intends to buy a small caravan or van so that he can go "walkabout" when the mood hits him.

"If I find I can't settle down in Mooloolaba," he said, "then I will move on. I hear Port Douglas, that ghost town north of Cairns, is a pretty good place."

Bill Harney will be missed by the tourists visiting Ayers Rock.

He could always be counted on to tell them tales from the folklore of the aboriginal tribes.

A born story-teller, Bill also enjoyed his job as Ranger of the Rock.

"Twelve years ago you would only get about 12 tourists a year. Six years ago you still only got about 100. Last year 5000 tourists visited the area.

"Dinkum," said Bill, scratching his thick mop of white hair, "I find the tourists very nice people.

"I can't say I have seen many duds. A mate of mine reckons the tourists were too kind to me. I'm a real earbasher, and they let me yap at them for hours.

"I find that a story gets better and slightly longer every time I tell it," added Bill Harney, smiling.

"But don't you find it the same, mate?"

NEXT WEEK:

● New Clothes for the New Year

Five new midsummer designs for everyone who likes to keep in step with fashion. Easy-to-follow patterns include a straight one-piece dress, a self-belted one-piece, sleeveless dress with side-button skirt, and a short-sleeved summer maternity coat.

● You Only Think You're Tired

There are two kinds of tiredness—physical and psychological. Sometimes you are really tired; at other times you only think you are. Read how to avoid it.

● Special color pictures of the fascinating unique-in-the-world telescope at Parkes, N.S.W.

● Other color features:

Hillside House in Adelaide built in Austrian style.

Glowing Floral Carpet.

Scenes from film "El Cid," with Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren.

And in Teenagers' Weekly (Australian edition only):

● How to give a Hawaiian Party — outdoors on a warm summer night. Greet your guests with leis made from garden flowers, serve them mouth-watering Hawaiian dishes made from recipes by Debbie, our teenage chef.

YOUR OWN MOTHER-AND-BABY PHOTOGRAPH MIGHT WIN £50

AMONG the pictures your husband took of you and your baby, have you selected one to enter in our picture contest?

As a follow-up to the pictures of Princess Margaret and baby David, taken by his father, former society photographer Tony Armstrong-Jones, we are offering two prizes of £50 for your own best mother-and-baby picture taken by the father.

The pictures can be either color transparencies or black-and-white. We can't accept color prints.

The baby in the picture should not be more than 12 months old, BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER HOW OLD THE PICTURE IS. Your baby may now be grown up.

Twins or triplets are eligible, too, as long as they are shown with their mother and the picture was taken by the father.

Address entries: *"Baby Picture," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.*

On the back of the picture, or on a slip attached to it, print in block letters the names of baby and yourself and your husband, your address, and phone number if you have one. This must be signed by either parent.

Example: "Mrs. John Doe and baby John, 7 months, taken 1958 by Mr. John Doe, 2 Smith Street, Brownsville, Vic.—XA9163. (Signature.)"

THE PRIZES:

- £50 for best color transparency.
- £50 for best black-and-white picture.
- Four prizes of £10. Four prizes of £5.

Consolation prizes of £2/2/- each for any other pictures published.

If you want your picture back, send stamped, addressed envelope for return.

Black-and-white pictures may be any size as long as they are sharp. Color transparencies should not be smaller than 35-millimetre.

The competition is open to all except members of the staff of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their immediate families.

CLOSING DATE: Monday, January 8.

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THE DAVIS CUP . . .

● *Sergio Tacchini, from Novara, Italy.*

● *Lanky Orlando Sirola, from Balogna.*

● *Nicola Pietrangeli, Italy's No. 1 player.*

● *Newcomer Sergio Jacobini, from Rome.*

● Kooyong, glamor headquarters of the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria, this year has the honor of staging the 50th Jubilee Challenge Round of the Davis Cup.

AUSTRALIA, the holder, is defending the Cup against the challenger, Italy, on December 26, 27, and 28.

It is the sixth time Kooyong has hosted the Challenge Round since American Dwight F. Davis inaugurated the Davis Cup competition in 1900. (The competition was suspended during both world wars.)

Originally the Cup was for competition between the U.S. and Britain. Today more than 40 nations vie for the honor of holding it for a year.

This year Italy won its way to the right to challenge Australia, bringing back to the green centre courts of Kooyong their personality players Nicola Pietrangeli, Orlando Sirola, and Sergio Tacchini, and newcomer Sergio Jacobini.

Dark good-looking Nicola Pietrangeli with the close-cropped hair is as much a charmer as ever on this his fourth visit to Australia and his third Davis Cup here.

He still has a lot to say silently to himself when he misses a stroke.

This time he has left behind in Italy a six-and-a-half-month-old baby son.

The long-legged, 6ft. 7in. in-his-bare-feet Orlando Sirola, as fair as Nicola is dark, is the great crowd-pleaser as he ambles (apparently) about the court and pulls one of his mouth-down grimaces when he fluffs an easy one, or tosses a brief hand-to-forehead salute to an ace by an opponent.

Sole bachelor in the quartet, Sergio Tacchini, a 23-year-old, is just as tall, dark, and handsome as he was on his first visit last year to flutter the 1961 female heart. And he likes Australian girls.

He has got himself a nickname among his team-mates this time round . . . Gagarin, "because he knows everything about planes," explains Nicola.

The natural quietness of the other Sergio — Jacobini — slightest and shortest of the four, is emphasised by the fact that he speaks no English.

By
FREDA IRVING

A 26-year-old, he comes from Rome, where he has left his wife and their two children, a boy of two and a girl of seven months.

The Australian Cup squad brings three States to the scene with Victorian Neale Fraser, Queenslanders Roy Emerson, Rod Laver, and Ken Fletcher, and New South Welshman Fred Stolle.

Tall fair-haired Neale . . . "Frais" to the squad . . . is determinedly fighting his way back to form after his knee operation and seems to be taking his tennis even more seriously than before . . . if that is possible.

Not even thoughts of his new son, Andrew Dean, can dim his concentration over every point in a match.

A sharp contrast to broad-shouldered Neale is the slender Roy Emerson — "Emmo" to his team-mates . . . with the court manners all tennis players could well emulate . . . as he whips through a match with the speed and accuracy of a mosquito.

Freckle-faced Rod Laver . . . "Rocket," because he comes from Rockhampton . . . might just as well have got his nickname from his hair, which is a flaming red.

Short and stocky, he's casual enough in his approach to match play to label him a typical Queenslander.

It's this casual approach of his that makes him such a menace when things get tough. Where other players tend to tense up, "Rocket" just gets more relaxed.

He's one of the two bachelors in the squad. The other is baby of the group Ken Fletcher, who'll be 21 this January.

Fair, curly headed Ken Fletcher is the funny man of the side and is supremely confident. If he doesn't win this time, he's certainly going to next.

And, seeing that an expert says he has the best forehand drive in the world, he undoubtedly will be among the tops just as soon as the rest of his game matches his forehand.

Newly married Fred Stolle, tall, thin, and wiry, who came up through the hardcourt ranks, is a determinedly aggressive player who is a pleasure to watch.

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● Rod ("Rocket") Laver, of Queensland.

● Cup squad member Fred Stolle (N.S.W.).

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS

Harry Hopman has led Australia in ten great Davis Cup victories.

Jaroslav Drobny, ex-Czech player, captain - manager of Italy.

. . . JUBILEE YEAR

● Ken Fletcher (Qld.), team "baby."

● Roy Emerson (Qld., left) and Neale Fraser (Vic.) paired in a doubles match.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles

PALM BEACH will take the New Year honors in welcoming 1962 with a non stop whirl of parties. One of the gayest will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brash at their lovely home in Rayner Road.

They're entertaining about seventy friends from 9 p.m. on New Year's Eve.

Weather permitting, the party will be on the terrace overlooking the garden, which will be lit with lots of huge white Chinese lanterns.

Among their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. John Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Scarisbrick, Mr. and Mrs. John Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Graham, Mrs. Sylvia Quist, and Commander Laurie Merson, of H.M.A.S. Yarra.

Incidentally, Commander Merson and Mrs. Quist are planning to be married late in January at H.M.A.S. Watson's picturesque Naval Memorial Chapel.

★ ★ ★

NEWEST residence at Palm Beach is the adorable white-and-grey weatherboard cottage which Mr. and Mrs. Dick Allen had "whipped up in a month" on the tennis court of their home in Ralston Road. They've built it as a holiday house for their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Allen, and their infant son, Michael Sydney Wigram.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Derek Cassidy are on safari this week, making for Emerald, about three hundred miles west of Rockhampton, Queensland, to visit Derek's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rice (formerly of Mosman), who have a cattle property out there. They're making stop-overs en route, calling on Mr. and Mrs. Wally Farquhar, of "Goori," Spring Ridge, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Schmidt, of "Goonoo Goonoo," Tamworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dunlop, at Warialda.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Keith Edwards and his bride, formerly Peta Holmes, return at the weekend after honeymooning at Hayman Island, they'll think fairies have been at work in the garden of the attractive home they've bought in Maxwell Road, Turramurra. While they've been away, their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. John Holmes, have filled the roles of green-fingered gardeners and planted a wonderful array of shrubs — already in full bloom!

HOPING the weather will smile on January 29, because Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Lethbridge King are planning to entertain friends in the garden of their home at Rose Bay after the marriage of their attractive daughter Annabel to charming Englishman John Fowler at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. John, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fowler, of Stapleford Tawney, Romford, Essex, and Annabel met skiing in Austria earlier this year. Their engagement was announced when he arrived in Sydney several weeks ago with a ruby-and-diamond ring, which fitted Annabel's third finger—exactly. After their wedding they'll have a brief honeymoon in Queensland before flying to England via the United States, where they'll break their journey to see Annabel's cousin, Mrs. Douglas Middleton, at Barrington, Illinois. In England they'll make their home at "The Crown House," near Romford. It's a huge old farm house built about 1650, but with very up-to-date plumbing.

★ ★ ★

NEW YEAR'S EVE will be a red-letter day for Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thompson, of Darling Point, greeting their daughter Shirley —Mrs. M. E. Thomas, of Idaho Falls—back from the United States on her first home visit for thirteen years. Shirley, who is the wife of an American atomic scientist, is flying out with her youthful daughters, Dee, Lynn, Jan, Lucy, and two-and-a-half-year-old son, Michael. They'll make a five months' stay here, alternating between Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's home unit at "Broadwaters" and the family property, "Hallbrook," Tamworth, the home of Shirley's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Thompson. I hear the children are counting the moments to ride "real horses" at "Hallbrook" as a change from the tame mounts they have when they holiday at dude ranches in Montana. Their grandmother says they are as "mad about horses as their mother!"

★ ★ ★

OUT of a tiny box on Boxing Day—such a pretty single diamond engagement ring for Iris Hackney, of "Essington Park," Oberon, from agricultural scientist Kevin Sheridan, of Tamworth.

PRESIDENT of the Royal Blind Society, Mr. Alexis Albert, and his wife (couple on the right), with the president of the Black and White Committee, Mrs. Neville Manning, and her schoolboy son John Birks, at party given by the committee at the Royal Blind Society, following the presentation of their 1961 cheque to the society for more than £11,000.

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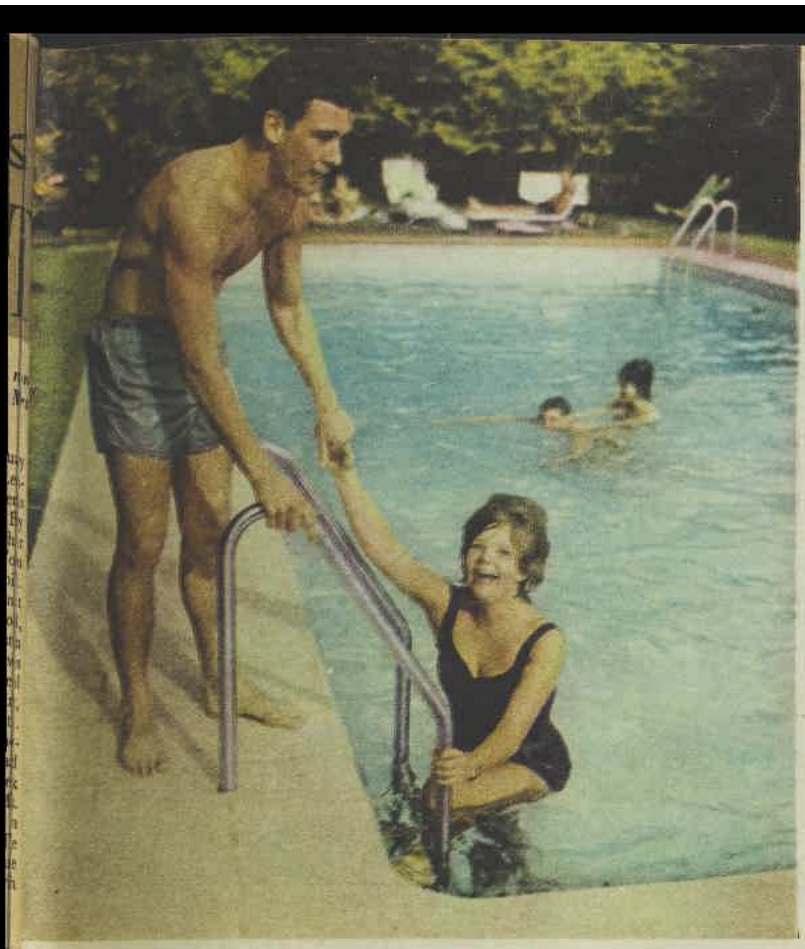

HELPING hand from Mr. Charles Cornell, of Wollongong, for Miss Susan Hill, of Double Bay, as she climbed out of the swimming-pool. Perfect weather added to the success of the cheery function.

ABOVE: Committee members Miss Julie Firehock, of Rose Bay (left), and Miss Deidre Clarke, of Woollahra, preparing watermelon marbles for the buffet supper, which was served on trestle tables in the garden.

BELOW: From left, Mr. David Cook, of Potts Point, Miss Christina Weekes, of Vaucluse, and Mr. Peter Mesley, also of Vaucluse, relaxing after a game of tennis before they changed for buffet supper and dancing.

AL FRESCO PARTY

● Nearly fifty young people were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Klippel, of Wahroonga, at a party arranged by the N.S.W. Animal Welfare Younger Set. Their daughter, Diane, is a member of the youthful committee, formed several months ago. Guests enjoyed an afternoon of tennis and swimming before a buffet supper and dancing in the garden.

PICTURED at left: President Miss Sandra Gidley King, of Woollahra (on the left), and Miss Rosemary Bath, of Double Bay, greeting Mr. Allan Anderson, of Mosman, and Miss Susan Trahan, of Bellevue Hill (at right).

GAY GROUP (above): From left, Mr. Chris Blundell, of Bellevue Hill, Miss Julie Zerky, of Rose Bay, Mr. Michael Grace, of Vaucluse, Miss Prue Lloyd, of Rose Bay, and Mr. Peter Doran, of Dover Heights, sunbaking after a swim in the lovely blue-tiled pool.

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Rail-Avis Plan: Now you may reserve a car for your private use when you reach your destination! Simply state your requirements when making your train reservation—or ask the train conductor to make arrangements for you in transit.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT

RAILWAYS

FATHER

"Ah — the wide-angle lens does it."

MOTHER

"But I know . . . I just KNOW there isn't a buried treasure there!"

It seems to me

LOOKING back, 1961 seems assured of its place in a list of memorable dates as the year of the first manned space flights. But I don't know. What happened in 1825? George Stephenson's locomotive engine drew a 38-carriage train carrying goods and passengers. People were pretty excited about that.

By

Dorothy Drain

★ ★ ★

MY grandfather used to tell how he once paid a shilling to go into the showground at Maryborough, Queensland, to see a man ride a bicycle.

Bicycles, according to my encyclopedia, first became fashionable in 1880, so this exhibition was probably somewhere round that time, when a shilling was a stiff admission fee.

It is odd to think that the bike came after the railway train, but not so odd when you consider that 1961 has seen a great resurgence of attempts at man-powered flight.

Some time over the current holidays, Australia's Herb Elliott is due to take part in an experiment with one of these machines in England.

I have always hoped to see the invention of a neat, compact, and easy-to-manage form of man-powered flight. But nothing that I have read of recent experiments is encouraging.

So far all the gadgets are big and require considerable strength and skill to fly.

I used to imagine one which could be parked on a hitching post outside my flat window on the vacant allotment side. It would have folding wings.

It now looks as if I'd be better off making a belated attempt to learn to ride a bicycle.

★ ★ ★

THERE has been some magnificent stuff in "The Age of Kings," the B.B.C. Shakespeare "serial" on A.B.C. television, though bits of it were rather gorier than I enjoy at close quarters.

Somehow the murders seem more murderous on TV than in a theatre, where, anyhow, I always shut my eyes for the most bloodthirsty incidents.

In the familiar plays you can shut your eyes in good time, but Henry VI was as fresh to me as the latest Broadway hit. Western fans can rest assured that their gun-toting villains are sissy fellows in comparison.

I can just hear some of the elders discussing juvenile delinquency back towards the close of the 16th century: "What can you expect," asks one, "when they see all this blood and thunder at the Globe?"

★ ★ ★

YOU get inured to the use of American accents by Australian entertainers, but saying "rekkid," as one did on television last week, goes a bit far. (He meant record.)

WOMEN may remember 1961 as the year of the short skirts, because there are signs from overseas that next season will see a drop in hemlines.

I'm sorry to hear this. For one thing, letting down is more trouble than taking up. Then is the horror of facing the hem. For another, short skirts make you feel more energetic.

As for how they look, this is an argument I can never be bothered with. When short skirts are in fashion they look right, and the same goes for long skirts.

A couple of years ago, when short skirts were just "in," I came into the office one wet winter's day wearing an old dress about four inches below the knee.

"What have you got on?" asked our fashion editor, Betty Keep. "A dressing-gown?"

So something will have to be done with this season's clothes if the hemline drops. Otherwise Mrs. K. may ask next summer: "Is that a gym. tunic you're wearing?"

★ ★ ★

TALKING of clothes, actress Evelyn Laye wore a 27-year-old suit to celebrate the anniversary of her wedding to actor Frank Lawton.

It was her wedding suit and she has worn it every year since.

This is a pretty and sentimental gesture and one understands Miss Laye's satisfaction that she can still get into the garment.

But it's not one that many women would care to make. Most of them find old clothes depressing, and none more depressing than an old suit.

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE he had difficulty in getting his female staff to work overtime, the owner of an English factory has installed a waiting-room for boy-friends, complete with free beer.

With Jill on overtime, her Jack
Went roaming far and free.
"I can't," said Jill, "keep working back,
While Jack's at liberty.
"For girls, as is well known, will wait.
Not men" (She gave a sob),
"And if I cannot keep my date
I'll get another job."
The management decided then,
Because it valued Jill,
To have a sort of creche for men
And thus retain her skill.
At first the girls were satisfied,
They all had lots of beaux.
Then management was mystified
As discontent arose.
Next thing, the girls went out on strike,
Explaining, with a tear,
"We think it isn't us they like,
But just the firm's free beer."

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WORTH REPORTING

FOR La Rubia Morsa (The Beautiful Blonde), as Australian actress Diane Cilento was nicknamed in Mexico recently, the Christmas season has centred on Queensland with her parents and Gigi, green-eyed, four-year-old daughter of Diane and her writer-producer husband, Andrea Volpe.

Gigi (a pet name for Giovanna) travelled 10,000 miles to spend Christmas playing in the sun at Mooloolaba with Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, who own a seaside home there.

"I couldn't wait to feel that soft white sand under my feet again," said Diane dreamily. "And that wonderful surf!"

In her soft, husky voice, Diane told us her ideas about bringing up children.

"Children ought to be given their heads," she said, "but in moderation. That's where the education system in England could be better.

"They produce children who are precocious, but who still have no imagination.

"Their little minds are stilted by too much conformity to rules."

Gigi's Irish Nanny, Mrs. Elizabeth Formeman, cares for her when Diane is working, and often takes her for walks in Kensington Park, across the way from Diane's London flat.

Soon, like all mothers, Diane will have to face the problem of deciding which school her daughter will go to in England.

In London, it's the thing for actors to send their children to a fashionable school run on French lines.

"But I didn't like that school at all when I saw it recently," said Diane.

"All the children looked like little old men and women, and I don't want Gigi to be like that."

Diane, who had come from the final shooting of the film "I Thank A Fool" a week before flying out to Australia, was eager to talk about the film which her own company, Actwel Ltd., will make in Queensland in 1962.

It will be based on the Australian novel "Call Me When The Cross Turns Over," by D'Arcy Niland ("The Shiralee"), and Diane will be associate producer.

Diane and her Italian husband have been mostly separated for almost four years because, she explains, Andrea cannot get a working permit for a job in England, and to live in Italy she would have to give up her career.

"Andrea is working on the film 'Cleopatra' at present," she said.

"Gigi and I will be seeing him in Italy on our way back to London in the New Year, when I must return to appear in Elaine Dudney's modern play, 'My Place'."

* * *

PUBLIC-RELATIONS *officer for a large and famous catering organisation in London —Miss T. Caddy.*

DIANE CILENTO and her daughter Gigi.

Floods scared quads' grandad

CONTINUING London headlines of flood devastation in N.S.W. caused Mr. Frank Holmes, 80, of Chiswick, to ring the Fleet Street office of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I'm the grandfather of the Sara quads," he announced, "are they all right?"

Mr. Holmes, who last saw his famous grandchildren when they visited London eight years ago, said he'd written to the family twice to find out if they'd been affected by the rains.

"I feared they might have been swept away," he told Betty Best, of our London staff.

At the Saras' cottage in the Sydney suburb of Punchbowl, Mrs. Percy Sara said:

"I'm afraid this land of 'drought and flooding raitns' is too much for Dad. But the closest we got to the Big Wet was a pool in the backyard."

She added: "Dad's letters have crossed the children's Christmas cards and letters to him — and my present of a pullover and shirt."

"ENGINE bells originated in England, but they were soon deleted. In America, however, they became as much a part of the railroading sound as the whistles, and their pontifical peal often caused churchmen to covet them. Displaced from scrap engines, engine bells still toll solemnly from hundreds of church steeples." — Brian Fawcett in a B.B.C. talk.

CHRISTMAS tree in shortbread.

Shortbread's tall display

THE New Year's Eve shortbread and sweetmeat tray (below, at left) was made by Mrs. Henry Zouch, of Orange, N.S.W., and photographed there recently at a Festival of Christmas Exhibition.

The exhibition was organised by the Orange branch of the N.S.W. Cancer Patients' Assistance Fund to raise funds for the recently acquired Jean Colvin Hospital, at 9 Loftus Road, Darling Point, Sydney.

The £1209 raised at the exhibition was a tribute to the late Mrs. Jean Colvin, of Orange, whose name has been given to the hospital.

The hospital is to aid cancer patients having daily radiotherapy treatment.

We asked our cookery expert, Leila C. Howard, to give her recipe for a shortbread biscuit-tree.

Ingredients: 8oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 10oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour.

Method: Cream butter, sugar, and add egg-yolks and sifted flours. Roll to ¼in. thickness. Cut 8 star shapes, beginning with 6in. diameter and decreasing ½in. each successive star. Cut 1in. circle out of centre of each and a few extra circles from scraps. Place all pieces on greased trays and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Loosen while still hot and lift off trays when cold. Tip star points with little warm icing and sprinkle on nonpareils or silver cachous. Arrange glace fruits and nuts and sweets around base of tree and decorate with ribbon bow.

Assemble: Pierce hole through centre of circle biscuits and thread all biscuits, starting with 3 circles, then a 6in. star, then circle, another star, etc., on to wooden dowel or skewer so that the whole looks like a Christmas tree. Keep upright by standing skewer on to flower arrangement pointer or into plasticine.

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with JOYCE HALSTEAD*

"The Whispering Land"

Gerald Durrell (Hart-Davis), 22/6.

There is no doubt about penguins—they can steal the scene from any other creatures no matter how engaging, and the description of a vast colony of penguins waddling from their nesting burrows across almost a mile of hot sand to the sea for their daily dip and fishing expedition is one of the best in this book. Gerald Durrell went to the Argentine to collect rare birds and beasts for his private zoo on Jersey Island and to photograph dumb friends.

Not so dumb was a rare parrot, a red-fronted Tucuman Amazon which had some very rude words to say in Spanish to its Indian owner trying to strike too hard a bargain with Mr. Durrell. A wild cat, a starving puma, Juanita, an adorable peccary (species of wild pig), two coatimundis, an ocelot, and a pair of rare monkeys who spent most of the time kissing each other in a very human way are all handled with great knowledge and affection. The author has the ability to deal as sympathetically and amusingly with humans as with animals.

"Colette"

Elaine Marks (Secker and Warburg), 34/3.

A study of Colette—of the person and of her writings which so reflected herself. This is the work of a Fulbright Scholar backed by intensive research, fully annotated, and extremely readable, especially to Colette's admirers. Colette may never have written had not her first husband, Willy, locked her in a room and forced her to write the early Claudine books, which he published under his name. It was not until after their divorce that Colette was revealed as the writer.

She was little known outside France until her novel "Gigi" was adapted by Anita Loos as a play on Broadway. And the musical-comedy film — a rather distorted version of her story—brought Gigi and Colette to the masses. All Colette's stories have a bit of herself in them. As Elaine Marks writes: "Colette always is 'Colette' . . . nor does she forget Sido (her mother), Saint-Sauveur-en-Puisaye (the village where she grew up), her interest in children, and so on."

VIM PROMOVENDUS INSITAM

ALL SAINTS' COLLEGE
BATHURST

Established 1874

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
(Associated with Marsden School for Girls)

Conducted by the Church of England, Diocese of Bathurst, the Bishop being Chairman of the Council.

Registered under the Bursary Endowment Act to receive Bursars.

The school is staffed by qualified primary teachers, graduates and trained secondary teachers, skilled in academic, technical and agricultural subjects, together with specialist teachers in arts, crafts and physical education.

The school programme for 1962 has been reorganised to implement the Wyndham Report and offers to Pupils (Anglican and other denominations) from 8 years of age:—

☆ PRIMARY COURSE.
☆ SECONDARY SCHOOLING TO LEAVING HONORS STANDARD (20 SUBJECTS).
☆ SPECIAL AGRICULTURAL/PASTORAL COURSE (PRACTICAL & THEORETICAL).
☆ SPECIAL REMEDIAL COACHING IN THE BASIC SUBJECTS WHEN REQUIRED.
☆ MANY EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES.

An ideal boarding school delightfully situated in 80 acres on the slopes of Bathurst, with extensive gardens and playing fields; the school has recently been extensively remodelled, and offers up-to-date accommodation for boarders in 5 houses (including the War Memorial Junior School), plus an additional house for day boys. School buildings have large, airy classrooms, modern science laboratories, workshop and other educational facilities. There is a separate laboratory for agriculture and allied subjects and the school possesses its own farm and machinery.

A new 2-storey Science block is nearing completion. (Generous aid has been given to this project by the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools.) Bathurst is 130 miles from Sydney, has a twice daily air service, and good rail and road services.

The School will welcome all inquiries from parents, and be happy to forward a comprehensive prospectus.

E. C. F. EVANS, B.A., B.Ed. LASA. (Member Headmasters' Conference of Independent Schools of Australia.)

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BATHURST

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
(Associated with All Saints' College for Boys)

Under the control of the Church of England, Diocese of Bathurst, the Bishop being Chairman of the Council.

Registered under the Bursary Endowment Act to take Bursars.

Marsden is an ideal boarding school. It is set in spacious grounds in the country, and it is near enough to Bathurst to share the cultural and educational activities of the city.

The school programme for 1962 has been reorganised to implement the Wyndham Report.

It will offer to Pupils from 8 years of age:—

★ PRIMARY COURSE.
★ SECONDARY COURSE TO LEAVING CERTIFICATE WITH WIDE RANGE OF SUBJECTS.
★ CULTURAL SUBJECTS.
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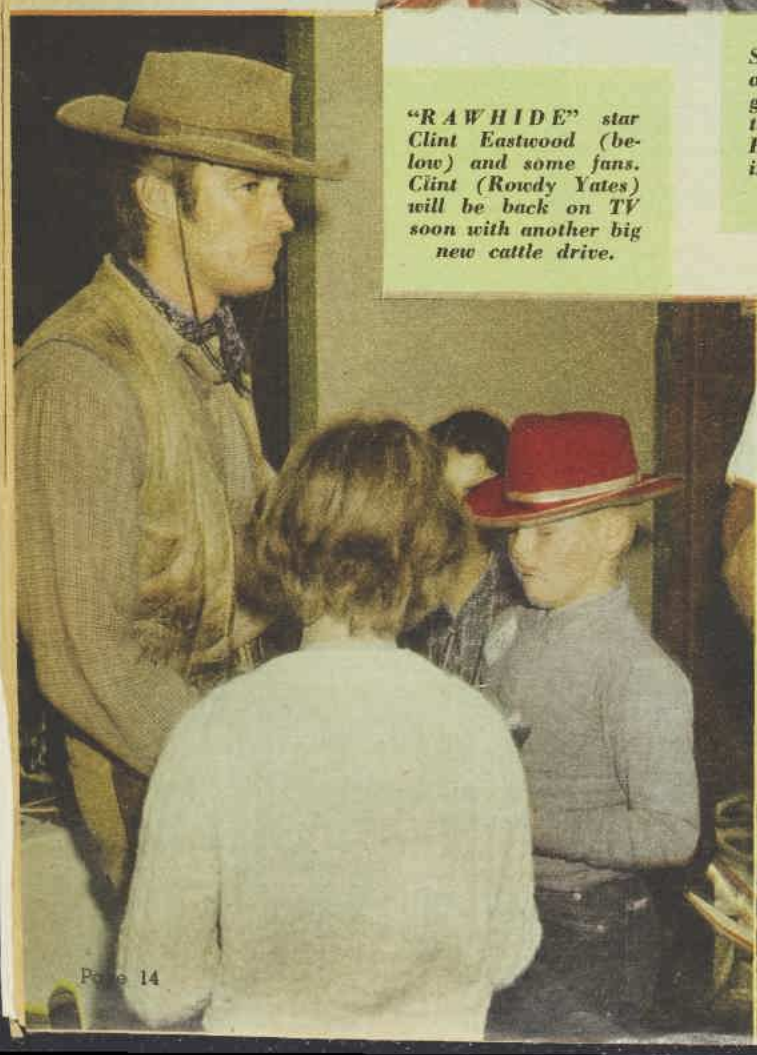
COWBOYS' BIG TREAT FOR KIDS

SOME of TV's most famous cowboys gave a picnic recently for deaf children, patients of three huge Hollywood hospitals that make up the Hear Foundation. The children's silent world was invaded by heroes they have watched and never heard. It was an occasion that certainly will be remembered for a long, long time. Children big enough for the hazard were taken aboard the cowboys' horses and galloped over the picnic ground; tiny ones were piled into a surrey, and others swarmed over and into covered waggons for their rides across the Indian-free picnic prairie.

— NAN MUSGROVE

SPRING BYINGTON of "December Bride" got into Western dress to go to the picnic. Here she is autographing with "Gunsmoke's Dennis Weaver.



"RAWHIDE" star Clint Eastwood (below) and some fans. Clint (Rowdy Yates) will be back on TV soon with another big new cattle drive.

"LARAMIE" star John Smith (below) about to take off on a hard ride with an adoring fan. The picnic fun raged on happily all day at a hectic pace.

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Aussie is in films all over the world

● A red-haired, freckle-faced, footloose young Australian named Peter Gouldson has a habit of showing up on movie locations in outlandish places and finding jobs.

IN 1955 he turned up in the jungles of Ceylon and worked on "The Bridge On The River Kwai."

Now it's the desert wastelands of Jordan and "Lawrence of Arabia."

For "Kwai" Peter was an extra player and second assistant casting-director, helping round up peoples of all nationalities in Colombo to work in the film.

For "Lawrence" he has been assistant camp-manager and man-of-all-work, principally concerned with finding accommodation for 103 Britishers, nearly 300 Jordanian crew members, plus up to 1300 Bedouin tribesmen.

His troubles are only just beginning, however.

When the film's battle sequences are shot soon, the number of Bedouins will have increased to 13,000. Fortunately, they bring their goat-hair tents with them.

Born in Colombo, Peter, now 27, attended schools in India and South Africa until the fall of Singapore during World War II. His father, in the import-export business, then moved the family to Australia and Peter continued his education in Geelong, Vic.

From 1952 to 1955 Peter worked on a sheep station near Wagga, N.S.W. Then he decided to take a six months' holiday in Ceylon.

He was just about to return to Australia when producer Sam Spiegel and director David Lean arrived in Ceylon to start location filming of "The Bridge On The River Kwai" and were looking for Britishers, Australians, and Canadians to portray the prisoners of war.

Back to sheep

For the next nine months Peter worked by day in front of the camera and frequently at night helping to persuade local people to give up their jobs and take a fling at films.

Unlike most people who get a taste of acting, Peter headed right back to Wagga once the picture was completed, rather than try to continue a film career.

AUSTRALIAN ex-sheepman Peter Gouldson (right), of Wagga, N.S.W., on the set of "Lawrence of Arabia," in Jordan. He is with Peter O'Toole, who plays the title role of Lawrence.

In 1958, however, illness forced him to quit his job riding with the sheep. He headed for England, where he lived quietly.

Last year the wanderlust seized Peter again. With three friends, he started a motor tour across Europe and had reached Istanbul when he learned that producer Spiegel and director Lean had joined forces again for "Lawrence of Arabia" and that one of the stars was to be Sir Alec Guinness, whom Peter had met on "Kwai."

This time the picture was to be photographed in the deserts of southern Jordan, where Lawrence himself had fought the Turks from 1916 to 1918.

Peter persuaded his friends to take him as far as Damascus, the Syrian city in which Lawrence's Arabian adventure had ended and his own was about to begin. He got another lift to Deraa, where Lawrence was captured by the Turks, and from there went by taxi to Amman, Jordan's capital.

Horizon Pictures, the producing company, had established headquarters in Amman, but its base camp was at Aqaba, 250 miles to the south. That's where Peter had to apply for a job.

His friends from "Kwai" days soon put him to work in the Aqaba canteen, then in the stores department. Finally, Phil Hobbs, caterer and camp manager, made Peter an assistant at Jebel Tubeiq, in the extreme south-east corner of Jordan, near the Saudi Arabian border, where the first of the shooting sites was established, 150 miles away from the nearest water.

Hot work

His next moves were to the dried mudflats of El Jafre, then to the precipitous cliffs and powdery sands of the Wadi Rumm (Valley of Hell), where temperatures soar to 125 degrees in the shade.

Peter said that when the film is finished he will return to Australia—but "eventually, not straight away.

"While I'm still on this side of the globe I want to get back to the U.K. and then go to Canada," he said.

"Am I going to look for other film locations? Well, yes, if there are any on my travel route. But I'm not chasing pictures, you understand. They're just a means to an end. I'm really a farmer."

CHANNEL CHATTER

By NAN MUSGROVE

WHATEVER your arrangements are for Friday, December 29, make sure you are in front of the set at 10 p.m., when the film "Elsa the Lioness," taken by David Attenborough, will be shown from Channel 2.

Elsa was probably the world's most remarkable lion—her best friends were humans, George and Joy Adamson, who raised her from a cub, trained her for a free life, and continued their friendship with her after her return to the life of a wild lion.

But this fascinating story didn't end there. Elsa mated with a wild lion and had three cubs, which six weeks after birth she proudly brought to meet the Adamsons.

David Attenborough, a B.B.C. film producer, and Jeff Mulligan visited the Adamsons at their camp and made this remarkable film.

The whole story of their visit was told in "Living Free," by Mrs. Adamson, which was serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly recently.

The film is particularly valuable, because soon after it was taken Elsa died in the bush after an illness lasting several days.

LIONESS Elsa and David Attenborough.

Leave your aunts, Buddy

"LEAVE IT TO BEAVER" has always been one of my favorite TV programmes. It is what I call a real show. The two boys are normal kids, the parents are the same, and situations occur that you see going on in any family with two growing boys.

"Beaver" is written by two clever Americans, Joe Connelly and Bob Mosher. They have now tried their hand, with marked unsuccess, at another TV series, "Bringing Up Buddy." It's seen on Mondays at 7.30 p.m. on Channel 7.

"Bringing Up Buddy" is as unreal as Beaver is real. It is the story of a man who lives with his two maiden aunts. It is a libel on all aunts and certainly on all Australian nephews of an age comparable with Buddy's.

The two aunts, played by Doro Merando and Enid Markey, have the arty-crafty names of Miss Iris and Miss Violet Flower, and are as silly as wheels. Their nephew, Buddy (Frank Aletter), an executive in his late 20s, is old enough to leave home and aunts and start to be a man.

Movie Gossip

ORSON WELLES, who hasn't made a film appearance for some time now, devotes a major portion of his spare hours to shooting films in and around his Rome apartment. He has converted his large garage into a small studio that has its own cutting-room, dressing-rooms, and sound department. The garage and apartment themselves are guarded constantly by two dogs. Welles begins work soon in Paris on "The Trial," which he'll appear in and also direct. His wife, Paoula Mori, will make her debut as his leading lady.

★ ★ ★

JILL HAWORTH, the 14-year-old schoolgirl who was chosen by Otto Preminger to star in his "Exodus," has been signed for her second film role. She will play the lead in "Cast The Same Shadow," which is a French film to be shot on location in Cambodia. In it Miss Haworth plays the young French girl whose love affair with a Buddhist has disastrous results for them both.

★ ★ ★

PARAMOUNT will film "The Churchill Story" in Britain next year with an all-star international cast. Producer Hugh French will concentrate on the youthful, adventurous life of the famous statesman. The script will be based on two autobiographies and Sir Winston himself has met the production head of Paramount, Martin Rackin, on certain aspects of the film.

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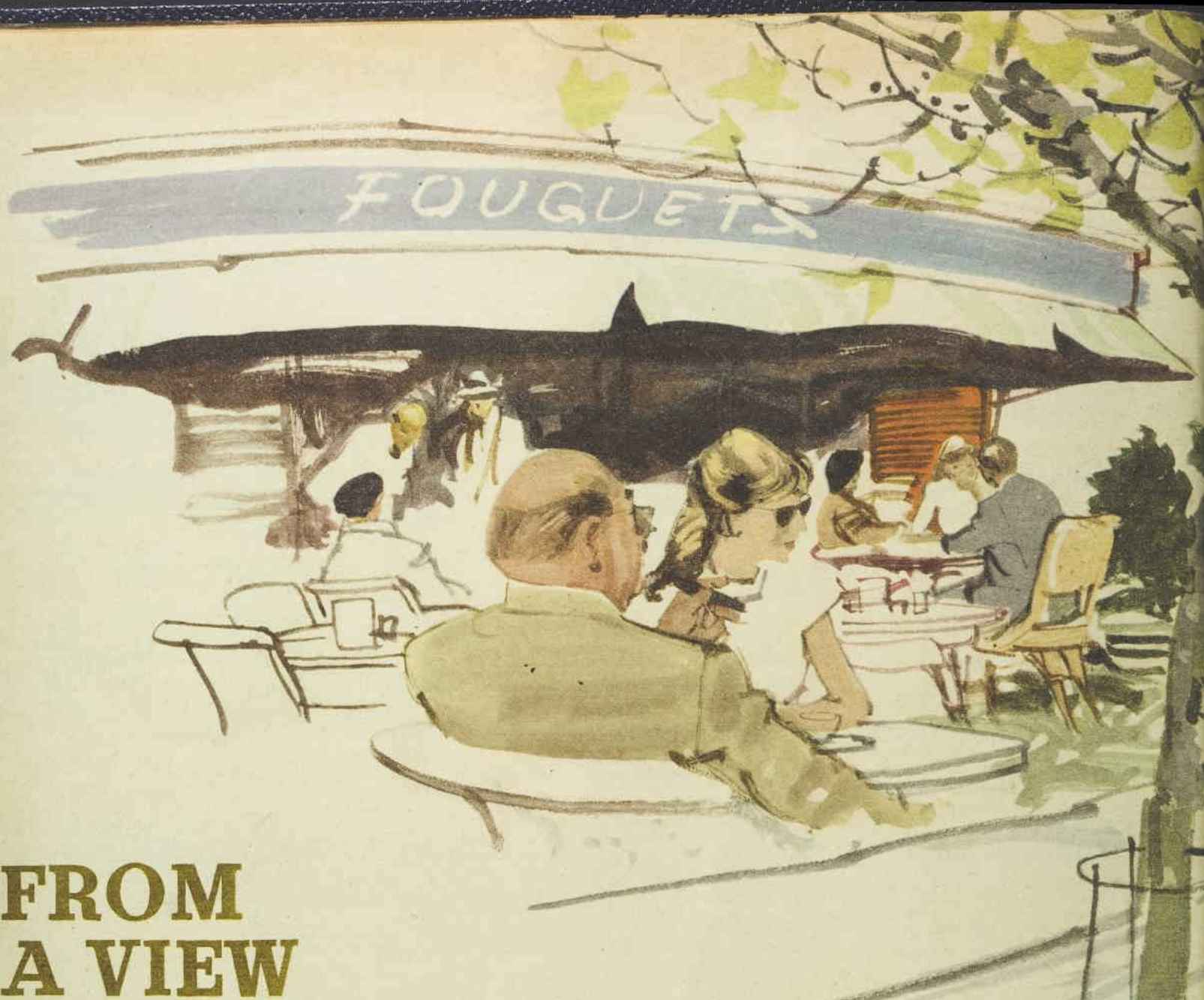

FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

BY IAN FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

THE eyes behind the wide black rubber goggles were cold as flint. In the howling speed-turmoil of a B.S.A. M.20 doing seventy, they were the only quiet things in the hurtling flesh and metal. Protected by the glass of the goggles, they stared fixedly ahead from just above the centre of the handlebars, and their dark unwavering focus was that of gun-muzzles.

Below the goggles, the wind had got into the face through the mouth and had wrenched the lips back into a square grin that showed big tombstone teeth and strips of whitish gum. On both sides of the grin the cheeks had been blown out by the wind into pouches that fluttered slightly. To right and left of the hurtling face under the crash-helmet, the black gauntlets, broken-wristed at the controls, looked like the attacking paws of a big animal.

The man was dressed in the uniform of a dispatch-rider in the Royal Corps of Signals, and his machine, painted olive-green, was, with certain modifications to the valves and the carburettor and the removal of some of the silencer baffles to give more speed, identical with a standard British Army machine. There was nothing in the man or his equipment to suggest that he was not what he appeared to be, except a fully loaded Luger held by a clip to the top of the petrol tank.

It was seven o'clock on a May morning, and the dead straight road through the forest glittered with the tiny luminous mist of spring. On both sides of the road the moss- and flower-carpeted depths between the great oak trees held the theatrical enchantment of the royal forests of Versailles and St. Germain.

The road was D.98, a secondary road serving local traffic in the St. Germain area, and the motor-cyclist had just passed beneath the Paris-Mantes autoroute, already thundering with commuter traffic for Paris. He was heading north toward St. Germain, and there was no one else in sight in either direction, except, perhaps half a mile ahead, an almost identical figure—another Royal Corps dispatch-rider.

He was a younger, slimmer man, and he sat comfortably back on his machine, enjoying the morning and keeping his speed to around forty. He was well on time, and it was a beautiful day. He wondered whether to have his eggs fried or scrambled when he got back to H.Q. around eight.

Five hundred yards, four hundred, three, two, one. The man coming up from behind slowed to fifty. He put his right gauntlet up to his teeth and pulled it off. He stuffed

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"Let's go," James Bond said to Mary Ann as they stood beside her black sedan.

the gauntlet between the buttons of his tunic and reached down and unclipped the gun.

By now he must have been big in the driving-mirror of the young man ahead, for suddenly the young man jerked his head around, surprised to find another dispatch-rider on his run at that time of the morning. He expected that it would be an American or perhaps French military police. It might be anyone from the eight NATO nations that made up the staff of SHAPE, but when he recognised the uniform of the corps he was astonished and delighted. Who the heck could it be?

He raised a cheerful right thumb in recognition and cut his speed to thirty, waiting for the other man to drift up alongside. With one eye on the road ahead and the other on the approaching silhouette in the mirror, he ran through the names of the British riders in the Special Service Transportation Unit at Headquarters Command. Albert, Sid, Wally—might be Wally, same thick build. Good show! He'd be able to pull his leg about that little girl in the canteen—Louise, Elise, Lise—what the devil was her name?

The man with the gun had slowed. Now he was fifty yards away. His face, undistorted by the wind, had set into blunt, hard, perhaps Slav lines. A red spark burned behind the black, aimed muzzles of the eyes. Forty yards, thirty. A single magpie flew out of the forest ahead of the young dispatch-rider. It fled clumsily across the road into the bushes behind a Michelin sign that said that St. Germain was one kilometre to go. The young man grinned and raised an ironical finger in salute and self-protection—"One magpie is sorrow."

Twenty yards behind him the man with the gun took both hands off the handlebars, lifted the Luger, rested it carefully on his left forearm, and fired one shot.

The young man's hands whipped off his controls and met across the centre of his spine. His machine veered across the road, jumped a narrow ditch, and ploughed into a patch of grass and lilies-of-the-valley. There it rose up on its screaming back wheel and slowly crashed backwards on top of its dead rider. The B.S.A. coughed and kicked and tore at the young man's clothes, and at the flowers, and then lay quiet.

The killer executed a narrow turn and stopped with his machine pointing back the way he had come. He stamped down the wheel-rest, pulled his machine up on to it, and walked in among the wildflowers under the trees. He knelt down beside the dead man and brusquely pulled back an eyelid.

Just as roughly he tore the black leather dispatch-case off the corpse and ripped open the buttons of the tunic and removed a battered leather wallet. He wrenched a cheap wristwatch so sharply off the left wrist that the chrome expanding bracelet snapped in half. He stood up and slung the dispatch-case over his shoulder.

While he stowed the wallet and the watch away in his tunic pocket he listened. There were only forest sounds

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Everything was planned with a touch of genius fitting such a great work of art

Jeeves makes an omelet

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

IN these disturbed days in which we live, it has probably occurred to all thinking men that something drastic ought to be done about aunts. If someone were to come to me and say, "Wooster, would you be interested in joining a society I am starting whose aim will be the suppression of aunts," I would reply, "Wilbraham," if his name was Wilbraham, "I am with you heart and soul. Put me down as a foundation member."

And my mind would flit to the sinister episode of my Aunt Dahlia and the Fothergill Venus, from which I am making only a slow recovery. Whisper the words "Marsham Manor" in my ear and I still quiver.

At the time of its inception, if inception is the word I want, I was, I recall, feeling at the top of my form and without a care in the world. Pleasantly relaxed after thirty-six holes of golf and dinner at the Drones, I was lying on the "chez Wooster" sofa doing a crossword puzzle, when the telephone rang. I could hear Jeeves out in the hall dealing with it and presently he trickled in.

"Mrs. Travers, sir."

"Aunt Dahlia? What does she want?"

"She did not confide in me, sir. But she appears anxious to establish communication with you."

"To talk to me, do you mean?"

"Precisely, sir."

A bit oddish, it seems to me, looking back on it, that as I went to the instrument I should have had no premonition of an impending doom. Not psychic, that's my trouble. Having no inkling of the soup into which I was so shortly to be plunged, I welcomed the opportunity of exchanging ideas with this sister of my late father who, as is widely known, is my good and deserving aunt, not to be confused with Aunt Agatha, the werwolf.

"What ho, old blood relation," I said.

"Hullo, Bertie, you revolting young blot," she responded in her hearty way. "Are you sober?"

"As a judge."

"Then listen attentively. I'm speaking from an under-sized hamlet in Hampshire called Marsham-in-the-Vale. I'm staying at Marsham Manor with Cornelia Fothergill, the novelist. Ever heard of her?"

"Vaguely, as it were. She is not on my library list."

"She would be if you were a woman. She specialises in rich goo for the female trade."

"Ah, yes, like Mrs. Bingo Little. Rosie M. Banks to you."

"That sort of thing, yes, but even goo-ier. Where Rosie M. Banks merely touches the heartstrings, Cornelia Fothergill grabs them in both hands and ties them into knots. I'm trying to talk her into letting me have her new novel as a serial for the 'Boudoir.'"

I got the gist. She has since sold it, but at the time of which I speak this aunt was the proprietor or proprietress of a weekly paper for the half-witted woman called "Milady's Boudoir," to which I once contributed an article—a "piece" we old hands call it—on What The Well-Dressed Man Is Wearing. Like all weekly papers, it was in the process of turning the corner, as the expression is, and I could well understand that a serial by a specialist in rich goo would give it a much-needed shot in the arm.

"How's it coming?" I asked. "Any luck?"

"Not so far. She demurs."

"Dewhats?"

"Murs, you silly ass."

"You mean she meets your pleas with what Jeeves would call 'a nolle prosequi'?"

Bertie looked around nervously as he cut the picture from the frame.

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Aunt Dahlia and Bertie watched while Jeeves held a piece of canvas in his hand. "Excuse me," he said. "Is Mr. Fothergill senior's name Edward?"

"Not quite that. She has not closed the door to a peaceful settlement, but, as I say, she de—"

"Murs?"

"Murs is right. She doesn't say. No, but she won't say Yes. The trouble is that Tom is doing his Gaspard-the-Miser stuff again."

Her allusion was to my uncle. Thomas Portarlington Travers, who foots the bills for what he always calls "Madame's Nightshirt." He is as rich as creosote, as I believe the phrase is, but like so many of our wealthier citizens he hates to give up.

"He won't let me go above five hundred pounds, and she wants eight."

"Looks like an impasse."

"It did till this morning."

"What happened this morning?"

"Oh, just a sort of break in the clouds. She said something which gave me the impression that she was weakening and that one more shove would do the trick. Are you still sober?"

"I am."

"Then keep so over this weekend, because you're coming down here."

"Who, me?"

"You, in person."

"But why?"

"To help me sway her. You will exercise all your charm—"

"I haven't much."

"Well, exercise what you've got. Give her the old oil."

I chewed the lip somewhat. I'm not keen on these blind dates. And if life has taught me one thing, it is that the prudent man keeps away from female novelists. But it might be, of course, that a gay house-party was contemplated. I probed her on this point.

"Will anyone else be there? Is there any bright young society, I mean?"

"I wouldn't call the society young, but it's very bright. There's Cornelia's husband, Everard Fothergill, the artist, and his father, Edward Fothergill. He's an artist, too, of a sort. You won't have a dull moment. So tell Jeeves to pack your effects, and we shall expect you on Friday. You will continue to haunt the house till Monday."

"Cooped up with a couple of artists and a writer of rich goo? I don't like it."

"You don't have to like it," the aged relative assured me. "You just do it. Oh, and by the way, when you get here, I've a little something I want you to do for me."

"What sort of a little something?"

"I'll tell you about it when I see you. Just a simple little thing to help Auntie. You'll enjoy it," she said, and with a cordial "Toodle-oo" rang off.

It surprises many people, I believe, that Bertram Wooster, as a general rule a man of iron, is as wax in the hands of his Aunt Dahlia. They do not know that this woman possesses a secret weapon by means of which she can always bend me to her will—viz., the threat that if I give her any more of my lip she will bar me from her dinner table and deprive me of the roasts and boileds of her French chef Anatole, God's gift to the gastric juices.

When she says Go, accordingly, I do not demur, I goeth, as the Bible puts it, and so it came about that toward the quiet evenfall of Friday the 22nd inst. I was at the wheel of the old sports model, tootling through Hants with Jeeves at my side and weighed down with a nameless foreboding.

"Jeeves," I said, "I am weighed down with a nameless foreboding."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. What, I ask myself, is cooking?"

"I do not think I quite follow you, sir."

"Then you jolly well ought to. I reported my conversation with Aunt Dahlia to you verbatim, and you should have every word of it tucked away beneath your bowler hat. To refresh your memory, after a certain amount of kidding, she said, 'I've a little something I want you to do for me,' and, when I inquired what, she fobbed me off . . . is it fobbed?"

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"Friends" in need

I'VE been in bed for three months with infectious hepatitis. When I first contracted the sickness my neighbors became alarmed, consulted their doctors for needles, and some even accused my husband of not telling them sooner. I went to two doctors before my symptoms were recognised and told everyone as soon as I knew. My relatives have visited me—although they didn't get injections—yet my "injected" neighbors have not been to see me. Would readers visit friends with an infectious illness?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Sydney.

No bed of roses

WAS I glad to get home from my recent five days in a private hospital—and my ward neighbor's wireless! All day long her wireless poured out a raucous wail of hit paraders and hillbillies, slowly driving me mad. My tastes are classical and, particularly when recovering from an operation, I prefer quietness or soft, soothing music. But in a six-bed ward when a wireless owner asks, "Does anyone mind?" and four voices reply, "I love it," what can the odd man out do? The only solution I can see is to ban wirelesses in hospital wards.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Wireless" (name supplied), Dynnyme, Tas.

Cracking hardy

I WORK in a railway workshop which employs 3000 men, and on wet days there are very few men who wear raincoats. Some of them even prefer walking in the rain to walking in the shelter of the buildings. Why men won't wear raincoats beats me.

£1/1/- to Mr. L. W. Merrick, Bassendean, W.A.

Mental education

MUCH attention has been given to the conditions of mental patients. We've been informed that, like many physical illnesses, their sicknesses can often be arrested in the early stages. But, unlike other illnesses, the general symptoms are not widely known and recognition to a layman is almost impossible. This ignorance dates to the time when mental sickness was considered degrading and ignored. Surely this subject should now be included in everyday health education.

£1/1/- to "H.M.A." (name supplied), New Farm, Qld.

Bilingual baby

I HAVE a baby boy—aged 14 months—who, ever since he was only 10 months old, has been able to understand simple instructions spoken in both English and Italian.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Lombardo, Menindee, N.S.W.

Memory lane

"INDEEDY" (Qld.) has a friend who can remember incidents before her first birthday and asks can others remember their baby days. My brother remembers lying in his pram. When our mother disbelieved him, he described in detail the inside of his pram's hood, its color, and how it had to be tied to the verandah wall because of his vigorous rocking at seven months. His remarkable early recollections even include the weather on days of various happenings.

£1/1/- to "'Struc" (name supplied), North Caulfield, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE only one clear memory of when I was 18 months old. A sister dressed six pegs as dolls for me. I took a great dislike to them and I remember burying them alongside a drain near the house.

£1/1/- to E. West, Manly, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AT the advanced age of 74, I can still remember my sister and I (we were twins) crawling around the kitchen floor of our home dragging our baby-bottles behind us.

£1/1/- to "Germs Galore" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

I CAN remember being presented with a cup at a baby show and—according to the inscription on it—I was one year old. I also recall being fed in a high-chair.

£1/1/- to "Long Ago" (name supplied), Belmont, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T believe that anyone can remember back to his or her first year of life. A person making that claim is simply indulging in a little self-deception. Many fond parents endlessly recall incidents of their children's early lives. The children grow up to remember not the incidents but their parents' accounts of them.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Jamieson, Camp Hill, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a vivid memory of sitting beside my grandmother's bed. As I was only 15 months old when she died I must have been less than that at the time.

£1/1/- to E. Biggam, Ipswich, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE HOT SEAT

THOSE of you who are cavorting at parties on New Year's Eve, spare a thought for the baby-sitters.

It is only through the labors of these dedicated workers that New Year's Eve revelry, for many parents, is possible. Rarely in the history of human whoopee have so many owed so much to so few.

Most baby-sitters go to parties themselves on New Year's Eve. It is their night off.

Those who remain at their posts are the hard core of the profession. They are the elite, the kind of people who in wartime volunteer for dangerous missions in midget submarines.

They must have the nerve to sit on, alone, while the noises of high jinks come from houses all around. A New Year's Eve baby-sitter needs the courage of the boy who stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled.

Not many can face the test, and there is a big demand for their services. They are booked up months ahead.

Miss Hardapple, of our district, has such a reputation for reliability that clients on New Year's Eve book her for next New Year's Eve.

Her terms are double ordinary rates, use of the TV, and a glass of something to drink the New Year in.

Miss Hardapple does a sound sitting job, reads bedtime stories, comforts children who dream about crocodiles, and fetches drinks of

water. Most important, she does not throw a party of her own in the house.

Some unscrupulous sitters on New Year's Eve use the job as an easy way of returning hospitality. They ask friends along and let joy be unconfined. People we know came home from a New Year's Eve party to find ten of the sitter's guests doing Knees Up, Mother Brown in the kitchen.

But that is exceptional. Most New Year sitters are the austere type.

Girls who are saving up for a trip abroad are a good bet. One of these got us out of a tight spot a couple of years ago.

We were asked to a good New Year's Eve party with only three weeks' notice. Every sitter in the town seemed to be booked up, and we were frantic.

Then someone told us about Deirdre Blatt, who was saving to go to Spain to study gipsy dancing. Deirdre was a sad and serious girl, but she could baby-sit with the best of them. The only snag was she lived five miles away and we had to pay her taxi fare home. But you can't expect too much on New Year's Eve.

I forgot to mention grandmothers. They are the best of all sitters, because they don't have to be paid. But, alas, in these modern times they don't often have New Year's Eve free. When it comes to singing Auld Lang Syne, grannie's voice is loudest of all.

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A New Year's Eve story complete on this page

Visiting Blonde

By REBECCA SHALLIT

ON the second day of Christmas the visiting blonde arrived in town—and there went the whole holiday season.

She stepped off the train in a creamy-white polo coat only a shade or so paler than her hair. Her eyes were blue as shadows on snow, her charm bracelets jingled like Christmas bells, she wore a tiny scarlet velvet cap shaped like a poinsettia, and shoes of matching scarlet. With high heels.

She was an older girl, of course. Fifteen, anyway. Sixteen even, maybe. But as Marge Moreland said to Betsy Jenner that afternoon over a soda in Carmichael's drugstore, "What's the use of reaching the age we're allowed to go out with boys if we're going to run into competition like that?"

They were watching the blonde, who had come into the drugstore for some aspirin. Mrs. Henderson, the aunt whom the blonde was visiting, had suddenly come down with a terrific headache.

But Betsy wasn't worried about the blonde. Not then, anyway. "She's too old to be a threat. I bet she will only go out with mature, sophisticated-type men."

"Go tell that to the local boys!" Marge said, pointing.

And there the boys were. They didn't come from anywhere in particular. They just came. And they all left with the visiting blonde, to help her carry that bitsy box of aspirin home to her aunt.

Betsy had been right about the blonde's appeal to the sophisticated-type man. There were four Yale Freshmen, three Princeton Sophomores, two Harvard Juniors, and a Senior from State University in the procession.

But half the high-school boys in town were tagging along behind. Including Fritz Hogan, with whom Marge had been going steady for two whole months.

"That blonde is a real femme fatality!" Marge said. Betsy didn't answer. But she looked down at the tiny silver new moon dangling in lone splendor from her charm bracelet. On Christmas Eve Ben Wilkins, who was Betsy's own true love, had given her the bracelet—to remind them both of the new moon shining over Halloran's pond the night they had gone ice-skating and looked into each other's eyes and made The Discovery.

And then Ben had kissed Betsy under the mistletoe. It was Betsy's first kiss. Ben's, too, she suspected. When a girl has been kissed and wears on her wrist a silver charm given to her by her own true love, she doesn't have to worry about a visiting blonde. Does she?

Ben himself said she didn't, when he came over later that afternoon. He looked at Betsy's shining brown hair and wide brown eyes, and said staunchly that to him the visiting blonde was just a blonde. Just the same, Betsy tucked the silver charm under her pillow that night. For luck.

On the third day of Christmas Mrs. McIver from down the block asked if Betsy could baby-sit for her on New Year's Eve. But Betsy said she was going to the high-school dance at the Community Club. With Ben. What else is true love for, if not to see in the New Year together?

But that night the visiting blonde's aunt, Mrs. Henderson, gave a party. The whole high-school crowd was invited. But no college men. The blonde's aunt told Betsy's mother she considered a girl of fifteen far too young to be going out with college men. Betsy went to the party, of course.

The blonde wore strapless blue chiffon. There was stardust on her lashes and she floated in French perfume. She was immediately surrounded by all the local boys. But she smiled sweetly at all the local girls. And she positively cooed over the tiny silver new moon on Betsy's charm bracelet. Betsy said, proudly, that Ben had ordered it all the way from New York. She was sorry as soon as she said it.

"Ben? That boy over there with the crew-cut?" the blonde said thoughtfully. And that was the end of the party. For Betsy.

Going home there was a new moon in the sky. But Ben didn't notice. He walked in a daze and breathed deeply, as though inhaling French perfume. "You know what she said to me?" he told Betsy. "She said when a boy wears his hair crew-cut, even if he's only fifteen, he can easily be mistaken for a sophisticated, college-type man."

"Ooh!" Betsy cried. She pulled the charm bracelet off her wrist. "Go give this to that blonde, if you're so crazy about her! And you can take her to the New Year's dance, for all I care!"

"Hey!" Ben said. But Betsy had already slammed the door shut.

Betsy waited all next morning for Ben to phone. He didn't. In the afternoon Marge came over. She said the blonde had gone for a sleigh ride that morning with the captain of the high-school football team. She had a date tonight with the president of the senior class.

And in the afternoon she was going to the movies. With Ben. Fritz was out of the running, so he and Marge were going steady again. Marge also said that Betsy had played right into the blonde's hands when she gave Ben back his charm.

"But what can I do about it now?" Betsy said, holding back tears.

"Fight fire with fire," Marge advised. "Up close, what does that blonde really have that you don't have, except glamor?"

So they went over to Marge's house to test out Marge's older sister's fire-fighting equipment. Betsy experimented with paste-on eyelashes that were even longer than the blonde's. And lipstick that was a purple patch of passion across her mouth. They looked at the results. Marge slowly shook her head. But Betsy had known already that it was hopeless.

Sometimes all a girl can do is go home and ask her mother.

"Just be yourself, dear. Believe me, that's the best technique any girl can use against a visiting blonde," Betsy's mother told her.

"How do you know?" Betsy said.

"The visiting blonde is an age-old problem, Betsy. Still, it's valuable experience, one way or another. And when you tote up the results later you usually find that you've learned a bit more than the lesson has cost."

That was the fourth day of Christmas. It took all Betsy's courage, next day, to walk into Carmichael's drugstore with Marge and let the whole high-school crowd see that the silver charm was gone from her wrist.

The blonde was in a booth with the captain of the football team, the president of the senior class—and Ben. She was trying to make up her mind which one of them to go with to the New Year's dance.

"You," the blonde said to the football captain. "Or you," she said to the president of the senior class. And then she jingled her charm bracelets softly and looked at Ben. Or . . . maybe . . . you?"

The moon shone down on Betsy and Ben as they linked hands together and started to skate over the icy pool.

Betsy managed to hold her head high until she was safely outside.

"Never mind," Marge said. "Remember, her visit won't last forever. "Afterwards, Ben will come back to you. Probably."

Betsy shook her head. "I—I don't want him back. That way."

Between Christmas Day and New Year's Eve there are only so many days. Long or short, the time goes by. On the afternoon of the New Year's dance Betsy tucked her ice-skates under her arm and walked down to Halloran's pond.

The sun was setting. The cold was bitter, and the world seemed unbearably quiet.

Shivering, Betsy skated to the other end of the pond. Ben was there. Betsy started to skate away, but Ben caught up with her and grabbed a wrist. "Betsy—"

"So the blonde decided not to go to the dance with you?" Betsy said. She tried to pull away, but her fingers felt numb.

"Naw. She said she'd go to the dance with me. But I turned her down," Ben said. "You know what she really wanted? She wanted me to give her the moon. To hang on her charm bracelet."

He placed the little charm in the palm of Betsy's hand. "Even if you stay mad at me forever, it's yours," Ben said huskily. "On account of you're the only girl I ever really wanted to give the moon to, see?"

"Oh!" Betsy said. "Oh, Ben. And you—knew you'd find me here?"

"Sure. This is our place, isn't it?" Ben said. "Anyway, I already looked everywhere else. Hey! There's our moon, Betsy!"

They looked into each other's eyes, rediscovering the image of themselves steadfastly reflected in each other's glance.

But Betsy's eyes were wide with the wonder of another discovery she had made.

Because whatever the cost, in waiting and heartbreak, it is something for a girl to discover that when she sees herself reflected in her own true love's eyes, she can only feel sorry for a visiting blonde who knows so little about the gifts of love that she can go through all the days of her Christmas jingling her charm bracelets and fluttering her lashes at every man in sight and trying—in vain—to grab for the moon.

"Hey!" Ben said. "Come on, we've got to get ready for the party!"

Hand in hand they skated homewards to welcome the New Year in.

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The Pale Horse

Fourth instalment of our murder mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"There's only one thing to do. One of us will have to go to see Burnley and pretend to be a client," Ginger told Mark.

Meeting my friend JIM CORRIGAN, a police surgeon, I, MARK EASTERBROOK, heard how he and DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR LEJEUNE were investigating a list of names found on FATHER GORMAN, who was murdered after visiting a dying woman, MRS. DAVIS, a widow who had worked for a consumer-research firm.

Three of the names listed were familiar to me. The first, HESKETH-DUBOIS, was my late godmother's name and the second, DELAFONTINE, had been mentioned to me by a friend, MRS. OLIVER. The third name, TUCKERTON, I had seen recently in a newspaper death notice with the christian name THOMASINA. This was the girl I had witnessed in a hair-pulling fight in Chelsea a few weeks before.

Corrigan mentioned something to do with a horse in regard to the murder and I recalled how POPPY, a scatterbrained girl I had met at a party, had talked of The Pale Horse as being a place to hire murderers. Also when I had attended a house party my cousin, RHODA DESPARD, held the weekend she was running a village fete, we had visited an old converted inn called The Pale Horse, where THYRZA GREY, SYBIL STAMFORDIS, and their cook, BELLA, lived and were said to practise witchcraft. Thyrza's talk about her power to use the death wish made me suspicious.

In the meantime, Inspector Lejeune had gone to interview ZACHARIAH OSBORNE, a retired chemist, who had seen a man following the priest the night of his murder. Osborne had written saying he had seen the man again—at the fete. The description fitted MR. VENABLES, a neighbor of Rhoda's, but it seemed unlikely he was the murderer, as he had been confined to a wheelchair for years.

On a sudden impulse I decided to ask GINGER, a girl I had met at the house party, to help me. When I learnt her real name was KATHLEEN CORRIGAN, it seemed a further coincidence, as it was another name on the list. NOW READ ON:

GINGER sat opposite me at a table in the White Cockatoo, where we had met for a drink. She looked refreshingly the same as she had looked at Much Deeping—a tousled mop of red hair and alert green eyes. She was wearing her London artistic livery of skintight pants, loose jumper, and flatties, but otherwise she was the same Ginger. I liked her very much.

"I've had a lot of work to track you down," I said. "Your surname and your address and your telephone number—all unknown. I've got a problem."

"That's what my daily always says. It usually means that I have to buy her a new saucepan-scourer or a carpet-brush, or something dull."

"You won't have to buy anything," I assured her.

Then I told her. It didn't take quite so long as the story I had told to Hermia, because she was already familiar with The Pale Horse and its occupants. I averted my eyes from her as I finished the tale. I didn't want to see her reaction. I didn't want to see indulgent amusement or stark incredulity. The whole thing sounded more idiotic than ever. No one (except Mrs. Dane Calthrop) could possibly feel about it as I felt. I drew patterns on the plastic table top with a stray fork.

Ginger's voice came briskly.

"That's all, is it?" She looked at me as if challenging me to add more.

"That's all," I admitted.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"You think—I should do something about it?"

"Well, of course! Someone's got to do something! You can't have an organisation going about bumping people off, and not do anything."

"But what can I do?"

I could have fallen on her neck and hugged her.

She was sipping her drink and frowning. Warmth spread over me. I was no longer alone.

Presently she said musingly,

"You'll have to find out what it all means."

"I agree. But how?"

"There seem to be one or two leads. Perhaps I can help."

"Would you? But there's your job."

"Plenty could be done out of office hours." She frowned again as she thought.

"That girl," she said at last. "The one at supper after the Old Vic. Poppy or something. She knows about it—she must do—to say what she did."

"Yes, but she got frightened, and sheered off when I tried to ask her questions. She was scared. She definitely wouldn't talk."

"That's where I can help," said Ginger confidently. "She'd tell me things she wouldn't tell you. Can you arrange for us to meet? Your friend and her and you and me? A show, or dinner, or something?" Then she looked doubtful. "Or is that too expensive?"

I assured her that I could support the expense.

"As for you——" Ginger thought a minute. "I believe," she said slowly, "that your best bet would be the Thomasina Tuckerton angle."

"But how? She's dead."

"And somebody wanted her dead, if your ideas are correct! And arranged it with The Pale Horse. There seems two possibilities. The stepmother, or else the girl she had the fight with at Luigi's, and whose young man she had pinched. She was going to marry him, perhaps. That wouldn't suit the stepmother's book—or the girl's—if she was crazy enough about the young man. Either of them might have gone to The Pale Horse. We might get a lead there. What was the girl's name, or don't you know?"

"I think it was Lou."

"Ash-blond dank hair, medium height?"

I agreed with the description.

"I think I've met her about. Lou Ellis. She's got a bit of money herself——"

"She didn't look like it."

"They don't—but she has, all right. Anyway, she could afford to pay The Pale Horse's fees. They don't do it for nothing, I suppose."

"One would hardly imagine so."

"You'll have to tackle the stepmother. It's more up your street than mine. Go and see her——"

"I don't know where she lives or anything."

"Luigi knows something about Tommy's home. He'll know what county she lived in, I should imagine. A few books of reference ought to do the rest. But what idiots we are! You saw the notice in 'The Times' of her death. You've only got to go and look in their files."

"I'll have to have a pretext for tackling the stepmother," I said thoughtfully.

Ginger said that that would be easy.

"You're someone, you see," she pointed out. "A historian, and you lecture and you've got letters after your name. Mrs. Tuckerton will be impressed, and probably tickled to death to see you."

"And the pretext?"

"Some feature of interest about her house?" suggested Ginger vaguely. "Sure to have something if it's an old one."

"Nothing to do with my period," I objected.

"She won't know that," said Ginger. "People always think anything over a hundred years old must interest a historian or an archaeologist. Or how about a picture? There must be some old pictures of some kind. Anyway, you make an appointment, and you arrive and you butter her up and be charming, and then you say you once met her daughter—her stepdaughter—and say how sad, etc. . . . And then bring in, quite suddenly, a reference to The Pale Horse. Be a little sinister if you like."

"And then?"

"And then you observe the reaction. If you mention The Pale Horse out of the blue, and she has a guilty conscience, I defy anyone not to show some sign."

"And if she does—what next?"

"The important thing is, that we'll know we're on the right track. Once we're sure, we can go full steam ahead."

She added thoughtfully: "There's something else. Why do you think the Grey woman told you all she did tell you? Why was she so forthcoming?"

"The commonsense answer is because she's potty."

"I don't mean that. I mean—why you? You in particular? I just wondered if there might be some kind of tie-up?"

"Tie-up with what?"

"Wait just a moment—while I get my ideas in order."

I waited. Ginger nodded twice emphatically and then spoke.

"Supposing—just supposing—it went like this. The Poppy girl knows all about The Pale Horse in a vague kind of way—not through personal knowledge, but by hearing it talked about. She sounds the sort of girl that wouldn't be noticed much by anyone when they were talking—but she'd quite likely take in a lot more than they thought she did. Rather silly people are often like that.

"Say she was overheard talking to you about it that night, and someone ticks her off. Next day you come and ask her questions, and she's been scared, so she won't talk. But the fact that you've come and asked her also gets around. Now what would be the reason for your asking questions? You're not police. The likely reason would be that you're a possible client."

"But surely——"

"It's logical, I tell you. You've heard rumors of this thing — you want to find out about it — for your own purposes. Presently you appear at the fete in Much Deeping. You are brought to The Pale Horse—presumably because you've asked to be taken there—and what happens? Thyrza Grey goes straight into her sales talk."

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY CALENDAR—1962 (January to June)

Actinotus helianthi *(Flannel Flower)*.

Grevillea banksii.

Eucalyptus ficifolia *(Red flowering gum)*

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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Lambertia formosa.

Melaleuca quinquenervia.

Banksia marginata.

APRIL

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MAY

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JUNE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 3, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

GOLD COAST HOLIDAY – pages 6, 7

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

No time for home life

I AM the 17-year-old daughter of two wonderful parents who both go to work, so we rarely see each other. I leave just as they are getting up, get home late, have tea with them, then see them vaguely for about two hours while watching TV. Weekends, naturally, are a mad rush for housework, shopping, and visiting.

If Mum had not gone to work we could not have many of the lovely things which surround us; but how can we appreciate them? I am leaving home soon and going into a flat. I feel that this will break my parents' hearts, as they have worked for a fine home for us to live in, invite our friends to, and have parties in.

Today I asked myself why I wanted to leave — and this was the answer. We have virtually no home life, no centre to which we feel we belong, nothing to really identify us together.

I will go away for a short while, for the sake of experience and change, but I'll come home better for it and I'll be far more understanding.

Mothers should realise that by working for the good of the family materially they are taking away a vital part of a child's life. — *"Beginning to Understand," Sylvania, N.S.W.*

Mob of sheep

THE human race is nothing but a mob of sheep. My grandmother's favorite saying is, "It's just not done!" Why shouldn't it be done if there's nothing harmful in it? I'm darned if I'm going to join the rest of the mob. Call me a rebel, eccentric—anything!—but I just want to have a mind of my own. —*Dianne King, Blackall, Qld.*

Wasted weeks

SCHOOL should break up about one month before Christmas. During the three weeks after the exams have finished there is only a little work done. If we did have the extra three weeks, many more teenagers could get Christmas holiday jobs which usually begin before school breaks up.—*Marilyn Wise, Strathfield, N.S.W.*

Exam bribery

I WAS disgusted to hear one girl in my class announce that her parents gave her £1 for every exam she passed. Bribery!! My parents have never punished or rewarded me over marks, but I know how disappointed they would feel if I didn't do well. We all should learn to do well for our own personal satisfaction. — *F. Erskine, Glen Iris, Vic.*

If dull — leave!

WHY must parents of children who are not bright force them to go through two extra tiring years of boring schoolwork in order to fail the Leaving Certificate exams? This superfluous schooling retards the children socially and financially, as well as cramping their personality and character.

I left school after scraping through Intermediate, did a year at business college and now, at 16, when I would otherwise be sitting for the Leaving exam, I hold a responsible secretarial position and earn £11 a week.

At school I was a "blockhead," but after two years of glorious freedom I dress and go out as I wish and am much fresher and healthier without the worry of homework and exams.

I believe that a strong personality, good character, and the ability to get along with people of all ages is far more important than to be able to find the solution of a + bc (ax + y + z — abc)=? and this ability can be gained two years earlier without that extra schooling. — *Raynette Henry, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"It was a real cool New Year's Eve party, like . . . then this square ankles in and yells 'Happy New Year'."

Next week

WHAT could be more fun — or more romantic — than a party on a warm summer's night with the atmosphere of the South Sea islands? Debbie, our teenage cook, has dreamed up a terrific Hawaiian party and next week tells you how to create the tropical atmosphere, with recipes for a mouth-watering collection of Hawaiian dishes — easy to make and easier to eat. ALSO . . . we have a fashion parade of dresses ideal for girls seeking their first job, AND . . . a pin-up of Chubby ("The Twist") Checker with Bobby Rydell (due to tour Australia again in January) and Col Joye.

Five types of the "perfect" male

● Goaded into action by Robin Adair's weekly comments on girls, Jo Danby, of Glen Iris, Melbourne, decided to do some research into the Adair theory that all males are perfect. Here is her report:

AFTER a survey of jazz clubs and similar dance halls in Melbourne I have decided that the "perfect" male sex can be divided into five types.

Here they are, with an accurate description of their methods of approach . . .

TYPE A

Out of the darkness a husky voice drawls into your pink, shell-like ear. You look up and see that the voice comes from somewhere behind a thick curtain of hair. As you part this curtain and peer through the opening you see that it is a boy and you accept his offer to "Get hep, babe."

This is the "cool but cool" type:

"Get hep, babe. We're gonna swing this one out together. Wowhece! What scratches at your doorstep? You don't mean you actually teach little hepcats? But man, you must be way out, like crazy. This band is the gynchiest. It really sends me into orbit. Crazy man . . . ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ra ta ra ta ta ta ta . . . cool man but cool . . . ra ta ta ta ra ta ta . . ."

TYPE B

A miniature whirlwind races up, stands directly in front of you, grins from ear to ear, with crew-cut sticking up on end.

This is the fresh and eager type.

"Can I have this dance please? Gee, thanks. What school do you go to? You don't go to school? Do you work then? You teach school? Gee whillikers. Gee, whiz! Fancy dancing with a teacher. Gosh, I can't imagine you as a teacher. Are you really a teacher? No kidding?

"What song do you like best on the hit parade? I'm rapt in 'Stuck on You.' It sends me. Does it send you?. Do you like Elvis? I think he is the most. Do you think he is the most? I'm doing the Intermediate for the second time. I failed last year cos they reckon I didn't work. I didn't either. I'm pretty wild, you know. I smoke lots of cigarettes every day. We even had some . . . some . . . (lowers voice, looks round furtively) some BEER at school one day until we were caught. Boy oh boy! Was there a stink!

"Yeah, imagine me as a Sunday School teacher. Dad's trying to make me but I stand up to him and he don't like it. They all say I'm going to the pack. Wanna cigarette? I've got one if you want one. I've got seven left in this packet. If I have one now I'll have six to last me till Monday night. We all get down to the milk bar on Monday nights . . . lot of hoods some people reckon. One day I'm gonna buy a motor bike . . ."

TYPE C

You first become aware of him when you experience a pinch on the arm or a tug of your hair. He organises his dances to suit himself:

"I'll have the next dance with you. No, I'll make it the one after next. I'll meet you right here. Don't go away . . . Right, this is the dance I promised you, isn't it? I'm Hector Burphard and I won Best and Fairest in the football team I play for. I got these daks imported from America. I got this jumper from the States, too. No, I'm not American. I'm Australian.

"My name's Hector Burphard. I play football for East Kent. Used to play for Richmond. I happened to get Best and Fairest this year. I know just about everyone here tonight. Or at least I don't know everyone, but they all know me.

"My name's Hector Burphard. Let's jump out now. I've had this place. Know too many people. They all know I got Best and Fairest, too. Bit embarrassing. Come on . . ."

TYPE D

He is usually rather easy to take after dancing with Type C. You sense, rather than hear, a soft flutter at your elbow. There is another rustle and a louder flutter. It is at this stage you realise that it is actually someone asking you to dance. So you get up with him . . .

He is the strong, silent type: "M m m m m m mmmmmmrumbl emmmmmmmmdance, please? What do you do forallivingmmmmmmmm? What do you thinkofthebandmmmmmmmmmmm? Thankyouforthedancemmmrumblemmmmm."

TYPE E

He leans all over the wall with a look of utter boredom on his face, eyes half closed, and cigarette smoke wafting lazily into the air. After eyeing the girl up and down several times he hovers around for a while, mentally calculating the girl's weight, height, length of nose and what she had for breakfast. He then disappears, but in a short while returns with a mate.

He nudges the mate, points to the girl in question, mate nudges back, and there is a long discussion. Next move is to circle the girl several times, still discussing, pointing, and nudging. While this circus is carried out, the girl accepts an offer from someone else and Type E is left to psychoanalyse another victim.

So you see, Robin Adair, the MALE sex also has its odd bods. And what happens to them? Why, they marry all the dolls, fatties, creeps, skinnies, darlings, and headaches that you create and discuss every week.

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He learns while he grows

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Vince Treacey is a young man whose fancy, in the spring, lightly turns to thoughts of zinnias and stocks and herbaceous borders.

DIGGING a flowerbed in Hyde Park, Sydney, Vince Treacey is glad that he gave up a factory job to work in the open air and the sunshine.

IT'S great to see the new growth coming on and to peel off your singlet and feel the full sun on your back as you "tickle" round the seedlings.

In fact, in any season, nothing could be greater, Vince feels, than to be a growing gardener with the Sydney City Council in the Parks and Recreation Department.

Vince is 20, and until his "twenty-first" he's classified by the Council as a "park youth," bending his back to such jobs as planting, digging, and "cleaning up the area" (picking up papers) in the parks around Sydney.

But he uses his brain as well as his back. Every Monday afternoon the Council gives him time off to go to Tech. at Ryde, where he takes lectures on horticulture, soil science, and botany.

The Tech. course for a Horticulture Certificate is three years, and the Council pays for Vince's tuition — if he's not weeded out by failing in the annual exams. In that case he would have to refund the fees to the Council.

Such a dismal thought was not to be thought, though, the day I went to see Vince in Hyde Park.

The weather was too lovely —and, besides, Vince had just sat for his first-year's exams.

Left factory job

Vince, in his singlet (Hyde Park is the only Sydney park where Council employees are not allowed to take off singlets in case the public complains), shorts, and heavy boots, was carefully cultivating the soil between the rose bushes — and thanking heaven that he'd transplanted his career from a cigarette factory to the open air.

Three years in the factory, after leaving school, had made him so unsettled that he eventually went to a vocational guidance officer.

"If you're not academic and you've got an urge for an outdoor sort of life, you really ought to try a gardening career," said Vince.

"Young people need an interest," he said, "and if you like gardening you'll find there's much more interest in horticulture than you ever thought."

So much interest that Vince, at Tech., finds he can grapple with academic knowledge much more easily than he could at school.

Green-keeping

There's even a chance, when he finishes his horticulture course, that he'll spend an extra year studying green-keeping. A good keeper of a bowling green can earn up to £50 a week, he said.

At present, though, his Council wage of £16/19/6 a week suits him fine.

Of this, £5 goes on paying off the car he and his two elder brothers are buying and £4 on board and maintenance for the family home at Cabramatta.

A little goes on seeds for the vegetable garden at the back of the house.

"Dad, who's a brewery worker, likes to take charge of the garden, and he knows a lot, too. But sometimes he's a bit behind the times."

Modern thinking in gardening — especially in landscape planning — is very important to Vince. "You don't want to lay out a garden in some old-fashioned pattern," he said. "Each gardener should be encouraged to be original."

Vince is up to date in his diet, too. "I'm a health food man," he said. "I always buy a lettuce and salad for lunch and prepare it myself."

But, while thousands of city workers stream out of their offices and shops into the parks for lunch, Vince goes inside one of the Council depots, where there are facilities for cooking, tea-brewing, and card-playing.

Playing cards is fairly important, reckons Vince, for it fills in the hours when the weather is too bad for gardening.

Vince has his breakfast at work, too. Starting at 7.30 a.m., he has only a glass of water before he leaves home, and works till about 9.30, when he knocks off for his egg-flip breakfast.

By 4.15 p.m., the end of his working day, Vince is usually healthily tired—but not as aching as he used to be when he first started the job about 18 months ago.

"It's very back-breaking at first," he said. "Then you get used to it.

"You've got to go at the job sincerely and work out a knack of doing things efficiently, otherwise it could be dragging and monotonous."

To keep himself physically in trim—and also to show off at the beach—Vince develops his muscles by going regularly to weight-lifting classes at the Catholic Youth Recreation Centre.

"Just because you work in a garden doesn't mean you can't have other interests, like the beach and all," said Vince.

Until he has qualified from Tech, Vince doesn't have much say in what plants are grown where. This is decided by first- and second-grade Council gardeners.

But, as a Council employee, he has a lot of say in what can be taken from parks. "Excuse me, Madam, but it's an offence to pick flowers in the park," has to be said more often than you'd think.

"You learn a bit about life working in the park," he said. "Just watching the people helps you understand them more."

People often chat to him as he's working away. "Mostly the old ones, though," he said. "It's not often a terrific blonde pulls up to talk."

LUNCHING in one of the City Council depots, Vince (on left) usually plays cards with his mates.

Award wages

But a gardening question from photographer Ernie Nutt turned Vince's fancy lightly back to thoughts of zinnias.

"Perhaps your zinnias suffer from a soil deficiency," said Vince. "In any case, you couldn't expect them to be as good as Hyde Park zinnias. They're the best in Sydney."

Each State has its own award for council gardeners. In New South Wales weekly wages rise from £12/16/9 (at 17 years) to £14/8/- (at 18), £15/4/- (at 19), £16/19/6 (at 20), and £19/3/6 (at 21).

There are no academic qualifications needed to start at the job, but if a boy qualifies for a horticulture certificate at Tech. he becomes a third-grade gardener on £20/4/- and can be promoted to second-grade gardener on £20/14/- or first-grade gardener on £21/8/6 as the positions become vacant.

In addition, adult gardeners of the Sydney City Council receive a "domestic loading" of £1/11/- a week.

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PAUL LOMAX, hailed as a genius of the guitar.

12-year-old aims to be second Segovia

From Brian Gibson, in London

● A 12-year-old boy who worried his mother into giving him a guitar so he could join a skiffle group — and maybe develop into a rock-'n-roll idol — has changed his ambition.

TOP music critics have hailed him as a genius of the classical guitar, he has won a scholarship to the Guildhall School of Music, and has already given recitals on radio and television.

He is Paul Lomax, a London schoolboy. He has taken down his pin-up of Cliff Richard and replaced it with one of Segovia, the world's top player of the classical Spanish guitar, who recently visited Australia.

Paul, who plays a guitar almost as big as himself, has not allowed the critics' praise to go to his head. He knows that he has years of hard work ahead if he is to achieve his new ambition.

When he's not playing at home for his tutor, Curly Clayton, he's studying music at the Guildhall School.

Curly, who discovered Paul through a skiffle audition, has played with many of Britain's top-line bands.

"You only get one like Paul in a lifetime," he said. "With constant study and practice, there's no concert hall in the world that he couldn't play in."

Paul persuaded his mother to buy him his first guitar so that he could play skiffle with the other lads at his London school.

The instrument was old and battered and cost only £3, but it was a start and great fun to play. When Curly heard him playing he realised at once that Paul was too good for the coffee bars, so he gave the boy some Segovia recordings.

"He not only liked them," said Curly, "but he wouldn't let me have them back.

"Of course, anyone can strum on three chords and get some kind of a sound. Most of the kids who play in coffee bars pick it up in an hour.

"But a classical guitarist has to carry all of his music in his head. I've seen Segovia do a three-hour concert without a note of music in front of him.

"The fingers have to be extremely supple as well, and require a great deal of constant exercise."

FOOTNOTE: Paul's Guildhall Scholarship is the first the school has ever granted for the study of the guitar.

FIVE WAYS TO WIN POPULARITY

By ANN WOODWARD, a 20-year-old Arts student at Melbourne University, who says there are five main qualities which make a girl popular.

TAKE a good look at yourself and try to answer honestly this question: "Am I a nice person to know?"

If you have several friends (male AND female), lots of interests, and lots to do most of the time, you are probably a happy combination of those things which make other people happy to know you.

If not, then now's the time to do something about it by making some simple New Year resolutions. What are the qualities which are found in such a person? Well, look at that busy, popular someone you know, and you will probably find that she is . . .

Gay

HAVE you noticed that the gayest girl you know hardly ever tells "jokes" and NEVER laughs at smutty ones?

She's not even clever, but she does have a sufficient sense of fun and the imagination to enjoy herself even when she's going for a walk, or having a ride in the Big Dipper, or playing a losing game of squash.

Boys like her simply because she's fun to be with and the fact that they don't have to spend a fortune on her to please her probably has a lot to do with it, too.

Her laugh is light and pleasant to listen to. (If you snort or guffaw, take note.) A deliberately planned laugh is quickly pinpointed as being insincere.

Lighthearted girls often send mad cards to their friends to wish them "Happy Monday" and really get a kick out of taking the neighbor's children to the pictures.

And somehow they always manage to make a joke out of such tragedies as a spilled drink even if it means a cleaning bill, and when the joke's on them they accept it with poise — and a grin.

Kind

"ALL she did was talk about her other good-looking boy-friends and their cars," he complained. How cruel can a girl get? A kind (alias charming) girl makes the most of any date, even if she's determined not to go out with that particular person again.

What a man thinks and feels is the most precious thing about him. Commonplace discussion about likes and dislikes can be fun, but when somebody "opens up," listen sensitively.

Remembering names and dates is important, too. Such kindness will be appreciated!

Enthusiastic

LIVE it up! Enjoy your inexperience and plunge with wide-eyed wonder into each new thing that comes your way.

My young brother—at present going steady with a girl who carried her first corsage around the house with her for two whole days — says he's never before felt so happy about giving a present.

Many girls try to impress their escorts that they've seen and done everything worth seeing and doing, when, in reality, they're trying to get out of a situation which might make them appear awkward — for example, learning to skate or water-ski. Try it! You may be able to add new joys to your list of fun.

And by all means express your enjoyment — without being gushy. Instead of "Gee, thanks! That was awfully nice!" try "I've been dying to see that film; I've been a Marlon Brando fan ever since 'On the Waterfront'!" Get the idea?

And whether or not you acknowledge your enjoyment to someone else, do at least tell yourself! That way, you won't have time to mope about the problems which seem to worry most teenagers today. Get a kick out of life!

Graceful

AN extremely eligible boy when asked what he expected of his dates, answered: "I expect a girl to act like a lady. Just because I take her to an informal barbecue, it's not to say that she can let her hair down completely and embarrass me. Most boys like a vivacious girl; nobody likes a stick-in-the-mud. She should establish a limit at each extreme."

A tall order? Not really.

The graceful girl is merely the one who keeps her composure at all times, even when she'd like to throw daggers as well as look them when someone drops an insult.

Instead, she smiles and ignores the words of the baiter because she knows that ugly words twist her face and personality into an equally ugly expression.

She wants to be heard, but never allows her voice to become a high-pitched squeal. Speaking in a calm, low-pitched voice, she can remember her vowels, final "ings" and "d's."

Not satisfied with the way she walks and carries herself, she "practises" by walking down the street in time to her favorite song, concentrating on leading with her feet rather than her chin.

And flustered? Not her! She leaves herself plenty of time to get ready before a date and greets her escort with a smile.

Dainty

WHEN a boy thinks of his girl, he thinks of something which is "her" — a gay scarf she often wears, for example, or a string of pearls, a fragrance.

When someone admires something you wear, stick to it till it becomes "You!"

The bandbox-look is a result of careful avoidance of skin blemishes by scrupulous cleanliness; of sewing that split seam BEFORE it develops into a rip; of saddle-soaping your shoes and handbag BEFORE it rains; of washing your blouse BEFORE you think it needs it; of checking the part in your hair and the seam in your stockings.

Gaiety, grace, enthusiasm, kindness, daintiness — these are all endearing young charms which make you nice to be with!

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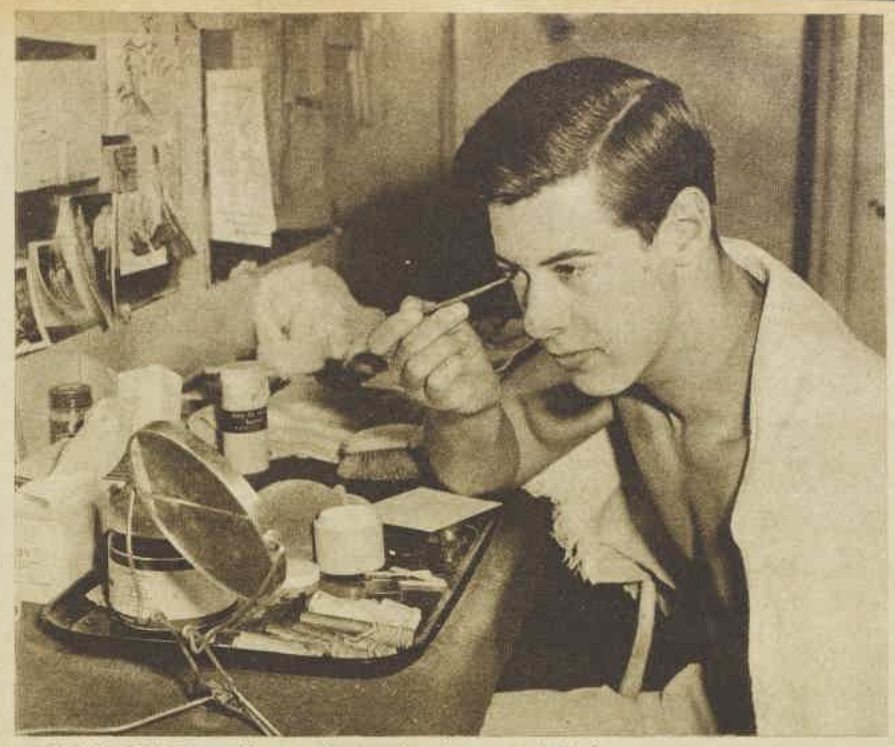
AT 20 THE STAGE IS HIS WORLD

By Erica Durham

● No wonder 20-year-old Alan Dearth has become a professional actor. Grease-paint is in his blood.



ALAN DEARTH making-up in the dressing-room before a performance of "Alice In Wonderland."

HIS grandfather Harry Dearth came to Australia as a singer; his father, Harry Dearth, started as an actor, became a radio and TV producer, and is now programme supervisor for Sydney's Channel 7.

Alan's mother and his sister Harriet have also been actresses.

So no one was surprised when he gave up an office job and took a part in a film last March.

Alan, who lives with his family at Cammeray, near Sydney's Middle Harbor, is appearing at present in the pantomime "Alice in Wonderland" at the Phillip Theatre, Sydney.

"Ever since I can remember, Mum and Dad have talked about the theatre," he said. "They were both acting when they met, and we've always had actors and theatre people as friends.

"But I had not intended to take up acting full-time until I had some training for a job which offered more security.

"My family felt that if I didn't make the grade as an actor I should have something to fall back on.

"So I got a job in advertising and had planned to stay there until I was about 25 before trying to crack the theatre."

Gave up job

Early last year, however, Alan heard that Jimar Productions were ready to start work on a film about Australian surf clubs, "Bungala Boys," and were auditioning young actors for parts.

"Dad didn't want me to give up my job," he said, "so I fooled around for about two weeks making up my mind, and finally decided to give it a try.

"I thought that as I was only 19 I was still young enough to start again at the bottom of a job if I failed miserably in the film.

"So I went along and landed the part of Brian.

"Doing the film was fantastic fun, as well as very good experience.

"Although we were swimming in the middle of winter, getting home from a day's shooting about 8 o'clock at night, and up again at five the next morning, I really enjoyed it."

Before the cameramen began shooting the film, Alan and the other boys had two weeks' training as a surfboat crew. None of them had ever been in a surfboat before.

"I was sweep," Alan said, "and experienced surfboat crews say it takes seven years to train a sweep properly.

"You can imagine how raw we were after only a fortnight.

"The worst rides we had were when the cameramen were in the boat for close-up shots. They took the place of one oarsman, which upset the balance of the boat, and when we were riding a wave to shore the crewmen could not move as they usually do to trim the boat.

"We just had to hang on for dear life, and several times I thought we were headed straight for the bottom."

But there were no serious accidents. Alan's only mishap during the film was to pull an arm muscle while doing judo training for a fight sequence.

"Bungala Boys" had its world premiere in London on December 2 at a children's matinee and was enthusiastically praised.

Alan's next job was as an extra in the John Alden Shakespearian Company.

"I was also assistant stage manager," he said, "which meant that I was in charge of getting the extras on and off the stage at the right time, including myself. That was tough work.

Lead role

"When Kerry Francis was sick I took over his parts in "Macbeth"—an old man and Angus. This meant five changes during the play, make-up included, because the two characters kept reappearing."

Alan's first lead role came in the play "They Walk Alone" at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney.

Between his film and stage jobs he has worked in radio—mostly serials and several of his father's plays.

"Having Dad in the same business has helped me, because the name is already known," Alan said. "Also, I know a lot of the producers.

"But this only helps at the start. If you're not up to standard, it doesn't matter who your father is—nobody is going to engage you."

He has appeared on TV as an extra in the A.B.C.'s production of "The Merchant of Venice" and in several commercials.

All this talk of "jobs between jobs" seemed terribly unstable, but Alan said that there is always something to do and that his earnings averaged £11 a week.

"It's essential to have an agent," he said. "His job is to find work for you, and as he takes about 10 per cent. commission from any job he finds it's to his advantage to get you work."

When Alan isn't working he studies singing and modern and classical dancing, which he feels are essential for an actor. These cost him £3/10/- a week.

"Dancing helps you move more easily on stage, and singing helps enormously with your breathing control," he said.

CHECKING script and directions with Phillip Theatre producer Bill Orr before a rehearsal.

Keen on guitar

"And, of course, the more versatile you are the more jobs you are likely to get.

"I also want to learn to play an instrument. I can read a bit of music and pick out tunes on the piano, but I think I'll learn to play the guitar and to read music properly — that's essential.

"Then, if there are no acting jobs available, I might be able to get work as a singer. I'd like to sing modern songs, but not rock-'n-roll."

Alan feels that acting lessons are not necessary for an actor, although they are definitely helpful.

"No matter what 'method' you learn, it must help you—as long as you don't carry it to extremes," he said.

"But lessons are not going to *teach* you to act, any more than painting lessons are going to help someone who is color blind.

"They help mostly by telling you what *not* to do—how not to upstage a person, for instance — and all the mechanical things of how to breathe, how to move, how to analyse a play.

Overseas plans

"And, as in any job, the more you know the more likely you are to succeed. Experience at lighting, directing, producing, or painting scenery all add up to being a better actor.

"But you mustn't become immersed in these sidelines. If you do, producers will forget that you're an actor, and there you'll be stuck."

Alan's advice to anyone wanting to go on the stage? "Don't! — unless you're prepared to go for a long time without work, to earn very little when you are working, to work very hard, and perhaps never be more than second-rate."

And his long-range plans? "I want to make a lot of money, go overseas, act when I get there, and eventually return to Australia.

"Acting is my main interest, though I may eventually take up producing, like Dad."

And as Alan squared his broad shoulders, lifted his long eyelashes, and looked levelly at me I was convinced that he would get exactly where he is aiming.

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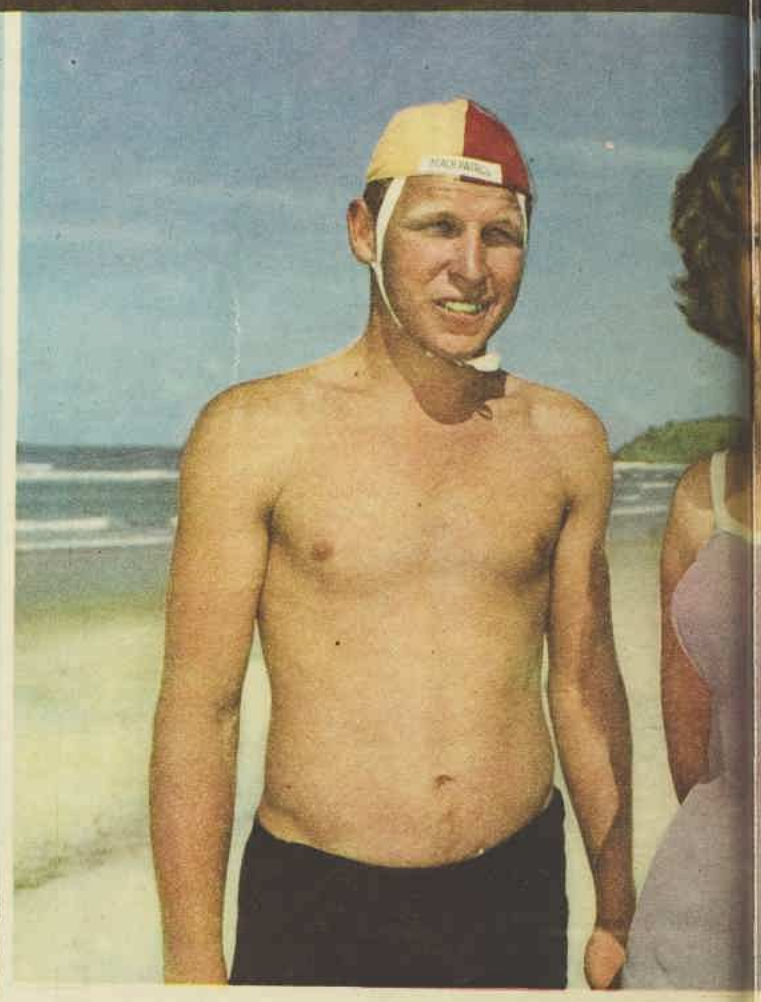
GOLD COAST Holi



BOBO THE PORPOISE at the new aquarium pool at the mouth of the Tweed River is even more active than the new school of holidaymakers — as he demonstrates (at left) by jumping more than 12ft. from the water for a fish held by pretty Toni Evans.

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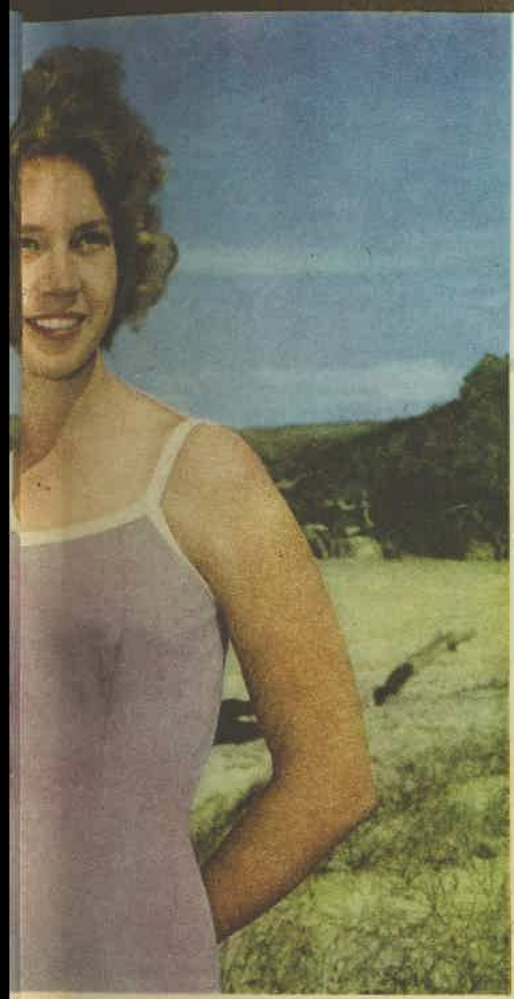
Friday



LIFESAVING enthusiast Tom Butcher (above) chats with keen surfer Bette Stone, of Coolangatta, during an off-duty moment. Tom is a member of the new surf patrol on the Gold Coast at Cabarita, just over the N.S.W. border.

SAILING is becoming one of the most popular Gold Coast sports. Don Melrose (above), a member of the Southport Yacht Club, and two pretty helpers, Jennifer Rootes (standing) and Merilyn Hollandale, prepare for thrills on the open water in Don's yacht Chihuahua. Teenagers and old salts alike join in the excitement of this breezy and skilful sport.

OUR COVER GIRL this week is typical of the new trend among holidaymakers to Queensland's Gold Coast—action rather than lazing in the sun. She is Joan Porter, of Kirra, and is quickly becoming an expert at surfboard riding, the favorite pastime for teenagers this summer. Other popular activities between Tweed Heads and Surfers' Paradise are horseback riding, yachting, speedboat racing, water-skiing, and joyriding in planes. Photographs by Bob Anthony.

FLYING on joyrides from Coolangatta Airport is fun. Wendy Neylan (left) and Susan Mitchell are planning a bird's-eye view of their favorite haunts with Captain Peter Ahrens in his Piper Caribbean plane.

SAMMY THE-SEAL sports with pretty Jutta Leski, of Greenmount, at the Tweed Heads Aquarium. Sammy was caught by a fisherman at Burleigh Heads. He plays like a puppy, adores girls, barks at men.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Trouble in past

"I AM 19 and have been in quite a bit of trouble with the police. I love a girl of 18 very much and we want to get married in the near future. Since going with this girl I have mended my ways and have not been in any trouble. Also I have a good steady job now, and some money in the bank. But my girl's parents will not consent to the marriage or even our friendship, because of my past. Do you think this is fair of them, as we love each other very much and I have promised my girl that there will be no more trouble? (The trouble was that I was in a detention home for 18 months when I was 15.)"

"Changed," N.S.W.

I don't know enough about this business to say whether your girl's parents are being fair to you or not. But I know how they feel about you; and you will, too, when you have a daughter of your own who wants to marry someone you're not quite sure of.

I feel that they want more assurance that you have mended your ways. It's one of those situations where you have to hasten very slowly.

You are both very young to be considering marriage and I am sure you both know that neither of you can marry before you are 21 without your parents' consent. So three years must pass before your girl can marry you without her parents' consent.

Go to see her parents and, in the good old-fashioned way, ask their permission to court her.

Tell them you understand their worries about your good intentions and ask them to let you prove that you are sincere in them by going with their daughter until she is old enough to marry at 21.

In that time they will realise your worth, and if you stick to your intentions, I am sure they will happily give their consent to your marriage, an important step towards your own marital happiness.

Just a child

"A BOY of 20 I know who goes to the university is joining the Navy as an engineer next year. I am 14. Occasionally we see each other at a yacht club, and have a short talk. I realise that he just thinks of me as an ordinary girl and I would like to know if I should send him a card or a letter to wish him good luck in the Navy. I would also like to know if I should try to hold further correspondence with him."

"Wondering," S.A.

I hate to hurt you, my dear, but a uni. student of 20 would think of you not as an ordinary girl, but as an ordinary child. You'd be just a baby to him.

I would neither send him a card nor write to him. If you see him wish him good luck, that's all.

Ask him

"A BOY with whom I used to go out has come back into my life. I am 17 and still love him. We stopped seeing each other as he didn't want to get serious with any one girl. As we live a good distance from one another, I do not see him very often. I have been trying my hardest to forget him, but last week we met again at a dance and I find I still love him. He acted the same to me and said he had intended coming to see me, but didn't get a chance. I am not sure whether he loves me or is just regarding me as another friend. Would it be wrong for me to drop him a line asking him to come down to see us or perhaps come to our Youth Club party? Please don't say forget him."

P.L.B., N.S.W.

Ask him and you'll find out how he feels, but please just be friendly, not romantic. Let any romance start with him.

Gone for ever

"PLEASE help me as this is terribly urgent. I have been out with a boy three times now. He is a very nice boy and I like him a lot. Every afternoon he would talk to me at the front gate. Now he walks straight past and he has not asked me out for next Saturday night. I am afraid he might not like me any more. I have done nothing at all. I can't understand. Please, I can't eat for worrying."

"Anxious," Vic.

Time will bring your appetite back, but that boy sounds as if he's gone for ever. Don't try to understand what happened, just accept it. Romance is like that.

Height difference

"FOR just over a year I have been going steady with a boy who is six inches shorter than I am. I am 19, 5ft. 9in. tall, and very self-conscious of my height, as whenever we go to a dance together people stare at us. I know this is so, as one of my friends has told me that I am ridiculous and should try to find someone taller. I find this impossible, as we have become very fond of each other. How can I make the difference in height less obvious? I always wear flatties when with him."

"Marvella," Qld.

Nothing makes me more angry than the candid friend with the cruel and wrong advice.

What on earth does the relative tallness of two people matter if they love one another? It is simply a stupid and silly convention that the man should be taller than the girl. It doesn't matter a hoot.

I think it shows a nice nature and your love that you do always wear flatties when you're with him. But why not wear them always? High heels are definitely old-fashioned at present; tiny heels are much more chic. Stick to them and to this nice boy. Get rid of that jealous friend of yours who wants to tarnish your happiness.

Train pick-up

"TWO years ago a young man caught my train and sat facing me. (I used to travel with my girl-friend then.) After a while we both said 'hello' to one another. He did this for about three months and then started catching another train. I've seen him a few times since. He's the nicest young man I've ever met. One day last week he caught my train and sat next to me and we talked. Do you think he might like me? Do you think I'd be able to ask him to a party with me or would I be too forward? I am 20."

"Troubled," Vic.

No, not at your age.

* * *

"Blue Eyes," N.S.W.

You should talk to the almoner at one of the following Sydney hospitals or write or telephone for her advice:

Contact Miss Dalton, Almoner, The Women's Hospital, Crown St., Sydney, or Miss Arnold, Almoner, Mater Misericordiae Hospital, North Sydney.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

NOW is the time for all good girls to come to the aid of employers and apply for jobs.

Here are some simple rules that may help you when you go for an interview.

- Don't wear your best dress or something with a low neck and lots of beads. Stick to something pretty and plain.
- Do your hair well, have it tidy, neat.
- Make sure your shoes are clean and well heeled.
- See your nails are well manicured, clean. If you wear nail polish, use a pale pink one, not a flaring red.
- Don't overdo your make-up. A heavy plaster with lots and lots of eye-shadow is for nightclubs, not for offices.
- And, please, no noisy bracelets or fancy earrings.

Jealous fiance

"I HAVE been going with a New Australian boy for eight months. We are engaged. I love him very much, but I always have a feeling he is watching everything I do. He works night shift and I usually go to see him at his tea-break, but he accuses me of seeing other people on the way there and on the way home. He says I have someone waiting at the end of the street. I don't. I see him at his break at 9 p.m. and he rings up home about 10 p.m. to see if I'm there. One night I was a bit late because of traffic and there was a scene. My sister spoke to him, too, and told him it was true, but it was no good. He gets very angry if anyone talks to me. Once I had to keep to a promise and go out with another boy, and he got the night off from work and followed us, and then told me everything was over. But he gave me another chance. I am too scared if somebody talks to me, because when they do talk, he just gives me a cold look. Could you please tell me if I am doing the right thing by marrying him?"

E.J., Vic.

No one but you can answer that question, as I'm sure you know.

I would certainly not do anything about marriage while you are beset with the doubts that made you write to me, and certainly your doubts, if they are based on truth, have a very strong foundation.

Jealousy is the most awful, illogical emotion to deal with and is not the kind of foundation on which to build a happy marriage. I'd think very carefully about things.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Know your etiquette

SMOKING AND MAKE-UP

• Is it acceptable for a girl to smoke in public?

THAT depends on the girl and the circumstances. For instance, it isn't very attractive to see women smoking in buses and trains — although it's often done — and no lady would *ever* walk along the street puffing a cigarette.

It's perfectly acceptable to smoke in a restaurant, before and after a meal. But unless you're with other addicts, it's inconsiderate to smoke between courses.

• Is it all right to make up your face in the train coming to work?

GOOD heavens, NO! If you haven't time to do it before you leave in the morning, you'll just have to stay pale and interesting till you get to work. There's nothing worse than having someone next to you combing their hair all over you, and spilling powder down your new blue silk.

• Can you apply make-up in a restaurant?

YES, provided it's done discreetly. But don't comb your hair at the table — wait till you can retire to the powder-room. In fact, it's better all round if you can leave everything till you *are* there—some men are embarrassed when their dates retouch their faces at the table.

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● *"I took my glasses off at a party last week," a teenager writes, "and a boy I like said he'd never noticed before what pretty eyes I had. How can I make them just as nice with my glasses on?"*

By Carolyn Earle

Look special in specs

GIRLS who wear spectacles particularly need to focus attention on the natural beauty of their eyes with a touch of eye make-up, otherwise they're likely to get lost behind the glasses.

So, if you've never before worn eye make-up, do something about it right now and you're bound to be delighted with the big difference that added color makes.

Mascara for the eyelashes (light brown) is a good idea—all day, every day. All you need do is touch the tips of the lashes with the mascara brush (most eyelashes are light-tipped, anyway). Do this a couple of times, using just a little mascara on the brush each time.

For evening add some eyeshadow; start it at the centre of the upper lid, never at the inner corner of the eye, and fade it out and up to the brow. For special excitement once in a while, try matching shades of eyeshadow and mascara.

Eyebrows come into the picture, also, when you wear glasses. If your brow curve seems to stop short of a length or looks anyway sparse, get an eyebrow pencil (light brown, again) and extend or thicken them a trifle.

One caution: don't run wild with eye make-up or you stand a good chance of spoiling the whole effect.

And never wear those pale lipstick shades. No matter how inconspicuous glasses are, they'll overshadow a too-pale lipstick. Indeed, this is one time when the most glowing lipstick color is never too bright for a girl.

On the hairdo side, be sure that bangs, if you wear them, are high and curled, leaving a well-cleared space between your eyebrows and your specs.

SUNGLASSES have never been more glamorous and a girl can really go to town with the new shapes and designs. But there is more to them than just decorative frames. If you already wear spectacles for reading or all the time, then have your sunglasses ground to prescription by an optician — it's well worth the extra expense involved. Always keep your sunglasses meticulously clean; finger marks aren't easy to see as on ordinary glasses. Keep them in a case, especially on the beach, when not actually wearing them.

SCRUTINY ON THE HIGH Cs!

● **I see that Australian soprano Joan Sutherland believes that opera-singers cannot compete with singers of popular music.**

I TAKE it she means that rock-'n-roll has more fans than "Rigoletto-type" stuff, and that Enrico Caruso wouldn't outsell Elvis Presley.

If I've correctly read between the lines of her remark, then I'm afraid I must beg to differ.

For, of course, opera-singers **could** compete in popularity with their "pops" colleagues—if they were prepared to meet them half-way.

Yes, indeed, there are many tricks (**divas** ways, you might say) that the opera-tors could pick up in Tin Pan Alley and use to advantage . . .

For one thing, they could jazz up some of the old operas. How about a bright, bouncy new musical called "Bye Bye **Verdi**"?

And let's have a show that goes beyond just a "Butterfly"—and talks about the birds and the **Bizet!**

"Lucia di Lammermoor" has a promising popular appeal. Why, already it has a mad scene, Crazy, man, crazy, eh?

Opera stars, by the way, needn't fear that the fact that they often sing in foreign languages loses them popularity.

Being unable to speak English doesn't seem to hurt the singing careers of people like Chubby Checker!

Of course, if highbrows want to invade the "pops" concert field, opera's sensitive prima donnas, like Maria Callas, would have to become **primmer** donnas.

For it doesn't pay to walk off the stage at a Stadium Big Show — remember, the stage revolves!

Names, too, would have to be changed to ones shorter and less formal. It's all right for fans to scream out, "Col!" and "Johnny!" —but, "**Dame Nellie!**" Really!

Anyway, that sort of long name wastes valuable space in an autograph book.

Caruso would have had little trouble, however. "Ricky" would have been just fine.

The appearance of male and female opera stars would also have to be improved.

Sixteen stone might be O.K. for a **bel canto** belle belting out "La Boheme."

But to appeal to a wider audience, there's an old show-business saying: "Only the fair deserve the bravos!"

I must say it's interesting to note that there are already signs that opera people are not averse to leaning towards the world of "pops."

For instance, the musical director of the New York Metropolitan Opera House is Mr. Rudolf **Bing.**

If opera people can compete with artistically "lesser," though brighter, lights — well and good.

However, some opera stars are so temperamental that a "pops" entrepreneur might be a bit wary about booking them.

If you'll pardon the **corn,** he might end up with a **Callas** on his hands!

—Robin Adair

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ART THROUGH THE AGES
by Douglas Watson

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE

13. English School (18th century).

ENGLISH painting in the Georgian period was mainly devoted to portraiture and the two outstanding portrait painters of the time were Thomas Gainsborough and Joshua Reynolds.

The demand for portraits by the aristocracy of this period kept these two artists busy throughout their lifetimes.

Gainsborough, perhaps the greater painter of the two, was born in Suffolk, and even as a child he had the capacity to see and record the essential features of his sitters.

At 15 he was sent to study art in London, and after two years there he returned to Suffolk and began to paint portraits. Later a friend persuaded him to leave his native town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, and to launch himself into the centre of wealth and fashion of the time —the town of Bath.

Gainsborough had a taste for landscape painting, which he did very well, so he often used landscapes as backgrounds for his portraits.

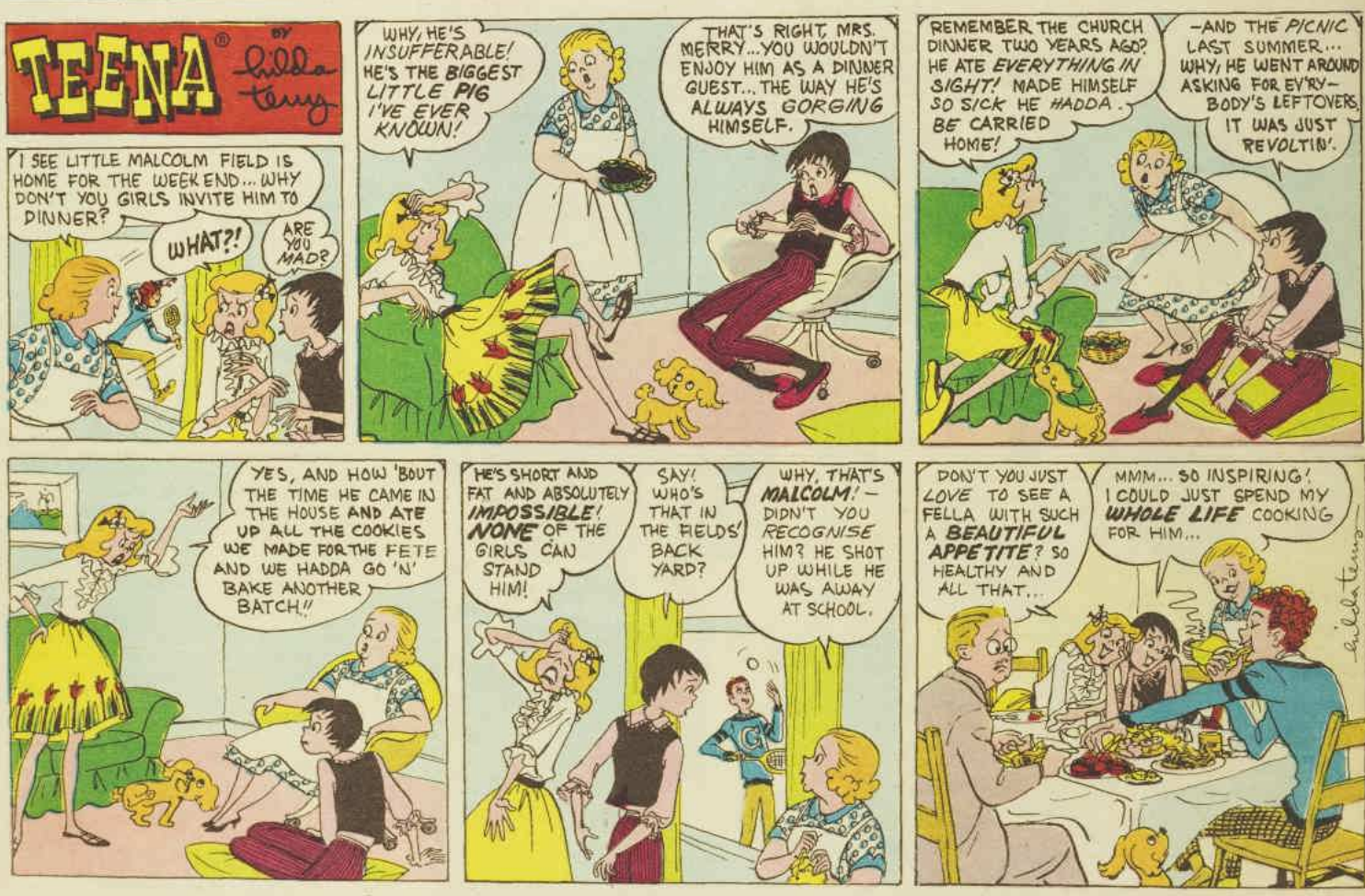
All his paintings have a great sense of naturalness about them, which probably stemmed from his love of landscape.

Gainsborough was greatly influenced by Watteau in the poetic expression of aristocratic elegance. In the portrait reproduced at right, "Perdita," known sometimes as "Mrs. Robinson," the dreamy, melancholy character of the sitter is beautifully expressed. And how well the dog is painted, and in contrast to Perdita how lively he is!

Gainsborough's portraits have great charm and directly influenced painters like the Spaniard Goya, who was attracted by the sensitive, sympathetic brushstrokes used by Gainsborough.

NEXT WEEK: Neo-Classicism

"PERDITA" (or "MRS. ROBINSON") by Gainsborough, Buckingham Palace.



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LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

Quick rise on charts for boy's first disc

● Melbourne disc jockeys say that no Australian recording has succeeded as quickly as Bobby Cookson's "Flutter Flutter," which made the charts only a week after release.

ODDLY enough, Bobby (who is 20) became a singer against his will. He was all set to be a guitarist until one day he had to sing — or miss out on a job.

He'd gone along to try to get into a group called The Premiers, but was told by their leader that there wasn't an opening for a guitarist, but that they needed a singer.

So Bobby became a singer, and is he glad now! "Flutter Flutter" (Astor), a melodious ballad, is his first record.

Since he started singing regularly at Melbourne dances, he has given up cycling, but he still has the five trophies he won in the under-16 class and the one he earned for winning the Spargo Club handicap senior race when he was 17.

Bobby is 5ft. 10in., weighs just under 12st., wears good clothes, and says that Elvis is his favorite singer.

Help name the baby

BECAUSE they can't make up their minds what to call their first baby, expected in mid-January, Johnny and Carol Devlin ask Listen Here readers for suggestions.

Johnny's full name is John Lockett Devlin and he's of Irish extraction. His father's names are Cyril John, and his mother's Bess Ellen.

Carol's full maiden name was Carol Yvonne Dixon. Her father's names are Alfred Dudley, and her mother's Norma Gwendolyn. The Dixons, too, have Irish forebears.

Carol and Johnny don't mind where the name comes from, whether it's popular or unusual. But they do want one that sounds nice and goes well with Devlin.

Address your suggestions to "Naming The Baby," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, and we'll pass them on to Johnny and Carol.

HOW naturalised can you get? **The De Kroo Brothers** nearly missed the trip to New Zealand with Cliff Richard because they forgot that, being Dutch-born, they'd need to have naturalisation papers.

These were in Perth with the boys' family, when the plane with Cliff and company, plus the De Kroos' luggage, took off from Melbourne without them.

The boys arranged their clearance, got away on the next plane, and just made the show.

Now back in Sydney, they've been putting the finishing touches on their own arrangement of the old "Road to Gundagai," which will be their next release.

Local talent: Anyone who's really behind Australian talent will get a big kick out of **The Sapphires'** showing on their latest H.M.V. single, the slow, folksy "High on a Mountain."

It has all the style and polish they showed earlier in the year with their first hit, "Johnny Gunslinger." It's there, too, with the flip, the gospel-sounding "Run, Come, See."

REMEMBER The Hollywood Argyles' wonderful "Alley Oop"? Well, Melbourne's **Frankie Davidson** has got the same sort of appeal into his "Yabba Dabba Doo" (W and G 45). It's inspired by TV's "The Flintstones," and Frankie wrote both the words and music. It's tremendous. The other side's a revival of "I Told Them All About You."

Pops: Good for R.C.A.! They've released as a single two tracks from Elvis' "Blue Hawaii" album, the twisty "Rock-a-Hula Baby" and "Can't Help Falling In Love." AND they've given it an album-style, full-color cover.

ONE of those difficult-to-classify LPs that could appeal to a surprising number of people is Festival's "The Trumpet Magic Of **Rafael Mendes.**" Playing with an unnamed symphony orchestra, the trumpet virtuoso does some thrilling things with operatic arias and Spanish tunes, among them Albeniz' "Sevillia."

SINCE he burst into the charts with "First Date," **Floyd Cramer** has become America's biggest selling pianist. You've only got to play "Floyd Cramer —America's Biggest Selling Pianist" (R.C.A. LP) to see why. "Your Last Goodbye," "The Tide And The Sea," "You Win Again," etc.

Movie music: Title song of **Frankie Avalon's** film "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" (H.M.V. 45) is one of those s-l-o-w, s-l-o-w ballads that aren't too easy to remember. "The Summer of '61," on the other side, is more appealing, though it isn't a swinger, either.

They're both sung in a very intimate way.

On Frankie's next album, "Rome and Romance," he plans to sing the songs in Italian.

WORTH HEARING

MOZART and BEETHOVEN: Piano concertos

ONE of the most enjoyable records issued recently couples a Mozart piano concerto with the Piano Concerto No. 2 of Beethoven. The polished and stylish performances are by pianist Friedrich Gulda and his own "classical orchestra," conducted by Paul Angerer. (Pye International label.)

The Beethoven second piano concerto has been described as the work in which Beethoven copied most closely the style of Mozart. (Though numbered as the second it was in fact his first piano concerto and the first orchestral work of any kind that he offered for publication.)

But despite the similarity of style these two works really show how unlike Mozart and Beethoven were. Mozart wrote this particular concerto (in G, K.453) when he was 28. But, as everyone knows, Mozart was an accomplished composer before he was out of his teens and this ranks among his mature works.

With Beethoven, composing and maturing were much slower and more painful processes. He first wrote this concerto at 23 and was still revising it six years later, yet there is still more Mozart than true Beethoven in the sound of it. Beethoven wrote five piano concertos altogether; Mozart wrote about two dozen, including six (this one among them) in one year.

The Beethoven concerto, by the way, is in B flat: the record label, confusing the English and German note-names, says it is in B major.

— Martin Long

BOBBY COOKSON recording his hit song "Flutter Flutter."

Pin-up girl is tomboy type

● Completely natural, and with a big, generous smile that reflects her tomboy disposition, Lana Cantrell could be mistaken for the typical girl next door.

THE only difference is that at 18 Lana is a TV personality so busy that the only day she can call her own is Sunday.

Just on two years ago she made her first TV appearance on the "Youth Show," and stayed with it for a year. Since then she has been on just about every live show done in Sydney, and is now on a nine months' contract to Channel 9.

Every second week she's in "Bandstand," and every other week goes down to Melbourne for the "Graham Kennedy Show" or "In Melbourne Tonight."

Another regular TV job is in the Col Joye spectaculars.

Lana doesn't own a hat — never has, except one she got for a wedding. She hates frills and flounces (for herself) and has never had her hair professionally set.

She's had her own car for almost a year now (a two-tone green sedan) and loves to get into old clothes and "twiddle around a bit" with it—such as cleaning spark plugs.

"One of these days I'm going to take it so far to pieces that I'll never be able to get it together again," she said. "But I love it."

Her height is 5ft. 6in., and, despite eating what she likes—mainly filet mignons (a very expensive girl to feed, according to her mother), she stays at steady 8st. 7lb.

Turquoise is Lana's favorite color, and she loves silk—especially silk slacks. "They make you feel just wonderful," she said.

At Dover Heights School she liked English classes best, was mad about sport, and was a sports prefect, and once broke her wrist high-jumping. Now she spends every Sunday water-skiing.

Lana knows just what she wants of the future. It's to stay in show business and to sing the better standards in a way that's a cross between Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra.

● Turn overleaf for the latest pin-up of Lana.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY CALENDAR—1962 (July to December)

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Hardenbergia comptoniana.

Acacia baileyana *(Cootamundra wattle)*.

Boronia serrulata *(Native Rose)*.

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	..	..	..	..

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	..	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	..

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
30	..	..	..	..	..	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Telopea speciosissima *(Waratah)*.

Clianthus formosus *(Sturt's desert pea)*.

Blandfordia grandiflora *(Christmas Bells)*.

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	..	..	..

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	..	..	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	..

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
30	31	..	..	..	..	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

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Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 23

"I suppose it's a possibility." I considered . . . "Do you think she can do what she claims to do, Ginger?"

"Personally, I'd be inclined to say of course she can't! But odd things can happen. Especially with things like hypnotism. Telling someone to go and take a bite out of a candle the next afternoon at four o'clock, and they do it without having any idea why. That sort of thing. And electric boxes where you put in a drop of blood and it tells you if you're going to have a cancer in two years' time. It all sounds rather bogus—but perhaps not entirely bogus. About Thyrza—I don't think it's true—but I'm terribly afraid it might be!"

"Yes," I said sombrely, "that explains it very well."

"I might put in a bit of work on Lou," said Ginger thoughtfully. "I know lots of places where I can run across her. Luigi might know a few things, too.

"But the first thing," she added, "is to get in touch with Poppy."

The latter was arranged fairly easily. David was free three nights ahead, we settled on a musical show, and he arrived with Poppy in tow. We went to the Fantasie for supper and I noticed that Ginger and Poppy, after a prolonged retirement to powder their noses, reappeared on excellent terms with each other. No controversial subjects were raised during the party on Ginger's instructions. We finally parted and I drove Ginger home.

"Not much to report," she said cheerfully. "I've been on to Lou. The man they quarrelled about was Gene Pleydon, by the way. A nasty bit of goods, if you ask me. The girls all adore him.

"He was making quite a play for Lou and then Tommy came along. Lou says he didn't care for her a bit, he was after her money—but she'd probably want him to think that. Anyway, he dropped Lou like a hot coal and she was naturally sore about it. According to her, it wasn't much of a row—just a few girlish high spirits."

"Girlish high spirits! She tugged Tommy's hair out by the roots."

"I'm just telling you what Lou told me."

"She seems to have been very forthcoming."

"Oh, they all like talking about themselves. They'll talk to anyone who will listen. Anyway, Lou has got another boyfriend now. So it doesn't look to me as though she'd been a client of The Pale Horse. I brought the term up, but it didn't register. I think we can wash her out. Luigi doesn't think there was much in it, either. On the other hand, he thinks Tommy was serious about Gene. And Gene was going for her in a big way. What have you done about the stepmother?"

"She was abroad. She comes back tomorrow. I've written her a letter—or rather I got my secretary to write it—asking for an appointment."

"Good. We're getting things moving. I hope everything doesn't peter out."

"If it gets us anywhere!"

"Something will," said Ginger enthusiastically. "That reminds me. To go back to the beginning of all this, the theory is that Father Gorman was killed after being called out to a dying woman, and that he was murdered because of something she told him or confessed to him. What happened to that woman? Did she die? And who was she? There ought to be some lead there."

"She died. I don't really know much about her. I think her name was Davis."

"Well, couldn't you find out more?"

"I'll see what I can do."

"If we could get at her background, we might find out how she knew what she did know."

"I see your point."

I got Jim Corrigan on the telephone early the next morning and put my query to him.

"How did you set about it?" I asked curiously.

Ginger laughed.

"Girls-together stuff. You wouldn't understand. The point is that if a girl tells things to another girl it doesn't really count. She doesn't think it matters."

"All in the trade union so to speak?"

"You could put it like that. Anyway, we lunched together and I yapped a bit about my love life—and various obstacles—married man with impossible wife—wouldn't divorce him—made his life hell. And how she was an invalid, always in pain, but not likely to die for years.

"Really much better for her if she could die. Said I'd a good mind to try The Pale Horse, but I didn't really know how to set about it—and would it be terribly expensive?

"And Poppy said yes, she thought it would. She'd heard they charged the earth. And I said 'Well, I have expectations.' Which I have, you know—a great-uncle—a poppet and I'd hate him to die, but the fact came in useful. Perhaps, I said, they'd take something on account? But how did one set about it? And then Poppy came across with that name and address. You had to go to him first, she said, to settle the business side."

"It's fantastic!" I said.

"It is, rather."

We were both silent for a moment.

I said incredulously: "She told you this quite openly? She didn't seem—scared?"

GINGER said impatiently: "You don't understand. Telling me didn't count. And after all, Mark, if what we think is true the business has to be more or less advertised, hasn't it? I mean they must want new 'clients' all the time."

"We're mad to believe anything of the kind."

"All right. We're mad. Are you going to Birmingham to see Mr. Burnley?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm going to see Mr. Burnley. If he exists."

I hardly believed that he did. But I was wrong. Mr. Burnley did exist.

Municipal Square Buildings was an enormous honeycomb of offices. Seventy-eight was on the third floor. On the ground-glass door was neatly printed in black: C. R. Burnley, Commission Agent. And below, in smaller letters: Please enter.

I entered.

There was a small outer office, empty, and a door marked Private, half ajar. A voice from behind it said:

"Come in, please."

The inner office was larger. It had a desk, one or two comfortable chairs, a telephone, a stack of box files, and Mr. Burnley was sitting behind the desk.

He was a small dark man, with shrewd dark eyes. He wore a dark business suit and looked the acme of respectability.

"Just shut the door, will you?" he said pleasantly. "And sit down. That chair's quite comfortable. Cigarette? No? Well now, what can I do for you?"

I looked at him. I didn't know how to begin. I hadn't the least idea what to say. It was, I think, sheer desperation that led me to attack with the phrase I did. Or it may have been the small beady eyes.

"How much?" I said.

It startled him a little, I was glad to note, but not in the way that he ought to have been startled. He did not assume, as I would have assumed in his place, that someone not quite right in the head had come into his office.

His eyebrows rose.

"Well, well, well," he said. "You don't waste much time, do you?"

I held to my line.

"What's the answer?"

He shook his head gently in a slightly reproving manner.

"That's not the way to go about things. We must proceed in the proper manner."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"As you like. What's the proper manner?"

"We haven't introduced ourselves yet, have we? I don't know your name."

"At the moment," I said, "I don't really think I feel inclined to tell it to you."

"Cautious."

"Cautious."

"An admirable quality — though not always practicable. Now who sent you to me? Who's our mutual friend?"

"Again I can't tell you. A friend of mine has a friend who knows a friend of yours."

Mr. Burnley nodded his head.

"That's the way a lot of my clients come," he said. "Some of the problems are rather — delicate. You know my profession, I presume?"

He had no intention of waiting for my reply. He hastened to give me the answer.

"Turf Commission Agent," he said. "You're interested, perhaps, in—horses?"

There was just the faintest pause before the last word.

"I'm not a racing man," I said non-committally.

"There are many aspects of the horse. Racing, hunting, hacking. It's the sporting aspect that interests me. Betting." He paused for a moment and then asked casually — almost too casually: "Any particular horse you had in mind?"

I shrugged my shoulders and burnt my boats.

"A pale horse . . ."

"Ah, very good, excellent. You yourself, if I may say so, seem to be rather a *dark* horse. Ha, ha! You mustn't be nervous. There really is no need to be nervous."

"That's what *you* say," I said rather rudely.

Mr. Burnley's manner became even more bland and soothing.

"I can quite understand your feelings. But I can assure you that you needn't have any anxiety. I'm a lawyer myself—disbarred, of course," he said parenthetically, in what was really almost an engaging way.

"Otherwise I shouldn't be here. But I can assure you that I know my law. Everything I recommend is perfectly legal and above board. It's just a question of a bet. A man can bet on anything he pleases, whether it will rain tomorrow, whether the Russians can send a man to the moon, or whether your wife's going to have twins. You can bet whether Mr. B. will die before Christmas, or whether Mrs. C. will live to be a hundred. You back your judgment or your intuition or whatever you like to call it. It's as simple as that."

I felt exactly as though I were being reassured by a surgeon before an operation. Mr. Burnley's consulting-room manner was perfect.

I SAID slowly: "I don't really understand this business of The Pale Horse."

"And that worries you? Yes, it worries a lot of people. More things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, and so on and so on. Frankly, I don't understand it myself. But it gets results. It gets results in the most marvellous way."

"If you could tell me more about it—?"

I had settled on my role now — cautious, eager, but scared. It was obviously an attitude with which Mr. Burnley had frequently had to cope.

"Do you know the place at all?"

I made a quick decision. It would be unwise to lie.

"I—well—yes—I was with some friends. They took me there—"

"Charming old pub. Full of historical interest. And they've done wonders in restoring it. You met her, then. My friend, Miss Grey, I mean?"

"Yes—yes, of course. An extraordinary woman."

"Isn't she? Yes, isn't she? You've hit it exactly. An extraordinary woman. And with extraordinary powers."

"The things she claims! Surely — quite — well — impossible?"

"Exactly. That's the whole point. The things she claims to be able to know and *do* are impossible! Everybody would say so. In a court of law, for instance—"

The black beady eyes were boring into mine. Mr. Burnley repeated the words with designed emphasis.

"In a court of law, for instance—the whole thing would be ridiculed! If a woman stood up and confessed to murder, murder by remote control or 'will power' or whatever nonsensical name she likes to use, that confession couldn't be acted upon! Even if her statement was true (which, of course, sensible men like you and I don't believe for one moment!) it couldn't be admitted legally. Murder by remote control isn't murder in the eyes of the law. It's just nonsense. That's the whole beauty of the thing—as you'll appreciate if you think for a moment."

I understood that I was being reassured. Murder committed by occult powers was not murder in an English court of law. If I were to hire a gangster to commit murder with a cosh or a knife, I was committed with him—an accomplice before the fact—I had conspired with him. But if I commissioned Thyrza Grey to use her black arts—those black arts were not admissible. That was what, according to Mr. Burnley, was the beauty of the thing.

All my natural scepticism rose up in protest. I burst out heatedly.

"But damn it all, it's fantastic," I shouted. "I don't believe it. It's impossible."

"I agree with you. I really do. Thyrza Grey is an extraordinary woman, and she certainly has some extraordinary powers, but one *can't* believe all the things she claims for herself. As you say, it's too fantastic. In this age, one really can't credit that someone can send out thought-waves or whatever it is, either oneself or through a medium, sitting in a cottage in England, and cause someone to sicken and die of a convenient disease out in Capri or somewhere like that."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

make this delicious new junket dessert

SWISS DELIGHT

- Press thin slices of Swiss roll (or left-over sponge) firmly into individual dessert glasses. Moisten well with orange juice and set aside.
- Make Hansen's Plain Junket as directed, and pour over roll. Set, then chill.
- Before serving, top with whipped cream and fruit.

Full of the good, substantial nourishment of pure milk in junket form . . . plus that 'something exciting and special' everybody will look forward to at dessert time. Simple to make—made in minutes!

- plain
- pineapple
- strawberry
- raspberry
- cherry
- almond

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

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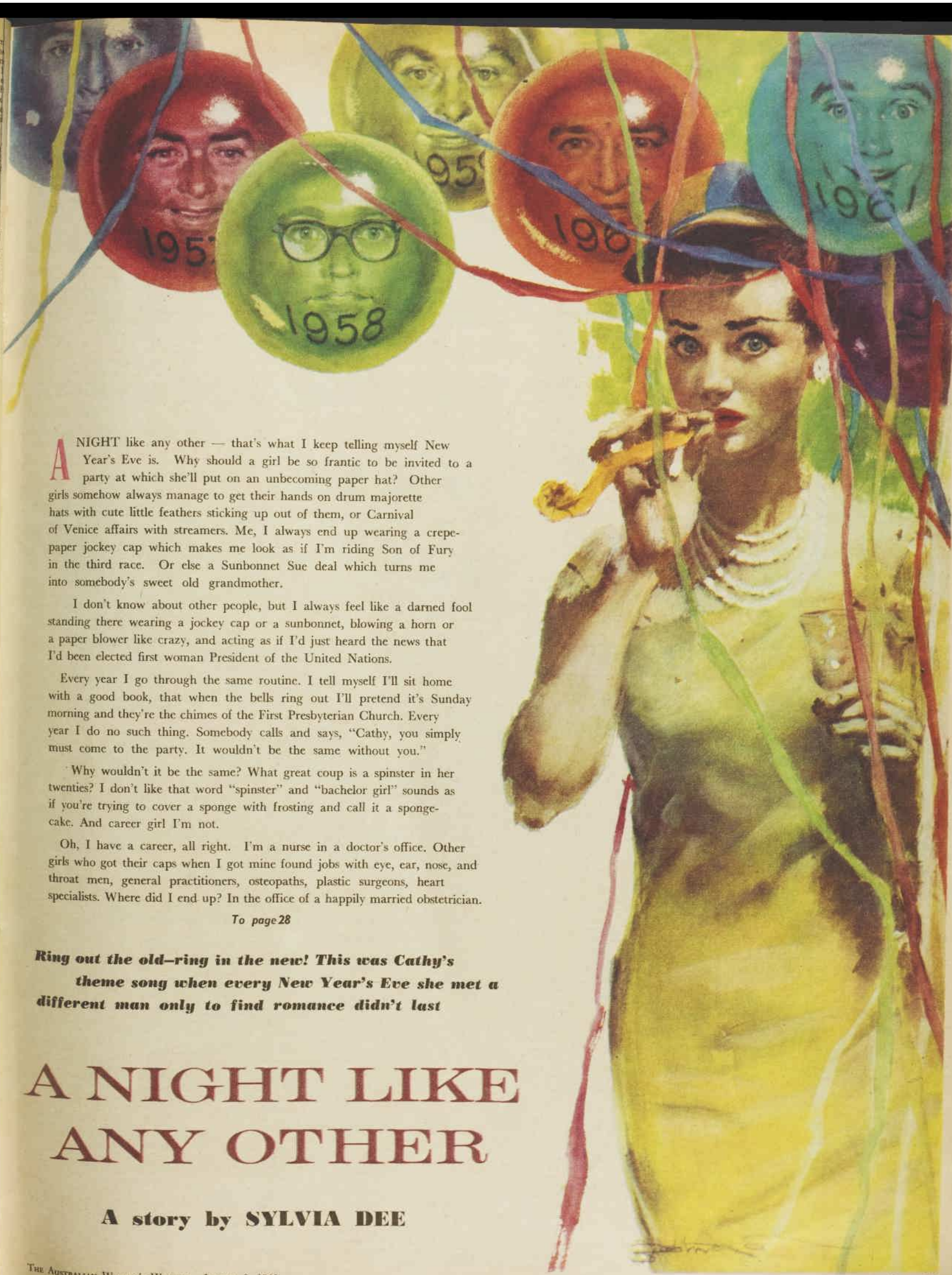

A NIGHT like any other — that's what I keep telling myself New Year's Eve is. Why should a girl be so frantic to be invited to a party at which she'll put on an unbecoming paper hat? Other girls somehow always manage to get their hands on drum majorette hats with cute little feathers sticking up out of them, or Carnival of Venice affairs with streamers. Me, I always end up wearing a crepe-paper jockey cap which makes me look as if I'm riding Son of Fury in the third race. Or else a Sunbonnet Sue deal which turns me into somebody's sweet old grandmother.

I don't know about other people, but I always feel like a darned fool standing there wearing a jockey cap or a sunbonnet, blowing a horn or a paper blower like crazy, and acting as if I'd just heard the news that I'd been elected first woman President of the United Nations.

Every year I go through the same routine. I tell myself I'll sit home with a good book, that when the bells ring out I'll pretend it's Sunday morning and they're the chimes of the First Presbyterian Church. Every year I do no such thing. Somebody calls and says, "Cathy, you simply must come to the party. It wouldn't be the same without you."

Why wouldn't it be the same? What great coup is a spinster in her twenties? I don't like that word "spinster" and "bachelor girl" sounds as if you're trying to cover a sponge with frosting and call it a sponge-cake. And career girl I'm not.

Oh, I have a career, all right. I'm a nurse in a doctor's office. Other girls who got their caps when I got mine found jobs with eye, ear, nose, and throat men, general practitioners, osteopaths, plastic surgeons, heart specialists. Where did I end up? In the office of a happily married obstetrician.

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Ring out the old—ring in the new! This was Cathy's theme song when every New Year's Eve she met a different man only to find romance didn't last

A NIGHT LIKE ANY OTHER

A story by SYLVIA DEE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4922779

Continuing . . . A NIGHT LIKE ANY OTHER

from page 27

My folks don't understand it. When I go home for a holiday they don't say a word about the fact that I'm not wearing a ring, but their eyes are full of grandchildren.

So far all I've done is disappoint them. Maybe that's why I dread the thought of New Year's Eve. It's the night I always manage to meet someone. Perhaps I look promising in my jockey cap, as if I'm going to win the third race.

I've been going to New Year's Eve parties for years now, and I suppose I'll go to this one and see 1961 become 1962, during which I'll become twenty-nine, with one more year to go before I land in Gravesville.

I don't think all this began to worry me much until I turned twenty-four. For some reason or other, that's the year a girl begins to grow little fears.

The year I became twenty-four was 1957. That was the year when England had a record heatwave and Vivian Fuchs and his men shivered as they left Shackleton Base to cross the continent of the Antarctic . . . but no one went hot and cold over me. The International Geophysical Year began and tourists swarmed to Europe. Me, I didn't even get invited to spend a day at Coney Island.

On New Year's Eve, 1957, at a party thrown by Ivy Walters, with whom I'd trained, I met Hugh McCaster.

There we were, across a crowded room, as in "Some Enchanted Evening." Hugh, evidently touched by my sunbonnet, strode over to me.

"I'm Hugh McCaster; who are you?" he asked. At these New Year's Eve parties no one ever introduces anyone. After all, when a hostess has hors-d'oeuvre to pass, guests who've had too much drink hours before midnight, and a dozen people whom she's never laid eyes on before milling around, she has enough on her mind.

"Cathy H. Davis," I told him.

I dread giving anyone my name because it's so plain. If I'd been called Penelope or Rosamund it might have made a big difference in my life.

Fortunately, he didn't seem to notice the plainness of my name. I guess maybe the sunbonnet did something for me. He asked me if I'd like to dance.

Someone had put on a Frank Sinatra record, and four or five couples were dancing in a space smaller than that allotted a man in a medieval dungeon. Sinatra was singing "My Funny Valentine." I always grow hopeful when I hear that song.

"My mother wears a sunbonnet like that when she gardens," Hugh McCaster told me.

MY heart began to beat like the beat-beat-beat of the tom-tom, and then I recalled the words of another old song, which was "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad."

After a while we stopped dancing long enough to consume a few of those dreadful hors-d'oeuvre which are made at three o'clock in the afternoon and covered with cold, wet dish-towels to keep them fresh. The crackers take on all the qualities of the wet towels, and they are covered by cream cheese and caviare or liver paste with pimento.

At exactly one minute to midnight, everyone began to act as if he had the plague and had reached the last stage. Horns blew, streamers streamed, and confetti poured all over everything. Guy Lombardo's band was tuned in on the TV set, and the minute it began to play "Auld Lang Syne" everybody kissed somebody, and Hugh kissed me.

It was a nice enough kiss. What I mean is I had nothing to complain about. The only trouble is those New Year's Eve kisses never spring from any desperate urgency. I've always longed to be kissed like the girl in that perfume ad. There she is with her hands still on the piano keys, and there he is still holding his violin. Overwhelmed by emotion, there they stand, kissing madly and forgetting everything and everyone, including Liszt and his old rhapsody.

Hugh kissed me exactly the way a man would kiss a pleasant young stranger wearing a crepe-paper sunbonnet. "Happy New Year," he said.

It was the beginning of a forever that lasted exactly sixty-eight days, thirteen hours, and twenty-three minutes.

Hugh gave me a big rush, during which his kisses grew a whole lot better than that first one. They still weren't any perfume ad, but I'd have settled for them, plus a ranch-house on the outskirts of town.

We had dinners in dim little restaurants where you couldn't see what you ate but could only pray for the best. We went to the ten best films of the year, including one which had been filmed through a martini glass.

The whole thing was about an alcoholic, so I suppose it was effective, but I got awfully tired straining my eyes trying to see what was going on behind the martini. Hugh was crazy about it, so I pretended it was the finest thing I'd ever seen.

Hugh liked the opera, too. Ask me anything about Wagner. However, it wasn't "The Ring of the Nibelungen" I was interested in. But Hugh just wasn't the marrying kind — at least not the Cathy H. Davis marrying kind.

Remember 1958? That was the year Princess Grace and Prince Rainier had their first child, a son. A Soviet scientist claimed he had encountered an "abominable snowman." I encountered no one, abominable or otherwise.

Mr. Menzies won his fourth consecutive general election but no one voted me the most popular girl in town. The French franc was devalued and my spirits sank just about as low.

It was the year when do-it-yourself was going strong, and if there had been a do-it-yourself man, complete with eyes guaranteed to crinkle at the corners, mouth guaranteed to smoke a pipe, long legs guaranteed to propel you around a dance floor, and a general ready - to - settle - down - but - we'll - still - go - out -once - a-week-on-the-town look, I'd have set up a workbench and bought myself the best do-it-yourself man on the market.

New Year's Eve, 1958, I went to a party at Juanita Nelson's, another girl with whom I'd trained, who was happily engaged to a heart specialist.

That was the night I met Harold Carriage. I can't say it helped matters much.

Harold turned out to be a very serious young man, so serious, in fact, I have a feeling the only thing that could possibly have made him smile would have been if he'd caught a case of lockjaw, which has a tendency to draw the lips back over the teeth.

We saw the new year in together. I was wearing a jockey cap that year, so I guess I was lucky to capture even Harold. I might easily have ended up standing in a corner alone, blowing on a horn, and saying, "Happy New Year, Cathy!" as the bells rang.

Instead, there I was, listening to Harold explain to me the sort of man Gladstone really was. With Harold, I was soon to discover, you were always ending up talking about things like Gladstone. He wore a Chinese Emperor's hat, which Juanita insisted he put on to be a good sport like everyone else.

It was disconcerting to stand there listening to Gladstone's theories on home rule for Ireland from a man who looked as if he ought to be quoting Confucius. It was especially difficult when the bells rang out and everybody kissed somebody.

". . . Actually, his advocacy of home rule caused him to lose the election, which was won by Lord Salisbury. However, in 1892, he became Prime Minister again, at which time . . ."

That evening was the beginning of something which ended only when I decided that, even if I was twenty-five, I was still too young to settle for Harold.

He owned an antique shop called the Carriage Trade. I learned quite a bit about Queen Anne and Hepplewhite while going around with him. Whether or not this knowledge will ever do me any good remains to be seen. I do like antiques, but right this minute I'd settle for a few orange crates covered with cretonne, plus any man who isn't a cretin.

If it's any feather in my cap, Harold proposed. Had I accepted, we'd have had a nice little house filled to the brim with Queen Anne and Hepplewhite. The only catch was every night Harold would have come home to me, and I just didn't love him.

"I'm sorry, Harold," I told him. "I just don't love you."

"I know," he said, sighing resignedly. "The truth is I'm not lovable."

A lot of girls I know would have grabbed Harold. He'd have made a loyal, trustworthy, faithful, fair, tender, conscientious, punctual, chivalrous, sweet, thoughtful, unselfish, good-natured, kind, sympathetic, tolerant, indulgent, loving husband.

Come to think of it, I probably was a darned fool to pass him up.

And then it was 1959. I started thinking about weddings again (as if I ever stopped!) when the Crown Prince of Japan married Miss Michko Shoda and the Shah of Persia wedded Miss Farah Diba. Heavens, I didn't want a Crown Prince or a Shah. I would have been quite happy with just plain mister. In the States a guided missile was used for the first time to deliver letters. Frankly, I would have been content with a letter delivered by any little ordinary old postman if it had begun:

"Dear Cathy,

"I love you. Will you marry me?"

That New Year's Eve I threw the party. Everybody came—Juanita and her heart specialist, Ivy Walters and her eye, ear, nose, and throat man, plus all my other friends, and at least a dozen people I'd never laid eyes on before.

Someone brought along the handsomest creature since Laurence Olivier. I was scarcely able to pass the hors-d'oeuvre, I was staring at him so hard.

Wonder of wonders, he came over and introduced himself. "I'm Tony Iverson," he said. "You must be my hostess."

"That's right," I answered, trying my level best to keep from looking like the mouse who has managed to pull the cheese out of the trap without springing it. "I'm Cathy H. Davis. Have an hors-d'oeuvre."

"No, thanks. I'll take something long and cool, though."

I had a dreadful time locating him to give him the drink I'd mixed for him. When someone who looks as if Apollo had decided to lay aside his celestial robe and put on a dinner-jacket comes to your party and when any other women are there, always insist that he come along with you while you fix his drink.

At last I managed to find him, and by ruthlessly neglecting my guests I spent the next two hours with him. After all, men like Tony Iverson just don't just happen every day. He had everything — looks, personality — as a matter of fact, he was exactly the model I'd have chosen for my do-it-yourself-man kit.

It wasn't until eleven-thirty that I remembered my guests and grew conscientious enough to excuse myself in order to pass a few fresh hors-d'oeuvre.

As I made my way out to the kitchen, I bumped into a tall, young, redheaded man who asked me to dance with him. "I'm sorry," I told him, "I'm the hostess, and I have hors-d'oeuvre to pass."

"Let me help," he offered. "My name is Redd Knight."

"I'm Cathy H. Davis," I told him.

Together, we carried trays of hors-d'oeuvre around. That took time. As it grew closer to midnight, my eyes began to search for Tony, but he was nowhere to be seen. Somebody turned on Guy Lombardo, somebody else blew a premature horn, confetti began to stream, and a balloon burst.

Redd Knight came over to me. "It looks as if you and I will be seeing the new year in together," he said.

"I've got to find someone," I told him, jumping up a la Nijinsky, trying to spot Tony in the crowd.

The wild bells began to ring, but they weren't one bit wilder than I felt.

"I'm afraid you'll just have to settle for me," Redd Knight apologised. Well, everybody was kissing someone. What was I supposed to do?

I liked the way he kissed. He wasn't Tony Iverson, of course, but at least I was being kissed, and that was better than nothing. A whole lot better.

"I'd like to see you again," he said.

Just then I saw Tony pushing his way through the crowd and waving at me frantically.

"I'm awfully sorry, but there's someone else," I said. "And here he is now."

Redd Knight drifted off and Tony and I were a twosome once more. "I tried my darnedest to get to you before midnight," he told me. "When I finally managed to work my way through that mob, you were kissing someone else."

He looked as accusing as Abelard might have looked had he discovered Heloise in somebody else's embrace.

Tony Iverson had everything, all right—including a wife in Larchmont with scads of money and a virus which had kept her home that night.

1960. Ah, there was a year! President Kennedy was elected and the Olympic Games were held. A pretty negro girl, Wilma Rudolph, proved herself to be the fastest female runner in the world. But nobody, just nobody, ran after me. Weddings must have been in the air also, for there were two most splendid ones . . . Princess Margaret married Antony Armstrong-Jones and King Baudouin married Fabiola of Spain.

It still didn't seem as though my photo would ever be in the society pages as "Bride of the Year."

IT 'was the year, too, that Juanita married her heart specialist and I met Max Burnham at their New Year's Eve party.

Max had dark hair that was grey at the temples and that it's - a - mad - old - world - but - I - love - it look of Cary Grant.

This time I was careful to do my investigating ahead of time. While he went to get me a drink, I sought out my hostess. I knew there had to be a catch in someone like Max.

"Uh-uh," Juanita assured me. "He's single—for the moment. You've caught him between wives. He's had three."

Max certainly knew how to turn on the old charm. No wonder he had all those wives. He made a girl feel like Anne Boleyn meeting Henry the Eighth.

"You're the nicest thing that's happened to me in a good long while, Cathy H. Davis," he told me. "My first wife was a model. She was a model everything but wife. She was great at posing in the kitchen in a peignoir, but I had to make my own coffee."

"She must have been lovely."

"Exquisite. So is a racehorse, but who wants to marry one? Wife number two was an artist. Talk about career women! You had to make an appointment to make love to her!"

Max went on and on talking about himself; this was just as well, because what was there to tell about me? What I was was written all over me—a nice, healthy, twenty-seven-year-old girl looking for a husband, healthy or otherwise.

"Wife number three was just a sweet, old-fashioned girl, or so I thought. We'd been married exactly three months when she came to me and said, 'Max, darling, I have something to tell you . . .'

"I figured it was soon for that, but I was touched. I began to listen to the soliloquy from 'Carousel' more carefully.

"'I've got a chance to become a television producer,' she explained then.

"Today she produces four of the top shows on TV. I might still be married to her if I hadn't grown tired of waiting up, watching the Late Late Late Show while listening for her key in the lock."

"It all sounds fascinating."

"Don't tell me what you do for a living. Wait! I have it—you're a nurse!"

"How did you know?"

"Nurses always have that strawberries-and-cream skin and those clear eyes. Well, Nurse Cathy H. Davis, something tells me there will soon be an even greater shortage of nurses when I take you off the market."

Max was so overpowering I asked for another long, tall, cool something-or-other so that while he was gone I could catch my breath.

"Don't go away," he told me. "Stand right there, and I'll be right back."

While I was standing there, who should appear but that nice redhead, Redd Knight, who'd come to my party with someone the year before.

"Cathy Davis!" he exclaimed. "I've been hoping you'd be here."

"It's nice to see you again."

"This time what about having you all to myself, or are you with someone?"

"I am. He's gone for a drink."

"Is it the same man as last year?"

"No, it's someone else. As a matter of fact I just met him tonight. His name is Max Burnham."

"Not old Maxie! Somehow I can't imagine you as number-four wife."

It was nearly midnight and I desperately wanted Max back before the bells began to ring. Suddenly there was Guy Lombardo's band playing "Auld Lang Syne" again, and everybody started to kiss somebody.

"We seem to be making a habit of this," Redd Knight said. "I know I'm only second choice, but shall we?"

Momentarily, as he kissed me, I clear forgot all about Hugh McCaster, 1957, Harold Carriage, 1958, Tony Iverson, 1959, and even Max Burnham, 1960. That kiss was the closest thing to that perfume ad I'd ever come.

Fortunately, Max came to my rescue right then and whisked me off. Otherwise I'd have been left standing there, trying to explain to a complete stranger — I'd met him only twice, hadn't I? — why I'd clung to him like that.

New Year's Eve, 1960, was the beginning of six of the most thrilling months I've ever had. Three wives can teach a man an awful lot about women.

Max sent me a white orchid every Sunday morning, and to a girl who spends most of her waking hours weighing women in maternity dresses a white orchid is really something.

The thing which finally brought me to my senses was the realisation that if I married Max, during the champagne party that followed the ceremony his eyes would begin to look around for wife number five.

That brings us up to date. New Year's Eve, 1961. I'm going to another party at Juanita's and Ben's. Redd Knight is going to be there, and I'm going to dance every dance with him. At midnight I'll get a kiss to make the couple in the perfume ad green with envy.

How do I know all this? I called Juanita on the phone and asked, just as casually as possible—which turned out to be as casually as you'd mention a new mutation mink—if Redd Knight were coming to the party and if he were still in circulation.

"You-bet he is, Cathy. As far as I know, you're the only girl to whom he's given so much as a second glance. Of course, he doesn't meet too many eligible girls during working hours."

"How come?"

"Good heavens, didn't you know? He's an obstetrician."

So twenty - eight - year - old Cathy H. Davis may change her name yet. Cathy H. Knight. It sounds good. Anyhow, that middle initial of mine stands for Hope.

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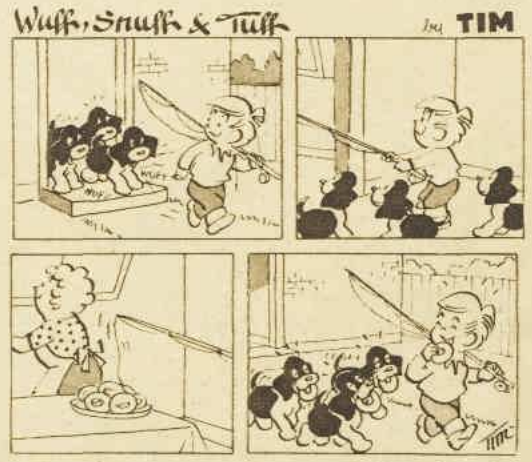
FOR THE CHILDREN



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A mother's story

● A farmer's wife, the mother of five young children, here tells simply the hardships — and joys — of her life. Her story, in which she asks to be anonymous, wins her a prize of £20.

"I'M A VERY LUCKY WOMAN"

● As a farmer's wife, how do I cope? Sometimes it seems a grim struggle, sometimes an exhilarating challenge.

I AM a very lucky woman, and a happy one.

I have a husband who loves and needs me and tells me so often, and five beautiful children, the eldest aged five. The sixth is only a slight feeling of nausea at present.

Apart from the problem of bringing up children, our main problems are physical and financial.

My pregnancies have been a real trial, with troublesome varicose veins.

And only busy mothers of young children can appreciate the longing for sleep, blessed sleep.

But whatever pain and suffering there has been has given me a deeper compassion for and understanding of others.

I can even see a humorous side to my own aches and pains, and this is a real achievement for me.

We must live as economically as possible. Three homes depend on one farm and one man's work, and anyone who knows farming conditions these past three years knows how difficult things have been.

In three years we have paid a little income tax once; twice they had to refund our provisional tax.

How do we cope financially? Well, *one year* six of us lived on less than £10 a week, and that included the cost of running a car over rough roads.

My husband does all the minor servicing of car and farm machinery. We make our own soap, kill and dress our own sheep, milk a few cows, keep hens, preserve about 150 jars of fruit a year, make all the children's clothes (including the woollies on a knitting machine) and most of my own clothes.

My mother and mother-in-law make jams and relishes for us and help in other ways. I watch for sales, especially of children's shoes in discontinued lines. Grey blankets are just as warm and only half the price of others.

My husband learns woodwork and makes furniture. We paint and renovate together. With his welder he makes gates, machinery, toys, and household articles.

HOME AND FAMILY

We have a big, old house and there is plenty to be done. Our first washing-machine arrived a few weeks ago, second-hand but wonderful.

I'm an old hand at drafting sheep, plastering shed walls, helping build silos. I even made bread successfully for a while.

Joys outweigh hardships, says a farmer's wife

I often grizzle and my husband listens to my complaints —how sick I feel, how tired, and my yelling at those "dreadful children" — and he soothes me, gets me a cup of tea, deals with the children, and restores harmony.

As he objects to being portrayed as a saint, I must admit he is short-tempered at times —always when drafting sheep. Most farmers are short-tempered when handling sheep. Wives, children, and dogs are abused impartially.

Seeding, shearing, and harvesting are "the" times on a farm. The first and last are strenuous enough, but for sheer concentrated effort shearing beats them all.

Everyone is grimly busy. As for me, I am a wizard, or try to be. Three meals and two big lunches for three extra men, two shearers staying with us, and everything expected to be strictly punctual. And the children still have to be cared for.

Every now and then we entertain our friends and let the budget strings loose a little.

In the country, too, people give generously to fund-raising efforts for church and civic organisations. Most weeks we are asked to give cakes, poultry, or produce for something or other.

I sit up and sew or knit while my husband is at woodwork, an Agricultural Bureau meeting, or a bridge evening to raise money for the school.

I go to choir practice once a fortnight and that really takes me into another world. We have a marvellous conductress, a full-voice choir, and some really hard work to do. It is stimulating and inspiring.

My husband gives me half of his income and the honor of being general secretary and treasurer.

It was a cunning move. I have to manage my share of the accounts as well as most of his. A filing system of sorts has been introduced and I keep a Farm Diary spasmodically.

We get free books from the Public Library—history, politics, science, travel, novels, books on any and every subject.

Sometimes we read one each and swap notes, reading at mealtimes.

I remember reading "How Green Was My Valley" to my husband at dinner — he being one of those nice people who like being read to — and choking back the tears until he had to read it himself.

Our nearest neighbor is two miles away, and at times life is so quiet that we have time to think and think. We touch on a subject of philosophy or logic and discuss it at length.

When you have solitude, quiet, and are close to the earth you can rediscover many truths.

True peasants

We are so proud of being independent, strong on ideals: we are true peasants and glory in it.

Once I found it hard to remember my morning prayers. Now they come easily and many other little prayers during the day. Just as you must save and invest money for your children's education right from the start, so you must start your prayers for them right from the beginning.

I had written out a typical week's schedule, but it sounded as though the children were a nuisance, and I can't have that. They all have different problems, are bright children, with a healthy outlook on life.

For example, our eldest girl says, looking at the dripping carcase of a sheep, "Mmm, I *love* meat." I couldn't look at it.

We punish frequently, but like to think we praise just as readily. They glow under praise.

Although they are healthy, strong children, being up to six inches taller than average, I worry like any mother about the dangers they meet daily.

There is the bull, the dam, the deep wells in the creek. In summer there is a high fire hazard and deadly brown snakes. We are always killing them.

We have fire drill, snake drill, and various other practical safety measures. We have never had a burning, scalding, or poisoning accident, despite the obvious dangers all around.

Hard work

During the drought our young daughter steered the truck almost daily for months around contour banks, at walking pace, while her father emptied bags of grain for the sheep.

I didn't always approve, but then, if I had had my way earlier, I would probably have always kept them locked inside.

A lot of people think we are queer, or at least foolish, to have had a big family quickly, and my pride takes a knock when someone finds me in a mess.

I like to have the housework well done, but it and the sewing have to take turns. I cook well enough to appreciate that I could know much, much more.

I appreciate the things we have because we have waited and worked hard for them in our six and a half years of marriage.

Most of all I have come to acknowledge my own faults to myself.

I have some I didn't even suspect I had. My cousin once said before I married: "Well, Margaret is so gentle and placid you won't hear her yelling at her children."

And I smiled smugly, confident and pleased.

I blush now whenever I recall that remark — and now I must go.

That baby is yelling at *me*.

Summertime menace

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● The common house-fly can be a means of spreading diseases including gastro-enteritis, dysentery, typhoid fever, and poliomyelitis.

AS flies breed and feed in filth, parents and householders need to see there are no breeding grounds for these pests in yards, gardens, or homes.

Protection can be given by certain commonsense rules. For instance:

1. Garbage tins should always be closed with properly fitted lids.

2. When flies are bad, all windows and doors should have well-fitting wire screens.

3. Do not let children eat food from shops where food is left exposed to flies, and wash fruit and vegetables before use.

4. When baby sleeps outside, see that a mosquito net is placed over the bassinet so that no flies or mosquitoes can get under it.

5. Never hang dishcloths or tea-towels outside to dry after use without boiling them first or they will attract flies. This is one way of introducing fly-poisoning into homes.

6. Be very careful never to leave exposed any of the baby's feeding utensils or food being prepared.

7. A dummy should also be protected.

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4 weeks' treatment, 4/10.

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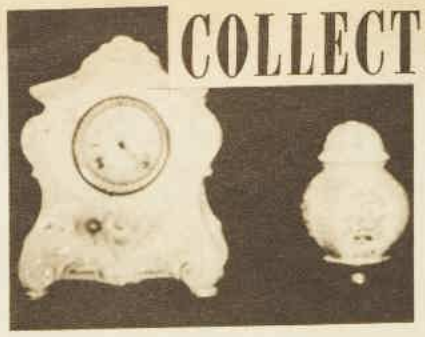
COLLECTORS' CORNER

● *Cup and saucer owned by Mrs. A. E. Brown, North Balwyn, Vic., is Royal Worcester.*



● *Potpourri vase and clock owned by Mrs. B. Hill, Grovely, Brisbane, are hand-painted.*

● *Brass kettle owned by E. R. W. Hart, Mt. Wilson, N.S.W., is English.*

● *Vase of ruby-colored glass is owned by Mrs. M. Ball, Nelson, N.Z.*

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

Could you please tell me when this cup and saucer were made? The markings are Royal Worcester, England, leadless glaze 1933. The cup has the numeral 1 and the saucer, 12.—Mrs. A. E. Brown, North Balwyn, Vic.

This cup and saucer were made between 1900-1915. The numerals 1 and 12 are decorator's marks. The 1933 is the factory registration of the design.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me when these pieces were made? One is a potpourri vase made of hand-painted china on a wooden base, the other is a china clock, hand-painted.—Mrs. B. Hill, Grovely, Brisbane.

Your potpourri vase was made about 1870 and the china clock between 1895-1900.

★ ★ ★

I would welcome any information that you could give me about my ornate brass kettle. It has a stand and spirit lamp, and is quite beautifully decorated.—E. R. W. Hart, Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

Your brass kettle is English, and was made about 1880. The mark indicates that the design has been registered as a protection from imitation by competitive firms. This registration mark appears on objects made from about 1845 to about 1900.

★ ★ ★

Could you give me some information about this vase? It stands about 7½in. high, is ruby-colored glass, and has a design in gold. The miniature is not painted on, but seems to be part of the glass.—Mrs. M. Ball, Nelson, N.Z.

This is a lovely Bohemian vase. They are usually made in sets of three. The oval is enamelled and painted with a portrait. It was made about the year 1850.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Best of my Christmas presents this year was a vast box I found sitting under the tree, beautifully wrapped and tied with scarlet bows and bearing a card in Di's writing saying, "To Mum —from this weird mob, all four of us."

THERE was a "Fragile" sticker on the outside, and everybody cautioned me to unwrap the parcel with the greatest care.

Inside the Christmas wrapping there was a cardboard box with its lid carefully fixed in 20 places with adhesive tape; inside that there was an enormous parcel swathed in yards and yards of tissue-paper, each layer carefully stuck down with tape.

Minutes later, when all that had been removed, I came to a leg-of-lamb-sized parcel carefully tied up with yards and yards of treble-knotted string.

By this time I'd begun to smell a rat—this was going to turn out to be the Chinese-box type of present with nothing at its centre except a halfpenny wrapped in silver-paper or a very small glass bead.

My suspicions were strengthened when they all resolutely refused to get me a pair of scissors or a knife. "The local rules are that all string must be untied, not cut," Hugh said.

Waded through string, tissue, shavings . . .

BY now all of them had given up unwrapping their own parcels and were devoting their full attention to my struggles.

When it was off (and I'd cheated by burning some of it through with the cigarette-lighter Kat had given her father) I was back in deep tissue-paper again and still being cautioned to take off each piece with the greatest care.

Finally, when I'd reduced my 3' x 2' x 2' parcel to the size of a small chocolate box, I was balked by more bright gift-wrapping and tinsel string and a card in Katherine's writing saying, "Courage — only the brave deserve the fare."

For some reason it sent the whole family into gales of laughter when I said, "Really, Kat, your spelling!"

Inside this wrapping was a tin carefully taped all the way round the lid, and inside that tissue-paper and wood shavings, and then a thick layer of cotton-wool with a card bearing the cryptic message, "HA!"

I opened the cotton-wool amid frenzied warnings to be careful, not to drop it, etc., and there I found a very small, very flat envelope inscribed "No one is indisspensibel."

This time I thought I'd better make no comments on the spelling, but this card was clearly Mike's work.

The envelope contained a railway ticket (a return one, I was pleased to see!) to a distant country town near which some very old friends of mine have their farm.

Mother needs a holiday on her own

THIS gorgeous present (I've been instructed that I'm to leave in nine days' time and to be away for two weeks) has been dreamed up by Hugh and the children with my friend Helen Crane, who stayed with us for a few days a couple of months ago.

At that time we were busy deciding that we wouldn't go away for a holiday this year. Helen suggested to me then that I should stay with her for a couple of weeks, but I nobly resisted the invitation on the grounds that if we were not going away because we were trying to economise it would be most unfair for me just to walk out and leave Hugh and the children on their own.

A lot of people find it shocking that the mother of a family should want a holiday on her own. To me it has always seemed the most natural thing in the world, but a thing that's very difficult to arrange!

This way it's perfectly wonderful, because I get what I want without having to feel guilty about having planned and plotted for it myself.

There ought to be, for every mother, at least 10 days' holiday a year when she hasn't any family responsibilities to think about at all. I admit it's hard to organise (especially when the children are young), but I'm sure if it could be managed it would pay off a hundredfold in renewed patience and good temper and health.

Hugh and the children are now pretending to be very injured over my enthusiasm for this holiday. "We expected you to argue," they say, "not to turn handsprings with joy at the idea of getting away from us."

And Mike says with a poker face, "I'm worried about poor old Mum. D'you think she'll be all right on her own? She's so used to having us to do everything for her."

Artificial feeding and scurvy

HOW horrifying it is to learn that each year dozens of artificially fed babies in Australia are developing scurvy because their mothers are neglecting the necessary added vitamin C in their diets.

Wasn't it Captain Cook who found the answer to that one by carrying supplies of lemons and limes in the Endeavour to prevent his sailors getting scurvy?

I wonder what the scurvy rate is in America, where, they say, natural feeding is "out" and thousands of mothers order a couple of cases of tinned milk along with the layette and feed the baby artificially, by choice, right from its birth.

Of course, the right vitamin drops will make up any dietary lack; the psychological deprivation must be a lot harder to cope with —each of them has to miss out on a wonderfully warm and satisfying closeness.

Sometimes that can't be helped. It's the cases where it *could* be helped that seem sad to me.

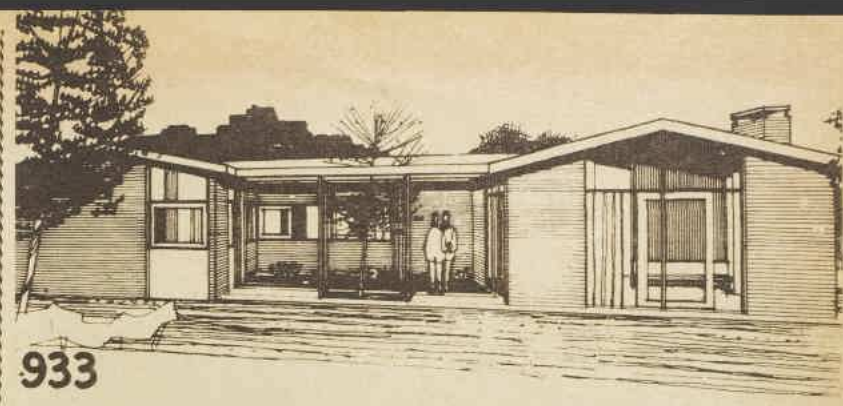
I know a young American woman who hasn't a good word for Australian hospitals.

She had two babies in America (artificially fed from birth) and arrived here two weeks before she had to go into one of our best hospitals for the birth of her third child.

Afterwards, when she expected binders and black coffee and various potions to prevent the natural secretion of her milk, the matron of the hospital refused to do anything for her in the hope that discomfort would make her change her mind about not feeding the baby.

She dug her heels in and stuck it out, and the mother and the baby and the matron were, presumably, all unhappy in their varying degrees.

Tens of thousands of American mothers DO feed their babies naturally, but artificial feeding by choice is apparently more common there than here.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows exterior with large modern windows.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● *This week's Home Plan is a U-shaped design —No. 933 in our series.*

BY using this design, our architects have separated the living area from the bedrooms.

Both living and sleeping wings, however, have been designed to take full advantage of a central terrace. The entrance and gallery (see floor plan below) also overlook the terrace.

The kitchen and laundry have been planned as a single unit, so that the housewife can work in the kitchen and supervise the laundry at the one time.

The dining area is also close to the work unit; this is ideal if the family entertains a great deal.

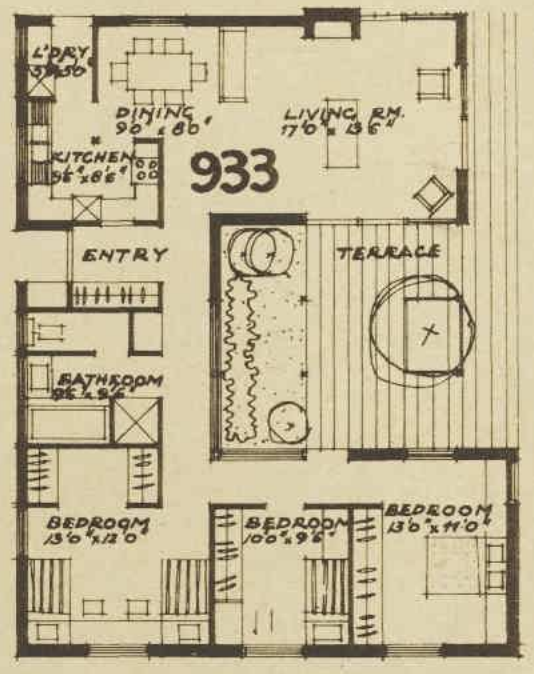
There are three large bedrooms, and the master bedroom, 13ft. by 12ft., has a compact walk-in dressing-room, which could double as a small study.

Compact

The bathroom is compactly designed and has a separate toilet. This room is close to both sleeping and living areas.

The attractive exterior of Plan No. 933 has a pitched roof, large contemporary windows, and a central terrace.

It can be built in brick or timber. In brick it will be 12.50 squares; in timber, 11.50 squares.



FLOOR PLAN shows U-shape which completely separates living area from sleeping wing.

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NEW BEACH COVERAGE

● *Jacques Heim's beach poncho is made in chalk-white linen and lined in black. The poncho is cut to swing away at one side, showing a brief black two-piece. The fascinating sunhat mingles white with black.*

● *Picturesque countries and the Paris Couture designers' imagination were the inspiration for these 1962 beach fashions devised as protection for those no-more-sun-needed moments. The basic theme is the sheltered look, the shelter taking such diverse forms as an amusing stole-hood and to-the-sand-length beach pyjamas. Jacques Heim was influenced by the West Indies; Madeleine de Rauch took draped head coverage from the Arabs.*

—Betty Keep

● *Madeleine de Rauch designed this superb white silk beach-suit. The sleeveless jacket has a draped cowl hood on which is worn a wide-brimmed, flower-trimmed hat. In contrast to the feminine top are slender pants.*

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● *With witty inventiveness, Jacques Esterel makes an amusing beach-wrap which, on close inspection, is merely two large sleeves in striped cotton joined together at the back.*

● *New silhouette for the beach—a long stole-hood in striped cotton. The stole can be worn over the head (above) or draped round the body.*

● *Jacques Heim chooses turquoise - blue-and-white striped cotton for one-piece ankle-length beach pyjamas. The design has no sleeves or collar.*

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Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 26

"But that *is* what she claims?"

"Oh yes. Of course, she *has* powers — she is Scottish and what is called second sight is a peculiarity of that race. It really does exist. What I do believe, and believe without a doubt, is this": he leaned forward, wagging a forefinger impressively, "Thyrza Grey does know - - beforehand — when someone is going to die. It's a gift. And she has it."

He leaned back, studying me. I waited.

"Let's assume a hypothetical case. Someone, yourself or another, would like very much to know when — let's say Great-Aunt Eliza — is going to die.

"It's useful, you must admit, to know something like that. Nothing unkind in it, nothing wrong—just a matter of business convenience. What plans to make? Will there be, shall we say, a useful sum of money coming in by next November?

"If you knew that, definitely, you might take up some valuable option. Death is such a chancy matter. Dear old Eliza might live, pepped up by doctors, for another ten years. You'd be delighted, of course, you're fond of the dear old girl, but now useful it would be to *know*."

He paused and then leaned a little farther forward.

"Now that's where I come in. I'm a betting man. I'll bet on anything—naturally on my own terms. You come to me. Naturally you wouldn't want to bet on the old girl's passing out. That would be repulsive to your finer feelings. So we put it this way. You bet me a certain sum that Aunt Eliza will be hale and hearty still next Christmas, I bet you that she won't."

THE beady eyes were on me, watching . . .

"Nothing against that, is there? Simple. We have an argument on the subject. I say Aunt E. is lined up for death, you say she isn't. We draw up a contract and sign it. I give you a date. I say that a fortnight either way from the date Auntie E.'s funeral service will be read. You say it won't. If you're right — I pay *you*. If you're wrong—you pay *me!*"

I looked at him. I tried to summon up the feelings of a man who wants a rich old lady out of the way. I shifted it to a blackmailer. Easier to throw oneself into that part. Some man had been bleeding me for years. I couldn't bear it any longer. I wanted him dead. I hadn't the nerve to kill him myself, but I'd give anything — yes, anything —

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

I spoke — my voice was hoarse. I was acting the part with some confidence.

"What terms?"

Mr. Burnley's manner underwent a rapid change. It was gay, almost facetious.

"That's where we came in, isn't it? Or rather where you came in, ha ha. 'How much?' you said. Really quite startled me. Never heard anyone come to the point so soon."

"What terms?"

"That depends. It depends on several different factors. Roughly it depends on the amount there is at stake. In some cases it depends on the funds available to the client. An inconvenient husband — or a blackmailer or something of that kind — would depend on how much my client could afford to pay.

"I don't — let me make that clear — bet with poor clients — except in the kind of case I have just been outlining. In that case it would depend on the amount of Aunt Eliza's estate. Terms are by mutual agreement. We both want something out of it, don't we? The odds, however, work out usually at five hundred to one."

"Five hundred to one? That's pretty steep."

"My wager is pretty steep. If Aunt Eliza were pretty well booked for the tomb, you'd know it already, and you wouldn't come to me. To prophesy somebody's death to within two weeks means pretty long odds. Five thousand pounds to one hundred isn't at all out of the way."

"Supposing you lose?"

Mr. Burnley shrugged his shoulders.

"That's just too bad. I pay up."

"And if I lose, I pay up. Supposing I don't?"

Mr. Burnley leaned back in his chair. He half closed his eyes.

"I shouldn't advise that," he said softly. "I really shouldn't."

Despite the soft tone, I felt a faint shiver pass over me. He had uttered no direct menace. But the menace was there.

I got up and said: "I—I must think it over."

Mr. Burnley was once more his pleasant and urbane self.

"Certainly think it over. Never rush into anything.

"If you decide to do business, come back, and we will go into the matter fully. Take your time. No hurry in the world. Take your time."

I went out with those words echoing in my ears.

"Take your time . . ."

. . . . . .

I approached my task of interviewing Mrs. Tuckerton with the utmost reluctance. Goaded to it by Ginger, I was still far from convinced of its wisdom. To begin with I felt myself unfitted for the task I had set myself. I was doubtful of my ability to produce the needed reaction, and I was acutely conscious of masquerading under false colors.

Ginger, with the almost terrifying efficiency which she was able to display when it suited her, had briefed me by telephone.

"It will be quite simple. It's a Nash house. Not the usual style one associates with him. One of his near-Gothic flights of fancy."

"And why should I want to see it?"

"You're considering writing an article or a book on the influences that cause fluctuation of an architect's style. That sort of thing."

"Sounds very bogus to me," I said.

"Nonsense," said Ginger robustly. "When you get on to learned subjects, or arty ones, the most incredible theories are propounded and written about, in the utmost seriousness, by the most unlikely people. I

To page 38

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Continued from page 4

Why men are moody

● For the man constantly waging a battle against his advancing age, the "pressure of work" becomes an excuse for backing out of other interests and social activities in which he feels unable to compete any longer — especially with the young.

THESE men are by nature perfectionists who dislike engaging in even the most trivial pastimes unless they can excel and create the right impression.

If you have ever watched middle-aged men in a fathers-v.-boys school cricket match, or on a tennis court, or even kicking a ball about on a beach, you will have seen the ones who'd rather kill themselves than admit they are past their best.

Again, the gradual loss of his youthful comeliness and athletic ability reminds the more passionate type of man painfully of the decline of his sexual attractiveness.

Not exciting

In his youth, he pursued the girl of his choice and, through his beauty and virility, won her admiration and acceptance.

Now, though his experience, prestige, money, and power may make it easier to enjoy conquests of a sort, he is denied the basic satisfaction of being wanted for himself.

His wife no longer melts with passion when he kisses her. Has he ceased to be exciting, he asks himself — or has she changed? The more he broods on it the more he desires to find out. There's always one way . . .

This is the so-called "dangerous age." It's more than a myth. At a small girls' hostel outside London, the matron told me recently: "At the moment three of the girls are under doctor's treatment for nervous collapse.

"The cause is always the same — married men old enough to be their fathers. Middle-aged men are becoming a menace. They travel around more than they used to do, and they can charge their philandering to their expense accounts. Is it strange that young girls are flattered and impressed?"

The pattern is familiar: a husband begins to dwell on the fact that the dreams of his younger days have not been fulfilled, tries to relive these youthful fantasies with "a second love," discovers it's too late to escape reality — and leaves the luckless girl with a bruised, if not broken, heart.

Dr. Alfred Tortie, of the National Marriage Guidance Council, has called this period of a man's life a "second teenage."

Like the problems of the teen years, the problems of middle age are really recrudescences of the emotional conflicts of childhood, he says.

"During early adult life there is the interest in building up the home and in the biological, social, and business satisfactions appropriate to that period.

"It is when man reaches the plateau of middle age, when he no longer has the need for outflowing effort, that the unsolved conflicts of the past come up and demand solution."

To what extent these disturbances represent an actual change of life, or climacteric, in men, is uncertain. They are not linked with the termination of reproductive capacity as they are with women, for many men never lose this till the end of their lives.

(I liked the comment of Mr. Charles Lazzari, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who became a father for the tenth time last year at the age of eighty. "I think this will have to be the last child," he said. "The wife isn't getting any younger!")

But there is similarity between the behaviour of the sexes at this period.

Men, like women, often experience bouts of irritability and depression in their middle years. Surprising increases of weight and sexual desire may result from what is scientifically termed endocrine instability.

As far as there can be said to be a "change" in men, it seems to take place about ten years later than it does in their wives, but there is some evidence that the increasing pace of modern life, the more relentless tensions, the endless race to keep abreast with the Jones' are bringing men to the "critical age" earlier.

Perhaps the best that can be said for this stage is that it is transitory!

The mellowing

With the passing of this "second teenage," a man really grows up.

Not only does he become more attractive, in the fullest sense, to women as he "mellows" — mature feminine company becomes increasingly acceptable to him.

Felix Topolski the artist speaks for many when he says: "I much prefer the society of women to that of men. They stimulate and add interest all the time. But this is the view of a mature man. The young man is, perhaps, happier in a group of his own sex."

But it's a topic on which generalisations should be treated with particular reserve. The flame men carry for women is not doused at any special time of life. For some it dwindles away at fifty; for others it burns brightly until they die.

Time of reward

After the middle-sixties, however, few things stress the average man's mind or body as harshly as they did in the past.

By this time he has lived through too many "downs" (as well as "ups") to be worried unduly by one or two more. He has found a harbor from the gales and buffetings of middle age, and his youth has taken on a cosy, retrospective glow.

His approaching old age can be a rewarding period. I have known more than one elderly man of intelligence declare that the richest years of his life were between 60 and 80, and certainly a legion of great books, musical masterpieces, and other forms of intellectual achievement has been produced by men in their seventies, and even in their eighties.

Old men obtain a womanly sense of satisfaction out of their families, basking in the warmth and vigor of the younger members.

A new link

They speak proudly of their grandchildren, with whom they usually find it easy to strike up affectionate relationships. In them — in the generation that's beginning — they see both their own children and themselves and are reminded that, through the endless chain of shared experiences, they will live on.

Their pleasures become simpler, if more profound. Perhaps much of the happiness of a man's closing years lies in the fact that, at long last, people are growing to understand him.

Funny! Looking back, he has spent his life wanting to be understood—yet too bashful to tell.

Did he hear someone say, "How like a man!"

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SWEET AND SUBSTANTIAL

DATE and lemon-flavored open tart and a butterscotch creamy mould make excellent desserts for the warmer weather. See recipes below.

By LEILA C. HOWABD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

● When salads are served as the main course of a meal the dessert that follows should be nourishing, to appease the hearty appetites of growing children in the family.

ONLY on extremely hot days do children seem to lose their boundless energy. To prevent them becoming tired and listless as the summer wears on, wise mothers will make sure the daily menu still includes all the essential food elements.

Desserts, whether hot or cold, are an excellent way of balancing the diet. On this page are recipes for attractive desserts, which abound in goodness, to supplement a salad.

All spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used. Recipes are sufficient to serve 5 or 6 persons.

OLD-FASHIONED APPLE DUMPLINGS

One and a half cups plain flour, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice, 3 or 4 tablespoons water, 6 red apples, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons spice, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Sift flours and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute, mix to firm dough with beaten egg, lemon juice, and water. Turn out on to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Divide into 6 portions. Roll each one to a circle about size of bread-and-butter plate. Peel and core apples, fill centres with brown sugar mixed with spice. Place nut of butter and few chopped walnuts on top of each. Place each apple on pastry circle, fold pastry up and round fruit, pleating top edges and pressing lightly together. Place on oven-tray, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes until apples are tender. After dumplings have been cooking about 25 minutes and are lightly browned, brush with egg-white beaten with the extra 1 tablespoon sugar. Return to oven to finish cooking. Serve hot.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT CREAM

Three tablespoons gelatine, 6 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ cups brown sugar, 3 cups milk, 3 eggs, ¾ cup chopped walnuts, walnut or pecan halves for decoration, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add sugar, cook until lightly browned. Stir in milk, pour on to egg-yolks which have been beaten in a basin. Allow mixture to cool, stir in gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and chopped walnuts. Pour into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, decorate with walnut or pecan halves.

DATE AND LEMON TART

Eight ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1½ cups finely chopped dates, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with 2 extra tablespoons milk), ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup lemon butter, milk glazing.

Line 9in. tart-plate with thinly rolled pastry. Cut pastry trimmings into tiny leaf shapes to decorate edge and top of pie. Place dates, milk, butter or substitute, brown sugar, and egg-yolks into saucepan, stir over low heat until boiling. Add cornflour blended with extra milk, stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. When quite cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and lemon rind. Spread base of tart-case with lemon butter, fill with date mixture. Moisten edge of pastry with milk, decorate with overlapping pastry leaves, arrange some on top. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

FROSTY FUDGE SQUARES

Two cups chocolate-coated rice cereal, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, ½ cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute (melted), 1 cup milk, 2oz. chocolate, pinch salt, ½lb. marshmallows, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream or chilled evaporated milk, 1 egg-white, extra whipped cream and walnut halves for decoration.

Combine in basin the chocolate-coated cereal, chopped walnuts, brown sugar, and melted butter; mix well. Press over base of greased square tin; chill while preparing topping: combine in top half of double saucepan the milk, chocolate (chopped), salt, and marshmallows. Stir over simmering water until chocolate and marshmallow are melted. Remove from heat, gradually beat in beaten egg-yolk, cook further 1 minute. Add vanilla, chill until beginning to thicken. Fold in stiffly beaten cream or evaporated milk and egg-white. Pour over crust, chill until firm. Serve cut into squares, topped with whipped sweetened cream and walnut halves.

ORANGE VELVET BOMBE

One packet orange jelly crystals, ¾ cup hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, maraschino cherries and syrup or home-preserved or canned cherries.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, add lemon juice, orange juice, and orange rind; chill until beginning to thicken. Whip chilled evaporated milk until very thick, gradually add sugar. Beat into chilled jelly mixture, fold in egg-whites which have been beaten stiffly. Continue beating until very thick. Fill into wetted or oiled mould (a melon or bombe mould makes attractive shape), chill until set. Unmould, serve with cherries and cherry syrup.

APRICOT ALMOND PARFAITS

Four ounces glace or dried apricots (or use canned apricots), 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1oz. almond meal or ½ cup coconut, few drops almond essence, 3 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, few drops yellow coloring, ice-cream or cream.

Simmer apricots in small quantity water until very soft and pulpy. Cut each apricot half in three or four crosswise pieces. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in sugar, egg-yolks, and almond meal or coconut. Mix well, stir over low heat 1 or 2 minutes, but do not allow to boil. Cool slightly, add dissolved gelatine, almond essence, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Chill until beginning to thicken, then fold in apricots and little yellow food coloring if necessary. Spoon into tall parfait glasses. Chill until set, top each parfait with scoop of ice-cream or swirl of whipped cream.

Continued overleaf

OLD-FASHIONED apple dumplings and an orange-flavored gelatine mould are desserts which are popular with young and old alike.

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LAYERS of crisp pastry are sandwiched together with two unusual fillings to form this delicious special-occasion dessert called Gooseberry Cream Torte. See recipe below.

£5 PRIZE RECIPE

● A Western Australian reader wins the main prize of £5 in our recipe contest this week for a layered dessert which features gooseberries.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for a chilled moulded dessert which is flavored with apricots and rum.

All spoon measurements are level.

GOOSEBERRY CREAM TORTE

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 3 cups stewed or canned gooseberries, almond custard mixture (see below), gooseberry cheese filling (see below), whipped sweetened cream, ¼ cup blanched chopped almonds.

Roll out pastry thinly on floured board and cut into 3 rounds (two 8in. in diameter and one 4in. in diameter). Bake on oven-slides in hot oven about 10 minutes or until golden. Cool. Spread each round with generous layer of cheese filling, drained gooseberries, and custard. Place one large round on top of the other, then the small one on top of both. Top and decorate with whipped cream, almonds, and gooseberries.

Gooseberry Cheese Filling: Two tablespoons cornflour, ½ pint gooseberry syrup (if insufficient, make up quantity with water), sugar if necessary, ½ cup smoothly beaten cream cheese.

Blend cornflour with a little of syrup. Heat remainder of syrup with a little sugar if desired. Stir in blended cornflour, stir over heat until thickened. Simmer 2 minutes; cool. Stir in cream cheese.

Almond Custard: One tablespoon cornflour, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 egg (separated), extra 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Heat remainder in saucepan. Add to blended cornflour, stirring continuously, return to heat, stir until thickened. Add sugar, cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolk and almond essence. Stir over low heat 1 minute, do not allow to boil. Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually add extra sugar and beat until dissolved, fold into custard mixture; cool.

First Prize of £5 to Miss J. Allen, Kendenup, W.A.

RUM-AND-APRICOT DESSERT

Two cups stewed or canned apricots, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons finely shredded almonds, 1 tablespoon rum, ½ cup apricot juice, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 1 pint milk coffee, 1 cup whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk (chilled), extra whipped cream and apricots to decorate.

Combine apricots, sugar, and almonds, sprinkle with rum, leave to stand 1 hour. Heat apricot juice in saucepan, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. In a separate saucepan heat the coffee, strain, then stir into gelatine mixture. Allow to cool. Pour into large basin, beat until beginning to thicken. Add apricot, almond mixture, and fold in whipped cream or evaporated milk. Pour into mould rinsed with cold water; chill until set. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with cream and extra apricot halves if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Gaston, 18 Carey Ave., Seaton, S.A.

SWEET AND SUBSTANTIAL

(from previous page)

BANANA RHUBARB BETTY

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 cups stale cake cubes or bread cubes, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups diced rhubarb, 1 teaspoon chopped ginger, 2 firm bananas (sliced), ½ cup water.

Melt butter in frying-pan, add cake or bread cubes; fry until lightly browned. Combine sugar and cinnamon. Place half the rhubarb in base of greased casserole, top with sprinkling of sugar mixture and ginger, then layer of cake or bread cubes and layer of banana. Continue in layers until all ingredients are used, sprinkle last of sugar mixture over top. Carefully drizzle water over, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve warm with cream or ice-cream.

LUSCIOUS CUSTARD SPONGE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 1½ cups milk, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, vanilla.

Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour, stir in milk gradually. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Beat egg-yolks with ¼ cup of the sugar until thick and light. Add first mixture gradually, mixing well. Beat egg-whites with salt, gradually add remaining sugar and vanilla, beat until stiff. Fold into egg-yolk mixture. Pour into greased casserole dish, set in shallow tin of warm water. Bake in moderate oven until set. Serve with sauce.

Butterscotch Sauce: In double boiler combine 1 egg-yolk, ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup water, 2-3rd cup brown sugar, and 1-3rd cup golden syrup. Cook until thick, stirring frequently.

PLUM CRUNCH

Three pounds fresh plums, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup melted butter or substitute.

Wash plums, cut into quarters, remove stones. Arrange over base of greased casserole dish, sprinkle over the brown sugar. Sift into basin the flour, sugar, salt, and cinnamon. Add egg. Sprinkle over plums. Drizzle butter over. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

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LESSON 43: Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

FROZEN DESSERTS, Part 2

—Textures and types

DESSERTS which are frozen without any stirring or beating after the initial mixing have a different texture and consistency to those which are stirred or beaten during the freezing process.

In the non-stirred group are mousses (which include bombes, bisques, and tortonies), parfaits, and one-whip ice-cream.

TEXTURES

Because most frozen desserts in the non-stirred group contain a large proportion of cream (with the exception of one-whip ice-cream made from evaporated milk), the texture is very smooth and velvety.

Cream is used because it can be whipped to include a large amount of air, which results in a very smooth mixture.

The addition of fruits, nuts, and other ingredients alters the flavor and consistency but does not affect the setting property unless such ingredients have an excess of sugar, which may delay setting.

Remember, frozen desserts usually require an extra amount of flavoring, because extreme cold tends to dull sense of taste. Any artificial coloring added should be delicate and in harmony with the flavor.

TYPES

Unstirred frozen desserts are classified as follows:

1. Mousses: Rich but simple uncooked mixtures of sweetened whipped cream, frozen without further beating; some mousses are made with a small quantity of gelatine; many different flavoring ingredients can be added, such as fruits, chocolate, macaroon biscuits, or cake-crumbs. These, together with variations in the method of mixing and freezing, result in different types of mousses as:

(a) **Bisques:** Rich frozen creams containing nuts. (Bisque is also the name given to rich, creamy shellfish soup.)

(b) **Bombes:** Originally the name given to desserts frozen in an oval-shaped lidded mould; when the mould was lined with one type of ice-cream and the centre filled with another type of ice-cream with a different flavoring it was called a bombe glace.

Now, by common usage, the term bombe or bombe glace has come to mean any dessert of this type frozen in a mould or in refrigerator trays.

The term bombe is also applied to ice-cream placed on thick, cold cake, covered with meringue to exclude all air, and baked in a hot oven 4 or 5 minutes to set meringue. (Bombe Alaska is the best-known dessert of this type.)

(c) **Tortonies:** Rich cream mixtures containing macaroon crumbs in addition to any of the flavorings used for bisques or bombes.

2. Parfaits: These mixtures are generally a rich frozen cream made without gelatine and containing egg-yolks, egg-whites, or both. They are usually spooned into tall glasses alternately with fruits or other mixtures of a contrasting color and flavor and topped with cream and/or nuts.

3. One-whip Ice-cream: Made with thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, sweetened, flavored, and beaten with dissolved gelatine in a chilled bowl with a chilled beater until increased in bulk and thick and smooth in consistency. Mixture is then poured into refrigerator trays and frozen without further beating.

IMPORTANT POINTS

1. When cream or evaporated milk is used in desserts that are frozen without stirring, it is chilled and beaten to desired consistency before being combined with other ingredients just before pouring into trays or moulds for freezing.

2. It is important to have frozen mixtures sufficiently sweet, but avoid oversweet mixtures, which do not freeze readily.

3. Time required to freeze mixtures to desired consistency depends on type of refrigerator, number of times refrigerator door is opened, ingredients used, thickness of mixture, etc., and can be from 2 to 4 hours. Be guided by freezing directions supplied with most refrigerators.

ICED FINALES FOR SUMMER MEALS

ONE-WHIP ICE-CREAM

One tin evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 5 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons vanilla.

Chill evaporated milk in refrigerator overnight. Next day soak gelatine in hot water, dissolve over boiling water, allow to cool. Open tin of milk, pour into chilled basin. Add lemon juice, whip until thickened, gradually add sugar, then cooled gelatine. Continue beating until very thick, fold in vanilla. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze without further stirring or beating until firm.

WALNUT BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT

Two ounces butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch instant coffee, 1 cup whipped cream, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts.

Melt butter and sugar, add water, and cook over low heat until melted and well mixed. Pour on to beaten egg-yolks, stir, and cook over simmering water until slightly thickened. Allow to cool, fold in salt, vanilla, instant coffee; mix well. Fold in cream, stiffly beaten egg-whites, and walnuts. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until firm.

To serve, spoon into tall glasses in alternate layers with crumbled macaroons, diced fruits, or chopped jellied mixtures.

APRICOT BOMBE

One scant teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 cup unsweetened cooked apricot pulp (rubbed through strainer), ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup cream (lightly whipped).

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in hot sieved pulp. Add sugar and lemon juice. When quite cold and beginning to thicken, fold in whipped cream, fill into small mould, and freeze in freezer-compartment. If mould has no lid, cover top with aluminium foil.

FRUIT SALAD MOUSSE

One cup finely chopped or crushed fresh peaches, apricots, and bananas, pinch salt, ½ cup icing-sugar, 1 scant teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange-rind, 1 cup lightly whipped cream.

Mix prepared fruit with salt and icing-sugar. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and orange rind to dissolved gelatine and stir into fruit mixture. Whip cream further until it is stiff but not buttery. Fold in fruit mixture, fill into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm.

CONTINENTAL BISQUE

Three-quarters cup water, 5 tablespoons sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup cream, 1-3rd cup finely chopped glace fruits (apricots, green and red cherries, pineapple), 2 tablespoons finely chopped toasted almonds, 1 tablespoon finely chopped moist peel.

Boil water and half the sugar 3 minutes. Cool slightly, pour on to beaten egg-yolks, beating steadily until well mixed. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add remaining sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Fold in vanilla, lightly whipped cream, egg-yolk mixture. When smooth and well mixed, add fruits, nuts, and peel. Fill into bar-tin with aluminium foil, freeze in freezing-compartment of refrigerator.

BISCUIT TORTONI

One cup crushed coconut-macaroon crumbs, 1-3rd cup sherry, 1 cup cream, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Soak macaroon crumbs in sherry 1 hour. Whip cream, adding sugar a little at a time. Fold in macaroon mixture, turn into refrigerator tray, and freeze without stirring until firm. Serve in small quantities because mixture is very rich.

NEXT WEEK: Cooking with cheese

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Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 34

could quote you chapters of tosh."

"That's why you would really be a much better person to do this than I am."

"That's where you are wrong," Ginger told me. "Mrs. T. can look you up in 'Who's Who' and be properly impressed. She can't look me up there."

I remained unconvinced, though temporarily defeated.

On my return from my incredible interview with Mr. Burnley, Ginger and I had put our heads together. It was less incredible to her than it was to me. It afforded her, indeed, a distinct satisfaction.

"It puts an end to whether we're imagining things or not," she pointed out. "Now we know that an organisation *does* exist for getting unwanted people out of the way."

"By supernatural means!"

"You're so hidebound in your thinking. It's all that wispiness and the false scarabs that Sybil wears. It puts you off. And if Mr. Burnley had turned out to be a quack practitioner, or a pseudo-astrologer, you'd still be unconvinced. But since he turns out to be a nasty down-to-earth little legal crook — or that's the impression you give me —"

"Near enough," I said.

"Then that makes the whole thing come into line. However phony it may sound, those three women at The Pale Horse have got hold of something that works."

"If you're so convinced, then why Mrs. Tuckerton?"

"Extra check," said Ginger. "We know what Thyrza Grey says she can do. We know how the financial side is worked. We know a little about three of the victims. We want to know more about the client angle."

"And suppose Mrs. Tuckerton shows no signs of having been a client?"

"Then we'll have to investigate elsewhere."

"Of course, I may boob it," I said gloomily.

Ginger said that I must think better of myself than that.

SO here I was, arriving at the front door of Carraway Park. It certainly did not look like my preconceived idea of a Nash house. In many ways it was a near castle of modest proportions. Ginger had promised to supply me with a recent book on Nash architecture, but it had not arrived in time, so I was here somewhat inadequately briefed.

I rang the bell and a rather seedy-looking man in an alpaca coat opened the door.

"Mr. Easterbrook?" he said. "Mrs. Tuckerton's expecting you."

He showed me into an elaborately furnished drawing-room. The room made a disagreeable impression upon me. Everything in it was expensive, but chosen without taste. Left to itself, it could have been a room of pleasant proportions. There were one or two good pictures and a great many bad ones. There was a great deal of yellow brocade. Further cogitations were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Tuckerton herself. I arose with difficulty from the depths of a bright yellow brocade sofa.

I don't know what I had expected, but I suffered a complete reversal of feeling. There was nothing sinister here; merely a completely ordinary young to middle-aged woman. Not a very interesting woman, and not, I thought, a particularly nice woman. The lips, in spite of a generous application of lipstick, were thin and bad-tempered. The chin receded a little. The eyes were pale blue and gave the impression that she was appraising the price of everything.

She was the sort of woman who undertipped porters and cloakroom attendants. There are a lot of women of her type to be met in the world, though mainly less expensively dressed, and not so well made-up.

"Mr. Easterbrook?" She was clearly delighted by my visit. She even gushed a little. "I'm so pleased to meet you. Fancy you being interested in this house. Of course, I knew it was built by John Nash, my husband told me so, but I never realised that it would be interesting to a person like you!"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Tuckerton, it's not quite his usual style, and that makes it interesting to——er——"

She saved me the trouble of continuing.

"I'm afraid I'm terribly stupid about that sort of thing — architecture, I mean, and archaeology and all that. But you mustn't mind my ignorance —"

I didn't mind at all. I preferred it.

"Of course, all that sort of thing is terribly interesting," said Mrs. Tuckerton.

I said that we specialists, on the contrary, were usually terribly dull and very boring on our own particular subject.

Mrs. Tuckerton said she was sure that wasn't true, and would I like to have tea first and see the house afterwards, or see round the house and then have tea.

I hadn't bargained for tea—my appointment had been for three-thirty, but I said that perhaps the house first.

She showed me round, chattering vivaciously most of the time, and thus relieving me of uttering any architectural judgments.

It was lucky, she said, that I'd come now. The house was up for sale—"It's too big for me—since my husband's death" —and she believed there was a purchaser already, though the agents had only had it on their books for just over a week.

"I wouldn't have liked you to see it when it was empty. I think a house needs to be lived in, if one is really to appreciate it, don't you, Mr. Easterbrook?"

I would have preferred this house unlived in, and unfurnished, but naturally I could not say so. I asked her if she was going to remain in the neighborhood.

"Really, I'm not quite sure. I shall travel a little first. Get into the sunshine. I hate this miserable climate. Actually, I think I shall winter in Egypt. I was there two years ago. Such a wonderful country, but I expect you know all about it."

I knew nothing about Egypt and said so.

"I expect you're just being modest," she said gaily and vaguely. "This is the dining-room. It's octagonal. That's right, isn't it? No corners."

I said she was quite right and praised the proportions.

Presently, the tour completed, we returned to the drawing-room and Mrs. Tuckerton rang for tea. It was brought in by the seedy-looking manservant. There was a vast Victorian silver teapot which could have done with a clean.

Mrs. Tuckerton sighed as he left the room.

"Servants are really impossible nowadays," she said. "After my husband died, the married couple he had had for nearly twenty years insisted on leaving. They said they were retiring, but I heard afterwards that they took another post. A very highly paid one. I think it's absurd, myself, to pay these high wages. When you think what servants' board and lodging costs—to say nothing of their laundry."

Yes, I thought, mean. The pale eyes, the tight mouth — avarice was there.

There was no difficulty in getting Mrs. Tuckerton to talk. She liked talking. She liked, in particular, talking about herself. Presently, by listening with close attention, and uttering an encouraging word now and then, I knew a good deal about Mrs. Tuckerton.

I knew, too, more than she was conscious of telling me.

I knew that she had married Thomas Tuckerton, a widower, five years ago. She had been "much, much younger than he was." She had met him at a big seaside hotel where she had been a bridge hostess. She was not aware that last fact had slipped out. He had had a daughter at school near there — "so difficult for a man to know what to do with a girl when he takes her out.

"Poor Thomas, he was so lonely . . . His first wife had died some years back and he missed her very much."

Mrs. Tuckerton's picture of herself continued. A gracious, kindly woman taking pity on this ageing, lonely man. His deteriorating health and her devotion.

"Though, of course, in the last stages of his illness I couldn't really have any friends of my own."

Had there been, I wondered, some men friends whom Thomas Tuckerton had thought undesirable? It might explain the terms of his will.

Ginger had looked up the terms of his will for me at Somerset House.

Bequests to old servants, to a couple of godchildren, and then provision for his wife — sufficient, but not unduly generous. A sum in trust, the income to be enjoyed during her lifetime. The residue of his estate, which ran into a sum of six figures, to his daughter, Thomasina Ann, to be hers absolutely at the age of twenty-one, or on her marriage. If she died before twenty-one unmarried, the money was to go to her stepmother.

The prize, I thought, had been a big one. And Mrs. Tuckerton liked money . . . It stuck out all over her. She had never had any money of her own, I was sure, till she married her elderly widower. And then, perhaps, it had gone to her head.

The will, perhaps, had been a disappointment. She had dreamed of something better than a moderate income.

Instead the girl was to have all that money! The girl was to be a wealthy heiress. The girl, who, very likely, had disliked her stepmother and shown it with the careless ruthlessness of youth. The girl was to be the rich one—unless . . .

Unless . . . ? Was that enough? Could I really believe that the blond-haired meretricious creature talking platitudes so glibly was capable of seeking out The Pale Horse, and arranging for a young girl to die?

No, I couldn't believe it . . .

Nevertheless, I must do my stuff, I said, rather abruptly:

"I believe, you know, I met your daughter — stepdaughter —once?"

"Thomasina? Did you?"

"Yes, in Chelsea."

"Oh, Chelsea! Yes, it would be . . ." She sighed. "These girls nowadays. So difficult. One doesn't seem to have any control over them. It upset her father very much. I couldn't do anything about it, of course. She never listened to anything I said." She sighed again. "She was nearly grown up you know, when we married. A stepmother — " she shook her head.

"Always a difficult position," I said sympathetically.

"Poor Thomasina," said Mrs. Tuckerton. She adjusted a stray lock of blond hair. Then she looked at me. 'Oh, but perhaps you don't know. She died about a month ago. Encephalitis — very sudden. It's a disease that attacks young people, I believe — so sad."

"I did know she was dead," I said.

Then as I moved away I turned back.

"By the way," I said. "I think you know The Pale Horse, don't you?"

There wasn't any doubt of the reaction. Panic, sheer panic, showed in those pale eyes. Beneath the make-up, her face was suddenly white and afraid.

Her voice came shrill and high:

"Pale Horse? What do you mean by The Pale Horse? I don't know anything about The Pale Horse."

I let mild surprise show in my eyes.

"Oh — my mistake. That's a very interesting old pub — in Much Deeping. I was down there the other day and was taken to see it. It's been charmingly converted, keeping all the atmosphere. I certainly thought your name was mentioned — but perhaps it was your stepdaughter who had been down there — or someone else of the same name.". I paused. "The place has got — quite a reputation."

I enjoyed my exit line. In one of the mirrors on the wall I saw Mrs. Tuckerton's face reflected. She was staring after me. She was very, very frightened and I saw just how she would look in years to come . . . It was not a pleasant sight.

. . . . .

"So now we're quite sure," said Ginger.

"We were sure before."

"Yes—reasonably so. But this does clinch it."

I was silent for a moment or two. I was visualising Mrs. Tuckerton journeying to Birmingham. Finally, a discussion on terms. I smiled involuntarily. Mr. Burnley would not have had it all his own way. She would have been a hard bargainer. But in the end the terms had been agreed, some document duly signed, and then what?

That was where imagination stopped.

I CAME out of my meditation to see Ginger watching me.

She asked: "Got it all worked out?"

"How did you know what I was doing?"

"I'm beginning to know the way your mind works. You were working it out, weren't you, following her—to Birmingham and all the rest of it?"

"Yes. But I was brought up short. At the moment when she had settled things in Birmingham — What happens next?"

We looked at each other.

"Sooner or later," said Ginger, "someone has got to find out exactly what happens at The Pale Horse."

"How?"

"I don't know . . . It won't be easy. Nobody who's actually been there, who's actually *done* it, will ever tell. At the same time, they're the only people who *can* tell. It's difficult . . . I wonder . . ."

"We could go to the police?" I suggested.

"Yes. After all, we've got something fairly definite now. Enough to act upon, do you think?"

I shook my head doubtfully.

"Evidence of intent. But is that enough? It's this death wish nonsense. Oh," I forestalled her interruption, "it mayn't be nonsense — but it would *sound* like it in court. We've no idea, even, of what the actual procedure is."

"Well then, we've got to know. But how?"

"One would have to see—or hear—with one's own eyes and ears. But there's absolutely no place one could hide oneself in that great barn of a room—and I suppose that's where it — whatever 'it' is — must take place."

"There's only one way to find out what does really happen. You've got to be a genuine client," Ginger said.

I stared at her.

"A genuine client?"

"Yes. You or I, it doesn't matter which, has got to want somebody put out of the way. One of us has got to go to Burnley and fix it up."

"Well—it opens up dangerous possibilities."

"For us?"

"Perhaps. But I was really thinking about the—victim. We've got to have a victim—we've got to give him a name. It can't be just invention. They might check up—in fact, they'd almost certainly check up, don't you agree?"

"Yes. The victim's got to be a real person with a real address."

"That's what I don't like," I said.

"And we've got to have a real reason for getting rid of him."

"The person, whoever it was, would have to agree," I said slowly. "It's a lot to ask."

"The whole set-up has got to be good," said Ginger, thinking it out. "But there's one thing, you were absolutely right in what you were saying the other day. The weakness of the whole thing is that they're in a cleft stick. This business has got to be secret—but not too secret. Possible clients have got to be able to hear about it."

"What puzzles me," I said, "is that the police don't seem to have heard about it. After all, they're usually aware of what kind of criminal activities are going on."

"Yes, but I think that the reason for that is that this is, in every sense of the word, an *amateur* show. It's not professional. No professional criminals are employed or involved. It's not like hiring gangsters to bump people off. It's all—*private*."

I said that I thought she had something there.

Ginger went on:

"Suppose now that you, or I (we'll examine both possibilities), are desperate to get rid of someone. Now who is there that you and I could want to do away with? There's my dear old Uncle Mervyn—I'll come into a very nice packet when he pops off. But I wouldn't want to deprive him of a minute of it—or even risk such a thing! What about you? Have you got any relatives who are going to leave you money?"

"No one at all."

"Bother. It could be blackmail, perhaps? That would take a lot of fixing, though. You're not really vulnerable enough. Well, now, what else is there? Bigamy?"

She fixed me with a reproachful stare. "What a pity it is you've never been married. We could have cooked something up if you had."

Some expression on my face must have given me away. Ginger was quick.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Have I raked up something that hurts?"

"No," I said. "It doesn't hurt. It was a long time ago."

"You married someone?"

"Yes. Whilst I was at the university. We kept it dark. She wasn't — well, my people would have cut up rough. I wasn't even of age. We lied about our ages. It wouldn't have lasted," I said slowly. "I know that now. She was pretty and she could be very sweet . . . but . . ."

"What happened?"

"We went to Italy in the long vacation. There was an accident — a car accident. She was killed outright."

"And you?"

"I wasn't in the car. She was — with a friend."

GINGER gave me a quick glance. I think she understood the way it had been. The shock of my discovery that the girl I had married was not the kind who makes a faithful wife.

Ginger reverted to practical matters.

"You were married in England?"

"Yes. Registry office in Peterborough."

"But she died in Italy. So there will be no record of her death in England?"

"No."

"Then what more do you want? It's an answer to prayer! Nothing could be simpler! You're desperately in love with someone and you want to marry her — but you don't know whether your wife is still alive. You've parted years ago and never heard from her since. Dare you risk it? While you're thinking it out, sudden reappearance of the wife! She turns up out of the blue, refuses to give you a divorce, and threatens to go to your young woman and spill the beans."

"Who's my young woman?" I asked, slightly confused.

"You know quite well who I mean — and she'll be exactly right, I should say. That statuesque brunette you go around with. Very highbrow and serious."

"Hermia Redcliffe?"

"That's right. Your steady."

"Who told you about her?"

"Poppy, of course. She's rich, too, isn't she?"

"She's extremely well off. But really —"

"All right, all right. *I'm* not saying you're marrying her for her money. You're not the kind. But nasty minds like Burnley's could easily think so . . . Very well then. Here's the position. You are about to pop the question to Hermia when up turns the unwanted wife from the past. She arrives in London and the fat's in the fire. You urge a divorce — she won't play. She's vindictive.

"And then — you hear of The Pale Horse. I'll bet anything you like that Thyrza and that half-witted peasant Bella thought that that was why you came that day. They took it as a tentative approach and that's why Thyrza was so forthcoming. And your going to Burnley soon after fits in perfectly. You're hooked! You're a prospect—"

There was something in what she said—but I didn't quite see . . .

"It's all very well to invent a fictitious wife, resurrected from the past—but they'll want details — where she lives — all that. And when I try to hedge —"

"You won't need to hedge. To do the thing properly the wife has got to be there—and she will be there!—

"Brace yourself," said Ginger. *"I'm your wife!"*

To be continued

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."***

(Authorised version.)

● ***"All good giving and every perfect gift comes from above, from the Father of the lights of Heaven. With him there is no variation, no play of passing shadows."***

(New English Bible.)

— James 1:17.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4922790

Continuing . . . JEEVES MAKES AN OMELET

from page 19

"Yes, sir."

"She fobbed me off with a careless 'Oh, just a simple little thing to help Auntie'. What construction do you place on those words?"

"One gathers that there is something Mrs. Travers wishes you to do for her, sir."

"One does, but the point is —what? You recall what has happened in the past when the gentler sex have asked me to do things for them. You have not forgotten the affair of Sir Watkyn Basset and the silver cow-creamer?"

"No, sir."

"On that occasion, but for you, Bertram Wooster would have done a stretch in the local hoosegow. Who knows that this little something to which she referred will not land me in a similar peril? I wish I could slide out of this binge, Jeeves. But I can't, I'm like those Light Brigade fellows. You remember how matters stood with them?"

"Very vividly, sir. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die."

"Exactly. Cannons to right of them, cannons to left of them volleyed and thundered, but they had to keep snapping into it regardless. I know just how they felt," I said moodily. The brow was furrowed and the spirits low.

ARRIVAL at Marsham Manor did little to smooth the former and raise the latter. Shown into the hall, I found myself in as cosy an interior as one could wish — large log fire, comfortable chairs, and a tea-table that gave out an invigorating aroma of buttered toast and muffins. But a single glance at the personnel was enough to tell me that I had struck one of those joints where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

Three human souls were present when I made my entry. One was a small, thin citizen with a beard of the type that causes so much distress — my host, I presumed—and seated near him was another bloke of much the same construction but an earlier model, whom I took to be the father. He, too, was bearded to the gills.

The third was a large spreading woman wearing the horn-rimmed spectacles which are always an occupational risk for penpushers of the other sex. They gave her a rather remarkable resemblance to my Aunt Agatha, and I would be deceiving my public were I to say that the heart did not sink to some extent. To play on such a woman as on a stringed instrument wasn't going to be the simple task Aunt Dahlia appeared to think it.

After a brief pause she introduced me to the gang, and I was on the point of doing the civil thing by asking Everard if he had been painting anything lately, when he stiffened.

"Hark!" he said. "Can you hear a mewing cat?"

While we were listening the door opened and Aunt Dahlia came in. Everard put the 64,000-dollar question squarely up to her.

"Mrs. Travers, did you meet a mewing cat outside?"

"No," said the aged relative.

"I can't bear mewing cats," said Everard. "A mewing cat gets on my nerves."

That was all about mewing cats for the moment. Tea was dished out, and I had a couple of bits of buttered toast, and so the long day wore on till it was time to dress for dinner. The Fothergill contingent pushed off, and I was heading in the same direction when Aunt Dahlia arrested my progress.

"Just a second, Bertie, before you put on your clean dickey," she said. "I would like to show you something."

"And I," I riposted, "would like to know what this job is you say you want me to do."

"I'll be coming to that later. This thing I'm going to show you is tied in with it. But first a word from our sponsor. Did you notice anything about Everard Fothergill just now?"

"Would you describe him as perhaps a bit jumpy? He seemed to me to be stressing the mewing cat motif rather more strongly than might have been expected."

"Exactly. He's a nervous wreck. Cornelia tells me he used to be very fond of cats. It's this blasted picture that has sapped his morale."

"Which blasted picture would that be?"

"I'll show you."

She led me into the dining-room and switched on the light.

"Look," she said.

What she was drawing to my attention was a large oil painting. A classical picture, I suppose you would have called it. Stout female in the minimum of clothing in conference with a dove.

"Venus?" I said. It's usually a safe bet.

"Yes. Old Fothergill painted it. He's just the sort of man who would paint a picture of Ladies' Night In A Turkish Bath and call it Venus. He gave it to Everard as a wedding present."

"Thus saving money on the customary fish-slice. Very shrewd. And I gather from what you were saying that the latter does not like it."

"Of course he doesn't. It's a mess. The old boy's just an incompetent amateur. But being devoted to his father and not wanting to hurt his feelings Everard can't have it taken down and put in the cellar. He's stuck with it, and has to sit looking at it every time he puts on the nose-bag. With what result?"

"The food turns to ashes in his mouth?"

"Exactly. It's driving him potty. Everard's a real artist. His stuff's good. Some of it's in the Tate. Look at this," she said, indicating another canvas. "That's one of his things."

I gave it a quick once-over. It, too, was a classical picture, and seemed to my untutored mind very like the other one, but presuming that some sort of art criticism was expected of me I said:

"I like the patina."

That, too, is generally a safe bet, but it appeared that I had said the wrong thing, for the relative snorted audibly:

"No you don't, you miserable blighter. You don't even know what a patina is."

She had me there, of course. I didn't.

"You and your ruddy patinas! Well, anyway, you see why Everard has got the jitters. If a man can paint as well as he can, it naturally cuts him to the quick to have to glue his eyes on a daub like the Venus every time he sits down to break bread. Suppose you were a great musician. Would you like to have to listen to a cheap, vulgar tune—the same tune—day after day? So now do you grasp the position of affairs, dumbbell?"

"Oh, I grasp it all right, and the heart bleeds, of course. But I don't see there's anything to be done about it."

"You're going to pinch that Venus."

I looked at her with a wild surmise. "Pinch it?"

"This very night."

"When you say 'pinch it,' do you mean 'pinch it'?"

"That's right. That's the little something I was speaking of, the simple little thing you're going to do to help Auntie. Good heavens," she said, her manner betraying impatience, "I can't see why you're looking like a stuck pig about it. It's right up your street. You're always pinching policemen's helmets."

"Not always. Only as an occasional treat, as it might be in a Boat Race night. And, anyway, pinching pictures is a very different thing from lifting the headgear of the Force. Much more complex."

"There's nothing complex about it. It's as easy as falling off a log. You cut it out of the frame with a sharp knife.

"You know, Bertie," she went on, all enthusiasm, "it's extraordinary how things fit in. These past weeks there's been a gang of picture-thieves operating in this neighborhood. They got away with a Romney at a house near here and a Gainsborough from another house. It was that that gave me the idea.

"When his Venus disappears, there won't be a chance of old Fothergill suspecting anything and having his feelings hurt. These marauders are connoisseurs, he'll say only the best is good enough for them. Cornelia agreed with me."

"You told her?"

"Well, naturally. I said that if she gave me her solemn word that she would let the 'Boudoir' have this slush she's writing, shaving her price to suit my purse, you would liquidate the Edward Fothergill Venus."

"And what did she say?"

"She thanked me brokenly, saying it was the only way of keeping Everard from going off his rocker, and I told her I would have you here this week-end.

"So go to it, boy, and heaven speed your efforts. All you have to do is open one of the windows, to make it look like an outside job, collect the picture, take it back to your room, and burn it. I'll see that you have a good fire."

"Oh, thanks."

"And now you had better be dressing."

It was with bowed head that I proceeded to my room. Jeeves was there and I lost no time in giving him the low-down.

"Jeeves," I said, "you remember me telling you in the car that I was weighed down with a nameless foreboding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I had every right to be. Let me tell you in a few simple words what Aunt Dahlia has just been springing on me."

I told him in a few simple words. "Very disturbing, sir," he said.

"Most. And the ghastly thing is that I suppose I shall have to do it."

"I fear so, sir. Taking into consideration the probability that, should you decline to co-operate, Mrs. Travers will place sanctions on you in the matter of Anatole's cooking, you would appear to have no option but to fall in with her wishes. Are you in pain, sir?" he asked, observing me writhe.

"No, just chafing. This has shocked me, Jeeves. I wouldn't have thought such an idea would ever have occurred to her. One could understand *Professor Moriarty*, and possibly Doctor Fu Manchu, thinking along these lines, but not a wife and mother highly respected in Market Snodsbury, Worcestershire."

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male, sir. May I ask if you have formulated a plan of action?"

"She sketched one out. I open a window to make it look like an outside job—"

"Pardon me for interrupting, sir, but there I think Mrs. Travers is in error. A broken window would lend greater verisimilitude."

"Wouldn't it rouse the house?"

"No, sir, it can be done quite noiselessly by smearing treacle on a sheet of brown paper, attaching the paper to the pane, and striking it a sharp blow with the fist. This is the recognised method in vogue in the burgling industry."

"But where's the brown paper? Where the treacle?"

"I can procure them, sir, and I shall be happy to perform the operation for you, if you wish. Excuse me, I think I hear someone knocking."

He went to the door, opened it, said, "Certainly, madam, I will give it to Mr. Wooster immediately," and came back with a sort of young sabre.

"Your knife, sir."

After deliberation, we had pencilled in the kick-off for one in the morning, when the household might be expected to be getting its eight hours, and at one on the dot Jeeves shimmered in.

"Everything is in readiness, sir."

"Then just bust the window, would you mind?"

"I have already done so, sir."

"You have? Well, you were right about it being noiseless. I didn't hear a sound. Then Ho for the dining-room."

It would be idle to pretend that, as I made my way down the stairs, I was my usual debonair self. My meditations on Aunt Dahlia were rather markedly lacking in a nephew's love. Indeed, it is not too much to say that every step I took deepened my conviction that what the aged relative needed was a swift kick in the pants.

However, in one respect you had to hand it to her. She had said the removal of the picture from the parent frame would be as easy as falling off a log. And so it proved.

She had in no way over-estimated the sharpness of the knife with which she had provided me. Four quick cuts and the canvas came out. I rolled it up and streaked back to my room with it.

Jeeves in my absence had been stoking the fire, and it was now in a cheerful blaze. I was about to feed Edward's regrettable product to the flames, but he stayed my hand.

"It would be injudicious to burn so large an object in one piece, sir. There is the risk of setting the chimney on fire."

"Ah, yes, I see what you mean. Snip it up, you think?"

"I fear it is unavoidable, sir. Might I suggest that it would relieve the monotony of the task if I were to provide whisky and a siphon?"

"You know where they keep it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then lead it to me. And meanwhile I'll be getting on with the job."

I did so, and was making good progress when the door opened without my hearing it and Aunt Dahlia beetled in.

"Everything pretty smooth, Bertie?"

"Yes, matters have gone according to plan. But Jeeves insists on burning the 'corpus delicti' bit by bit."

"And he was right, as always. I've brought my scissors. Where is Jeeves, by the way? Why not at your side, giving selfless service?"

"Because he's giving selfless service elsewhere. He went off to get whisky."

"What a man! There is none like him, none.

"Ah, Jeeves, come right in and put the supplies well within my reach. We're getting on, you see. What is that you have hanging on your arm?"

"The garden shears, madam. I am anxious to lend all the assistance that is within my power."

With the three of us sparing no effort, we soon completed the work in hand. I had scarcely got through my first whisky and s. and was beginning on another, when all that was left of the Venus was the little bit at the south-east end which Jeeves was holding. He was regarding it with a rather thoughtful eye.

"Excuse me, madam," he said. "Did I understand you to say that Mr. Fothergill senior's name was Edward?"

"That's right. Why?"

"It is merely that the picture we have with us appears to be signed 'Everard Fothergill,' madam. I thought I should mention it."

To say that aunt and nephew did not take this big would be paltering with the truth.

"Give me that fragment, Jeeves. It looks like Edward to me," I pronounced, having scrutinised it.

"You're crazy," said Aunt Dahlia, feverishly wrenching it from my grasp. "It's Everard. Isn't it, Jeeves?"

"That was certainly the impression I formed, madam."

"Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia, speaking in a voice of the kind which I believe is usually called strangled and directing at me the sort of look which in the days when she used to hunt with the Quorn and occasionally the Pytchley she would have given a hound engaged in chasing a rabbit, "Bertie, you curse of the civilised world, if you've burned the wrong picture . . ."

"Of course I haven't," I replied stoutly. "You're both cockeyed. But if it will ease your mind, I'll pop down to the dining-room and take a dekko."

I had spoken stoutly, and hearing me you would no doubt have said to yourself, "All is well with Bertram. He is unperturbed." But I wasn't. I feared the worst, and already I was wincing at the thought of the impassioned speech, touching on my mental and moral defects, which Aunt Dahlia would be delivering.

I was consequently in no vein for the receipt of another shock, but I got this when I reached journey's end, for as I entered the dining-room somebody inside it came bounding out and rammed me between wind and water. We staggered into the hall, locked in a close embrace, and as I had switched on the lights I was enabled to see my dance partner steadily.

It was Fothergill senior in bedroom slippers and a dressing-gown. In his right hand he had a knife, and at his feet there was a bundle of some sort which he had dropped at the moment of impact, and when I picked it up in my courteous way and it came unrolled, what I saw brought a startled "Golly!" to my lips. It deadheated with a yip of anguish from his.

"Mr. Wooster!" he quavered. "Thank heavens you are not Everard!"

WELL, I was pretty pleased about that, too, of course. The last thing I would have wanted to be was a small, thin artist with a beard.

"No doubt," he proceeded, still quavering, "you are surprised to find me removing my Venus by stealth in this way, but I can explain everything."

"Well, that's fine, isn't it?"

"You are not an artist—"

"No, more a literary man. I once wrote an article on What The Well-Dressed Man Is Wearing for 'Milady's Boudoir.' "

"Nevertheless, I think I can make you understand what this picture means to me. It was my child. I watched it grow. I loved it. It was part of my life.

"And then Everard married, and in a mad moment I gave it to him as a wedding present. How bitterly I regretted it! But the thing was done. It was irrevocable. I saw how he valued the picture. His eyes at mealtimes were always riveted on it. I could not bring myself to ask him for it back. And yet I was lost without it."

"Bit of a mix-up," I agreed. "Difficult to find a formula."

"For a while it seemed impossible. And then there was this outbreak of picture robberies in the neighborhood. You heard about those?"

"Yes, Aunt Dahlia mentioned them."

"Several valuable paintings have been stolen from houses near here, and it suddenly occurred to me that if I were to—er—remove my Venus, Everard would assume that it was the work of the same gang and never suspect. I wrestled with the temptation . . . I beg your pardon?"

"I only said 'At-a-boy!' "

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"First aid?"

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LUXURY HOUSE ON FOUR LEVELS

● After building, as he says, "thousands" of homes for other people, Mr. W. H. Hudson has now built for himself and his family a beautiful home at New Lambton Heights, Newcastle, N.S.W. It includes five bathrooms.

***SWIMMING-POOL** in the back garden of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hudson's house at Newcastle, N.S.W. On the bottom of the pool is a design of a fish worked in tiles.*

THIS modern home is a split-level house, but to make easy ascent from one floor to the other there are four levels instead of the conventional two. Shallow flights of stairs connect all four levels.

Paints were specially mixed and color schemes for walls and ceilings designed by a leading firm of paint manufacturers to match wallpapers brought from London and New York and to tone with specially built furniture.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson have two unmarried daughters and two sons living at home. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. Fay Oldham, designed the large side buffet for the dining-room in her parents' home.

Vinyl-covered folding doors between the entrance hall and the large lounge, and on the other wall between the lounge and dining-room, allow the whole of this area to be opened up for entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson frequently lend their home for fund-raising events for charities, such as mannequin parades and card parties, and can accommodate as many as 200 guests on such occasions.

Upstairs there are three bedrooms—the main bedroom, the daughters' bedroom, and the sons'. Each room has its adjoining dressing-room with built-in wardrobes and full-sized bathrooms.

Downstairs there is a bedroom for guests. This opens off the ballroom on the lower floor.

In all, this house has five bathrooms — "and we need them all," said Mrs. Hudson. Two of them are shower rooms—one for men and one for women — adjoining the swimming-pool in the back garden.

There is a special room for television.

The ballroom is also a billiard-room and a cinema theatre, with the projection room at one end, and at the opposite end is the cocktail bar.

Glass doors lead from the ballroom to the big swimming-pool, which is the delight of the neighborhood children, who are often invited to swim there.

A barbecue in a corner of the back garden completes the home, which has every type of equipment needed to make entertaining indoors and out as easy as possible.

—D. Baverstock.

***FRONT VIEW** of the house (above). Mr. and Mrs. Hudson's home contains all the newest building ideas. The double garage has radio-controlled doors, so it is not necessary to leave the car to open them. The house was built by its owner, who is a master builder, and designed by architects Lees and Valentine.*

***MAIN LOUNGE** (right) has a feature wall of Gosford sandstone. This continues into the entrance hall. On the left of the tree mural are folding doors which lead into the dining-room and can be opened up to make more space for entertaining. Attractive tree mural was painted by Mr. L. Powell, of Newcastle.*

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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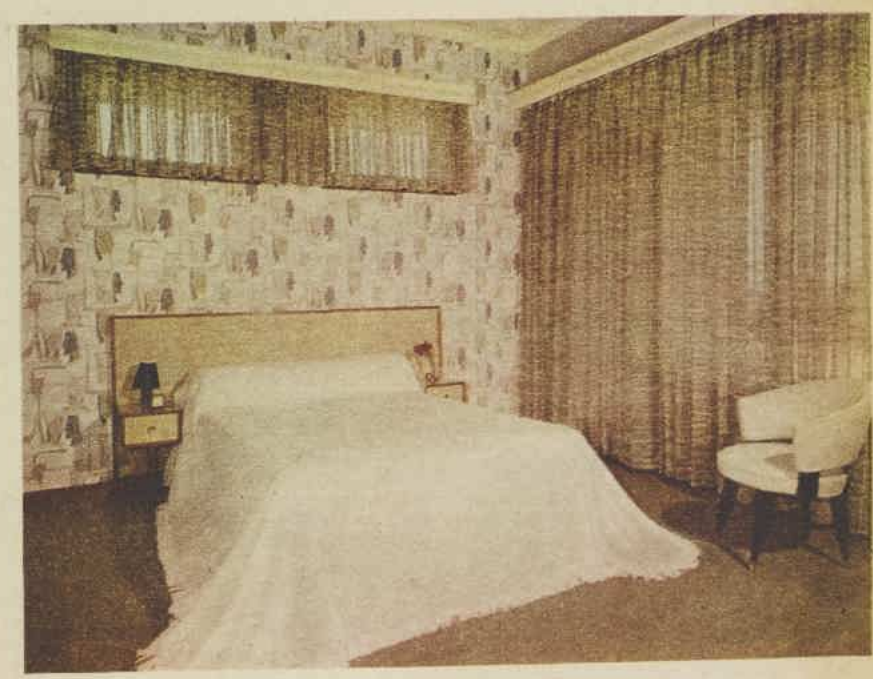
ENTRANCE HALL with wall-to-wall carpeting and feature wall of Gosford sandstone which runs through the main lounge. The wall contains a spacious alcove for indoor plants. Shallow stairs lead up to the next hall. The banister and grille are anodised aluminium.



KITCHEN (left) with wall oven and dishwasher in the sink unit. Fitted cupboards utilise bottom six inches with valuable drawer space. The wallpaper above the shelves has an unusual fish design. Spacious window makes the room bright and cheerful.

DAUGHTERS' bedroom (above), where wallpaper imported from London on a feature wall sets the color scheme. Fibreglass patterned curtains cover the window, which forms an entire wall. Bedspread is white tufted nylon.

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Continuing . . .

JEEVES MAKES AN OMELET

from page 39

"Oh? Well, as I say, I did my utmost to resist the temptation, but tonight I yielded. Mr. Wooster, you have a kind face. Yes, I am sure you are kind and would not betray me. You will not tell Everard?"

"Of course not."

"Thank you, thank you. I am infinitely grateful. Well, it is a little late and one might as well be turning in, I suppose, so I will say goodnight," he said, and having done so buzzed up the stairs. And scarcely had he buzzed when I found Aunt Dahlia and Jeeves at my side.

"Oh, there you are," I said.

"Yes, here we are," replied the relative with a touch of asperity. "What's kept you?"

"I've been chatting with Edward Fothergill."

"Bertie, you're blotto."

"Not blotto, but much shaken. Aunt Dahlia, I have an amazing story to relate."

I related my amazing story.

"And so," I concluded, "we learn once again the lesson never, however dark the outlook, to despair. The storm-clouds lowered, the skies were black, but now what do we see? The sun shining and the bluebird back once more at the old stand. La Fothergill wanted the Venus expunged, and it has been expunged."

"And when she finds that owing to your fatheadedness Everard's very valuable picture has also been expunged?"

I h'med. I saw what she had in mind.

"Yes, there's that," I agreed. "She'll be madder than a wet hen. There isn't a chance now that she'll let me have that serial."

"I'm afraid not. I had overlooked that. I withdraw what I said about the sun and the bluebird."

"Bertie," she said.

JEEVES coughed that soft cough of his that sounds like a sheep clearing its throat on a distant mountainside.

"I wonder if I might make a suggestion, madam?"

"Yes, Jeeves?"

"Thank you, madam. It was merely that it occurs to me as a passing thought that there is a solution of the difficulty that confronts us. If Mr. Wooster were to be found here lying stunned, the window broken and both pictures removed, Mrs. Fothergill could, I think, readily be persuaded that he found miscreants making a burglarious entry and while endeavoring to protect her property was assaulted and overcome by them. She would, one feels, be grateful."

Aunt Dahlia came up like a rocket from the depths of gloom in which she had been wallowing. Her face, always red owing to hunting in all weathers, took on a deeper vermilion.

"Jeeves, you've hit it! I see what you mean. She would be so all over him for his plucky conduct that she couldn't decently fail to come through about the serial."

"Precisely, madam."

"It's a colossal scheme, don't you think, Bertie?"

I had been listening to the above exchange of remarks without a trace of Aunt Dahlia's enthusiasm, for I had spotted the flaw in the thing right away—to wit, the fact that I was not lying stunned. I now mentioned this.

"Oh, that?" said Aunt Dahlia. "We can arrange that. I could give you a tap on the head with . . . with what, Jeeves?"

"The gong-stick suggests itself, madam."

"That's right, with the gong-stick. And there we'll be."

"Well, good-night, all," I said. "I'm turning in."

She stared at me. "You mean you won't play ball?"

"I do."

"Think well, Bertram Wooster. Reflect what the harvest will be. Not a smell of Anatole's cooking will you get for months. He will dish up his 'Sylphides a la creme d'Ecrevisses' and his 'Timbales de Ris de Veau Toulousaines,' but you will not be there to dig in and wet yours."

I drew myself to my full height.

"There is no terror, Aunt Dahlia, in your threats, for . . . how does it go, Jeeves?"

"For you are armed so strong in honesty, sir, that they pass by you like the idle wind, which you respect not."

"Exactly. I have been giving considerable thought to this matter of Anatole's cooking, and I have reached the conclusion that the thing is one that cuts both ways. Heaven, of course, to chew his smoked offerings, but what of the waistline? The last time I enjoyed your hospitality for the summer months I put on a full inch round the middle.

"So," I continued, "agony though it may be, I am prepared to kiss those timbales goodbye, and I, therefore, meet your suggestion of giving me taps on the head with the gong stick with a resolute 'nolle prosequi."

"That is your last word?"

"It is," I said, and it was, for as I turned something struck me a violent blow on the back hair, and I fell like some monarch of the forest beneath the axe of the woodman.

What's the word I'm trying to think of? Begins with a "c". Chaotic, that's the one. For some time after that conditions were chaotic. The next thing I remember with any clarity is finding myself in bed with a booming noise going on close by. This, the mists having lifted, I was able to diagnose as Aunt Dahlia talking.

"Bertie," she was saying, "I wish you would listen and not let your attention wander. I've got news that will send you dancing about the house."

"It will be some little time," I responded coldly, "before I go dancing about any ruddy houses. My head—"

"Yes, of course. A little the worse for wear, no doubt. But don't let's go off into side issues, I want to tell you the final score. The dirty work is attributed on all sides to the gang, probably international, which has been lifting pictures in these parts of late. Cornelia is lost in admiration of your intrepid behaviour, as Jeeves foresaw she would be, and she's giving me the serial on easy terms. You were right about the bluebird. It's singing."

"So is my head."

"I'll bet it is, and as you would say, the heart bleeds. But we all have to make sacrifices at these times. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

"Your own?"

"No, Jeeves'. He said it in a hushed voice as he stood viewing the remains."

"He did, did he? Well, I trust in future . . . Oh, Jeeves," I said, as he entered carrying what looked like a cooling drink.

"Sir?"

"This matter of eggs and omelets. From now on, if you could see your way to cutting out the former and laying off the latter, I should be greatly obliged."

"Very good, sir," said the honest fellow. "I will bear it in mind."

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PLAN YOUR SOWING NOW

● This sowing guide for the next few months has been prepared after consultation with nurserymen and gardeners in five of the State capitals. Sowing times for other parts of the States should be adjusted according to local experience.

The southern tableland areas of New South Wales are often regarded as comparable in climate with the Mount Lofty area of South Australia, but Adelaide is usually hotter and drier in summer than Sydney, and the winter frosts more severe.

The warm inland parts of Victoria are comparable with the New South Wales Riverina; and the southern districts have a climate comparable with the southern parts of Western Australia.

Queensland conditions vary enormously, but conditions on the Atherton Tableland are comparable with those in the south of the State.

In Australian tropical zones, torrential summer rains and cyclonic storms govern sowing and may upset germination, so it is advisable to sow seed under cover.

Tasmania is in a class of its own with its severe winters and often cold snaps and snow late in the season. The summer is short, and tender plants require protection and artificial assistance to reach maturity.

	N.S.W	Queensland	Victoria	South Aust.	West Aust.
Alyssum*	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Calendula	Jan.-June	Feb.-June	Feb.-June	Jan.-June	Feb.-June
Candytuft (B)*	Jan.-Aug.	Feb.-Aug.	Feb.-Sept.	Jan.-Aug.	Feb.-Aug.
Canterbury Bell	Jan.-April	Jan.-April	Jan.-April	Jan.-April	Jan.-April
Carnation (P)	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
Chrysanthemum	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Cineraria	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Clarkia*	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Columbine (P)	Jan.-Mar.	Jan.-April	Jan.-Mar.	Jan.-Mar.	Jan.-April
Coreopsis (P)	Jan.-July	Feb.-July	Feb.-Aug.	Jan.-July	Feb.-July
Cornflower*	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Cosmos*	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.
Delphinium (P)	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Dianthus (P)	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
Helichrysum	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Eng. Dble. Daisy	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Gaillardia (P)	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
Geum (P)	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Gomphrena	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Godetia	Jan.-June	Feb.-June	Feb.-June	Jan.-June	Feb.-June
Gypsophila	Jan.-Oct.	Feb.-Oct.	Feb.-Nov.	Jan.-Oct.	Feb.-May
Hollyhock (B)	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Iceland Poppy	Jan.-April	Jan.-April	Jan.-June	Jan.-April	Jan.-April
Larkspur	Mar.-Aug.	April-Aug.	Jan.-June	Mar.-Aug.	April-Aug.
Leptosyne*	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Linaria*	Jan.-Sept.	Feb.-Sept.	Feb.-Oct.	Jan.-Sept.	Feb.-Sept.
Lobelia	Jan.-Sept.	Feb.-Sept.	Feb.-Oct.	Jan.-Sept.	Feb.-Sept.
Lupin	Jan.-Aug.	Jan.-Aug.	Jan.-Sept.	Jan.-Sept.	Jan.-Sept.
Marigold (African)	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.
(French)	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Mignonette*	Jan.-June	Jan.-June	Jan.-June	Jan.-June	Jan.-June
Mimulus (P)	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Nasturtium*	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-Feb.	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Nemesia	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-Oct.	Mar.-May	April-May
Pansy	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-Aug.	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Petunia	Jan.-Mar.	Jan.-April	Jan.	Jan.-Mar.	Jan.-April
Phlox	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-Feb.	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Scabious	Jan.	Jan.	Feb.	Jan.	Jan.-Feb.
Schizanthus	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Primula	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Ranunculus (P)	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	Feb.-May	Mar.-May
Shirley Poppy*	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Snapdragon (B)	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.	Jan.-Dec.
Statice	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Stocks	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Sweet Pea (P)*	Mar.-May	April-May	Mar.-May	Mar.-May	April-May
Sweet Pea (Annual)*	Jan.-May	Jan.-June	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Sweet William (B)	Jan.-Aug.	Feb.-Aug.	Feb.-Sept.	Jan.-Aug.	Feb.-Aug.
Verbena (P)	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Jan.-May	Feb.-May
Viola	Jan.-May	Jan.-May	Jan.-Aug.	Jan.-May	Jan.-May
Wallflower	Jan.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May	Feb.-May
Zinnia	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.	Jan.

P — Perennial B — Biennial

**** This seed may be sown direct (all others to be planted out in seedling stage).***

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and the slow tick of hot metal from the crashed B.S.A. The killer retraced his steps to the road. He walked slowly, scuffing leaves over the tyremarks in the soft earth and moss. He took extra trouble over the deep scars in the ditch and the grass verge, and then stood beside his motor-cycle and looked back toward the lily of the valley patch.

Not bad! Probably only the police dogs would get it, and, with ten miles of road to cover, they would be hours, perhaps days — plenty long enough. The main thing in these jobs was to have enough safety margin. He could have shot the man at forty yards, but he had preferred to get to twenty. And taking the watch and the wallet had been nice touches —pro touches.

Pleased with himself, the man heaved his machine off its rest, vaulted smartly into the saddle, and kicked down on the starter. Slowly, so as not to show skidmarks, he accelerated away back down the road and in a minute or so he was doing seventy again and the wind had redrawn the turnip grin across his face.

Around the scene of the killing, the forest, which had held its breath while it was done, slowly began to breathe again.

JAMES BOND had his first drink of the evening at Fouquet's. It was *not* a solid drink. One cannot drink seriously in French cafes. Out of doors on a pavement in the sun is no place for vodka or whisky or gin. A "cognac and water" is fairly serious, but it intoxicates without tasting very good. A "glass of champagne" or "a champagne with orange" is all right before luncheon, but in the evening one glass leads to another glass and a bottle of indifferent champagne is a bad foundation for the night. Pernod is possible, but it should be drunk in company, and, anyway, Bond had never liked the stuff because its liquorice taste reminded him of his childhood.

No, in cafes you have to drink the least offensive of the musical comedy drinks that go with them, and Bond always had the same thing — an Americano — bitter campari, vermouth, a large slice of lemon peel, and soda.

When Bond was in Paris he invariably stuck to the same addresses. He stayed at the Terminus Nord, because he liked station hotels and because this was the least pretentious and most anonymous of them. He had luncheon at the Cafe de la Paix, the Rotonde, or the Dome, because the food was good enough and it amused him to watch the people.

If he wanted a solid drink he had it at Harry's Bar, both because of the solidity of the drinks and because, on his first ignorant visit to Paris at the age of sixteen, he had done what Harry's advertisement in the "Continental Daily Mail" had told him to do and had said to his taxi-driver, "Sank Roo Doe Noo." That had started one of the memorable evenings of his life, culminating in the loss of his notecase.

For dinner Bond went to one of the great restaurants—Vefour, the Caneton, Lucas-Carton, or the Cochon d'Or. These he considered, whatever Michelin might say about the Tour d'Argent, Maxims, and the like, to have somehow avoided the tarnish of the expense account and the dollar. Anyway, he preferred their cooking. After dinner he generally went to the Place Pigalle to see what would happen to him. When, as usual, nothing did, he would walk home across Paris to the Gare du Nord and go to bed.

Tonight Bond decided to tear up this dusty address-book and have himself an old-fashioned good time. He was on his way through Paris after a dismally failed assignment on

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the Austro-Hungarian border. It had been a question of getting a certain Hungarian out. Bond had been sent from London specially to direct the operation over the head of Station V. This had been unpopular with the Vienna Station.

The man had been killed in the frontier minefield. There would have to be a Court of Inquiry. Bond was due back at his London headquarters on the following day to make his report, and the thought of it all depressed him. Today had been so beautiful—one of those days when you almost believe that Paris is beautiful and gay —and Bond had decided to give the town just one more chance.

He would somehow find himself a girl who was a real girl, and he would take her to dinner at some make-believe place in the Bois like the Armenonville. To clean the money-look out of her eyes—for it would certainly be there — he would as soon as possible give her fifty thousand francs. He would say to her: "I propose to call you Donatienne, or possibly Solange, because these are names that suit my mood and the evening. We knew each other before and you lent me this money because I was in a jam. Here it is, and now we will tell each other what we have been doing since we last met in St. Tropez a year ago.

"In the meantime, here is the menu and the wine list and you must choose what will make you happy and fat." And she would look relieved, and she would laugh and say: "But, James, I do not want to be fat." And there they would be, started on the myth of "Paris in the Spring," and Bond would stay sober and be interested in her and everything she said.

And by the end of the evening it would not be his fault if it transpired that there was in fact no shred of truth left in the old fairytale of "A good time in Paris."

Sitting in Fouquet's, waiting for his Americano, Bond smiled at his vehemence. He knew that he was only playing at this fantasy for the satisfaction of launching a last kick at a town he had cordially disliked since the war. Since 1945 he had not had a happy day in Paris.

The waiter's tray clattered down on the marble-topped table. With a slick one-handed jerk that Bond had never been able to copy, the waiter's bottle-opened prised the cap off the Perrier. The man slipped the ticket under the ice-bucket, said a mechanical "voila, M'sieur" and darted away.

Bond put ice into his drink, filled it to the top with soda, and took a long pull at it. He sat back and lit a cigarette. Of course the evening would be a disaster. Even supposing he found the girl in the next hour or so, the contents would certainly not stand up to the wrapping.

A battered black sedan broke out of the centre stream of traffic, cut across the inside line of cars, and pulled in to double-park at the kerb. There was the usual screaming of brakes, hooting and yelling. Quite unmoved, a girl got out of the car and, leaving the traffic to sort itself out, walked across the footpath.

Bond sat up. She had everything, but absolutely everything, that belonged in his fantasy. She was tall and, although her figure was hidden by a light raincoat, the way she moved and the way she held herself promised that it would be beautiful.

The face had the gaiety and bravado that went with her driving, but now there was impatience in the compressed lips and the eyes fretted as she pushed diagonally through the moving crowd.

Bond watched her narrowly as she reached the edge of the tables and came up the aisle. Of course it was hopeless. She was coming to meet someone —her sweetheart. She was the sort of woman who always belongs to somebody else. She was late for him. That's why she was in such a hurry.

And she was looking straight at him. She was smiling . . .

Before Bond could pull himself together the girl had come up to his table and had drawn out a chair and sat down.

She smiled rather tautly into his startled eyes. "I'm sorry I'm late, and I'm afraid we've got to get moving at once. You're wanted at the office." She added under her breath: "Crash dive."

Bond jerked himself back to reality. Whoever she was, she was certainly from "the firm." "Crash dive" was a slang expression the Secret Service had borrowed from the Submarine Service. It meant bad news—the worst. Bond dug into his pocket and slid some coins over the ticket. He said, "Right, let's go," and got up and followed her across to her car.

It was still obstructing the inner lane of traffic. Any minute now there would be a policeman. Angry faces glared at them as they climbed in. The girl had left the engine running. She banged the gears into second and slid out into the traffic.

Bond looked sideways at her. The pale skin was velvet. The blond hair was silk—to the roots. He said: "Where are you from and what's it all about?"

She said, concentrating on the traffic: "From the Station. Grade two assistant. Number 765 on duty, Mary Ann Russell off. I've no idea what it's all about. I just saw the signal from H.Q. — personal from M to Head of Station. Most Immediate and all that. He was to find you at once and if necessary use Security to help. Head of F said you always went to the same places when you were in Paris, and I and another girl were given a list.

She smiled. "I'd only tried Harry's Bar, and after Fouquet's I was going to start on the restaurants. It was marvellous picking you up like that. I hope I wasn't very clumsy."

Bond said: "You were fine. How were you going to handle it if I'd had a girl with me?"

She laughed. "I was going to do much the same, except call you 'sir.' I was only worried about how you'd dispose of the girl. If she started a scene I was going to offer to take her home in my car and for you to take a taxi."

"You sound pretty resourceful. How long have you been in the Service?"

"Five years. This is my first time with a Station."

"How do you like it?"

"I like the work all right. The evenings and days off drag a bit. It's not easy to make friends in Paris without"—her mouth turned down with irony — "without all the rest. I mean," she hastened to add, "I'm not a prude and all that, but somehow the French make the whole business such a bore. I mean I've had to give up taking the Metro or buses. Some of the pinches really hurt. It's the limit.

"So to get around I bought this car cheap, and other cars seem to keep out of my way. As long as you don't catch the other driver's eye, you can take on even the meanest of them. They're afraid you haven't seen them. And they're worried by the bashed-about

"She followed me home. Please, Mum, can I keep her?"

look of the car. They give you a wide berth."

They had come to the Rond Point. As if to demonstrate her theory, she tore round it and went straight at the line of traffic coming up from the Place de la Concorde. Miraculously it divided and let her through into the Avenue Matignon.

Bond said: "Pretty good. But don't make it a habit."

She laughed. She turned into the Avenue Gabrielle and pulled up outside the Paris headquarters of the Secret Service. "I only try that sort of manoeuvre in the line of duty."

Bond got out and came round to her side of the car. He said: "Well, thanks for picking me up. When this whirl is over, can I pick you up in exchange? I don't get the pinches, but I'm just as bored in Paris as you are."

She said seriously: "I'd like that. The switchboard here can always find me."

Bond reached in through the window and pressed the hand on the wheel. He said, "Good," and turned and walked quickly in through the archway.

Wing-Commander Rattray, Head of Station F, was a fattish man with pink cheeks and fair hair brushed straight back. He dressed in a mannered fashion with turned-back cuffs and double slits to his coat, bow-ties and fancy waistcoats. He made a good-living, wine-and-food-society impression. He greeted Bond with relief. "Who found you?"

"Russell. At Fouquet's. Is she new?"

"Six months. She's a good one. But take a pew. There's the hell of a flap on and I've got to brief you and get you going." He bent to his intercom and pressed down a switch. "Signal to M, please. Personal from Head of Station. Located 007, briefing now. Okay?"

Bond pulled a chair over by the open window. Half an hour before he had been fed-up with Paris, glad to be going. Now he hoped he would be staying.

Head of F said: "Somebody got our dawn dispatch-rider from SHAPE to the St. Germain Station yesterday morning. The weekly run from the SHAPE Intelligence Division with the Summaries, Joint Intelligence papers, Iron Curtain Order of Battle — all the top gen. One shot in the back. Took his dispatch-case and his wallet and watch."

Bond said: "That's bad. No chance that it was an ordinary hold-up. Or do they think the wallet and watch were cover?"

"SHAPE Security can't make up their minds. On the whole, they guess it was cover. Seven o'clock in the morning's a rum time for a hold-up. But you can argue it out with them when you get down there. M's sending you as his personal representative. He's worried. Apart from the loss of the Intelligence dope, their I. people have never liked having one of our Stations outside the Reservation, so to speak.

"For years they've been trying to get the St. Germain unit incorporated in the SHAPE Intelligence set-up. But you know what M is, independent old devil. He's never been happy about NATO Security. Why, right in the SHAPE Intelligence Division there are not only a couple of Frenchmen and an Italian but the head of their Counter Intelligence and Security section is a German!"

Bond whistled.

"The trouble is that this rotten business is all SHAPE needs to bring M to heel. Anyway, he says you're to get down there right away. I've fixed up clearance for you. Got the passes. You're to report to Colonel Schreiber, Headquarters Command Security Branch. American. Efficient chap. He's been handling the thing from the beginning. He's already done just about all there was to be done."

"What's he done? What actually happened?"

Head of F picked up a map from his desk and walked over with it. It was the big-scale Michelin map of Paris.

HE pointed with a pencil. "Here's Versailles, and here, just north of the park, is the big junction of the Paris-Mantes and the Versailles autoroutes. A couple of hundred yards north of that, on N.184, is SHAPE. Every Wednesday, at seven in the morning, a Special Services dispatch-rider leaves SHAPE with the weekly Intelligence stuff I told you about.

"He has to get to this little village called Fourqueux, just outside St. Germain, to deliver his stuff to the duty officer at our H.Q. and report back to SHAPE by seven-thirty. Rather than go through all this built-up area, for security reasons his orders are to take this N.307 to St. Nom, turn right-handed on to D.98, and go under the autoroute and through the forest of St. Germain.

"The distance is about twelve kilometres, and taking it easy he'll do the trip in under a quarter of an hour. Well, yesterday it was a corporal from the Corps of Signals, good solid man called Bates, and when he hadn't reported back by seven forty-five they sent another rider to look for him. Not a trace, and he hadn't reported at our H.Q.

"By eight-fifteen the Security Branch was on the job, and by nine the roadblocks were up. The police and Security were told and search parties got under way. The dogs found him, but not till the evening around six, and by that time if there had been any clues on the road they'd been wiped out by the traffic."

Head of F handed the map to Bond. "All the usual steps have been taken — frontiers, ports, aerodromes, and so forth. But that sort of thing won't help. If it was a professional job, whoever did it could have had the stuff out of the country

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting January 1

ARIES — MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, blue. Lucky days, Mon., Saturday.
★ For good fortune, follow the crowds. A mild speculation could pay a nice profit, although there is the danger of trying your luck once too often. You could have contacts with influential people.

TAURUS — APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ You will be more likely than most to keep your New Year resolutions, because they will be positive. Whether you intend attracting a handsome stranger or finding a new home, you won't waste time.

GEMINI — MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Don't be pushed into a situation just to please others. Do not lend money for wildcat schemes or let others use you for their own ends, either in business or social life. Coast along with confidence.

CANCER — JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Tues., Sunday.
★ If you've teamed with a partner, your chances for success in almost any field are bright. There may be new and interesting twosomes. An offer of marriage might not be far away if you are young and eligible.

LEO — JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Regardless of how much fun the evenings may be, the middle of the afternoon promises a lucky break. You may see an old flame again and resume an interrupted romance, or revive an old friendship.

VIRGO — AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ If you are a teenager these days are glorious. If slightly older your popularity was never greater; a love affair may cause you to glow with fresh beauty and magnetism. Older people have an autumn romance.

LIBRA — SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Some of you may prefer to stay home this week. You find time to relax, read, pursue your favorite pastime. Those of you who have recently gone through a period of change are likely to make plans.

SCORPIO — OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Many of you will be busy acquiring a new skill, and beginner's luck is likely to be your portion. Associates with experience give advice, permanent links are formed. If young, this might lead to romance.

SAGITTARIUS — NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ You might be offered the chance to make extra money through a sideline or a temporary job. Those of you who have left school launch yourselves in a career. Others conclude a major business transaction.

CAPRICORN — DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.
★ Certain activities may now lose their appeal for you and some old friendship gradually fade. This new chapter which you are facing calls for a quick response to a more varied and colorful way of life.

AQUARIUS — JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Mon., Thursday.
★ You are likely to save the day in more than one emergency, with friends or strangers. In any group you will be foremost in all activities, but don't try to boss those around you.

PISCES — FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, brn., orange. Lucky days, Tues., Friday.
★ It's a case of suntan without sunburn. You should stay indoors just long enough to gallop through essential tasks. Just lying on the beach will rest your nerves. Romances will be rainbow-hued.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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by midday or into an embassy in Paris inside an hour."

Bond said impatiently: "Exactly! And so what the hell does M expect me to do? Tell SHAPE Security to do it all over again, but better?"

Head of F smiled sympathetically. "Matter of fact I put much the same point of view to M over the scrambler. Tactfully. The old man was quite reasonable. Said he wanted to show SHAPE he was taking the business just as seriously as they were. You happened to be available and more or less on the spot, and he said you had the sort of mind that might pick up the invisible factor.

"I asked him what he meant, and he said that at all closely guarded headquarters there's bound to be an invisible man—a man everyone takes so much for granted that he just isn't noticed — gardener, window-cleaner, postman. I said that SHAPE had thought of that, and that all those sort of jobs were done by enlisted men. M told me not to be so literal-minded and hung up."

Bond laughed. He said: "All right, then. I'll see what I can do. Who do I report back to?"

"Here. M doesn't want the St. Germain unit to get involved. Anything you have to say I'll put straight on the printer to London. But I may not be available when you call up. I'll make someone your duty officer and you'll be able to get them any time in the twenty-four hours. Russell can do it. Suit you?"

"Yes," said Bond. "That'll be all right."

THE battered sedan, commandeered by Rattray, smelled of her. There were bits of her in the glove compartment—half a packet of milk chocolate, a twist of paper containing bobby-pins, a paperback John O'Hara, a single black suede glove. Bond thought about her as far as the Etoile and then closed his mind to her and pushed the car along fast through the Bois.

Rattray had said it would take about fifteen minutes at fifty. Bond said to halve the speed and double the time and to tell Colonel Schreiber that he would be with him by nine-thirty. After the Porte de St. Cloud there was little traffic, and Bond held seventy on the autoroute until the second exit road came up on his right and there was the red arrow for SHAPE. Bond turned up the slope and on to N.184.

Two hundred yards farther, in the centre of the road, was the traffic policeman Bond had been told to look out for. The policeman waved him in through the big gates on the left and he pulled up at the first check-point. A grey-uniformed American policeman hung out of his cabin and glanced at his pass.

He was told to pull inside and hold it. Now a French policeman took his pass, noted the details on a printed form, gave him a large windscreen number, and waved him on.

As Bond pulled into the car park, with theatrical suddenness a hundred arc-lights blazed and lit up the acre of low-lying hutments in front of him.

Feeling naked, Bond walked across the open gravel beneath the flags of the NATO countries and ran up the four shallow steps to the wide glass doors that gave entrance to the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe. Now there was the main Security desk. American and French military police again checked his pass.

He was handed over to a red-capped British M.P. and led off down the main corridor past endless office doors. They bore no names but the usual alphabetical abracadabra of all headquarters. One said "Comstrikfltlant and Saclant Liaison to Saceur." Bond asked what it meant. The military policeman said stolidly: "Couldn't rightly say, sir."

Behind a door that said "Colonel G. A. Schreiber, Chief of Security, Headquarters Command" was a ramrod-straight, middle-aged American with greying hair and the politely negative manner of a bank manager.

After cautiously amiable preliminaries, Bond congratulated the Colonel on his security. He said: "All these checks and double checks don't make it easy for the opposition. Have you ever lost anything before, or have you ever found signs of a serious attempt at a coup?"

"No to both questions, Commander. I'm quite satisfied about Headquarters. It's only the outlying units that worry me. Apart from this section of your Secret Service, we have various detached signal units. Then, of course, there are the Home Ministries of fourteen different nations. I can't answer for what may leak from those quarters."

"It can't be an easy job," agreed Bond. "Now, about this mess. Has anything else come up since Wing-Commander Rattray spoke to you last?"

"Got the bullet. Luger. Severed the spinal cord. Probably fired at around thirty yards, give or take ten yards. Assuming our man was riding a straight course, the bullet must have been fired from dead astern on a level trajectory. Since it can't have been a man standing in the road, the killer must have been moving in or on some vehicle."

"So your man would have seen him in the driving-mirror?"

"Probably."

"If your riders find themselves being followed, do they have any instructions about taking evasive action?"

The Colonel smiled slightly. They're told to go like hell."

"And at what speed did your man crash?"

"Not fast, they think. Between twenty and forty. What are you getting at, Commander?"

"I was wondering if you'd decided whether it was a pro or an amateur job. If your man wasn't trying to get away, and assuming he saw the killer in his mirror, which I agree is only a probability, that suggests that he accepted the man on his tail as friend rather than foe. That could mean some sort of a disguise that would fit in with the set-up here—something your man would accept even at that hour of the morning."

A small frown had been gathering across Colonel Schreiber's smooth forehead. "Commander," there was an edge of tension in the voice, "we have, of course, been considering every angle of this case, including the one you mention. At midday yesterday the commanding general declared emergency in this matter, standing security and security ops committees were set up, and from that moment on every angle, every hint of a clue has been run to earth.

"And I can tell you, Commander," the Colonel raised one well-manicured hand and let it descend in soft emphasis on his blotting-pad, "any man who can come up with an even remotely original idea on this case will have to be closely related to Einstein. There is nothing, repeat nothing, to go on in this case whatsoever."

Bond smiled sympathetically. He got to his feet. "In that case, Colonel, I won't waste any more of your time this evening. If I could just have the minutes of the various meetings to bring myself up to date, and if one of your men could show me the way to my quarters . . ."

"Sure, sure." The Colonel pressed a bell. A young crew-cutted aide came in. "Proctor, show the Commander to his room in the V.I.P. wing, would you, and then take him along to the bar and the canteen." He turned to Bond. "I'll have those papers ready for you after you've had a meal and a drink. They'll be in my office. They can't be taken out, of course, but you'll find everything to hand next door, and Proctor will be able to fill you in on anything that's missing."

"Okay? Then we'll meet again in the morning."

Bond said good-night and followed the aide out. As he walked along the neutral-painted, neutral-smelling corridors, he reflected that this was probably the most hopeless assignment he had ever been on. If the top security brains of fourteen countries were stumped, what hope had he got?

By the time he was in bed that night, in the spartan luxury of the visitors' overnight quarters, Bond had decided he would give it a couple more days—largely for the sake of keeping in touch with Mary Ann Russell for as long as possible—and then chuck it.

Not two, but four, days later, as the dawn came up over the Forest of St. Germain, James Bond was lying along the thick branch of an oak tree keeping watch over a small empty glade that lay deep among the trees bordering D.98, the road of the murder.

He was dressed from head to foot in parachutists' camouflage — green, brown, and black. Even his hands were covered with the stuff, and there was a hood over his head with slits cut for the eyes and mouth. It was good camouflage which would be still better when the sun was higher and the shadows blacker, and from anywhere on the ground, even directly below the high branch, he could not be seen.

It had come about like this. The first two days at SHAPE had been the expected waste of time. Bond had achieved nothing except to make himself mildly unpopular with the persistence of his double-checking questions. On the morning of the third day he was about to go and say his goodbyes when he had a telephone call from the Colonel.

"Oh, Commander, thought I'd let you know that the last team of police dogs got in late last night — your idea that it might be worth while covering the whole forest. Sorry" — the voice sounded un-sorry — "but negative, absolutely negative."

"Oh. My fault for the wasted time. Mind if I have a talk with the handler?"

"Sure, sure. Anything you want. By the way, Commander, how long are you planning to be around? Glad to have you with us for as long as you like. But it's a question of your room. Seems there's a big party coming in from Holland in a few days' time. Admin says they're a bit pushed for space."

Bond had not expected to get on well with Colonel Schreiber and he had not done so. He said amiably: "I'll see what my Chief has to say and call you back, Colonel."

"Do that, would you." The Colonel's voice was equally polite, but the manners of both men were running out and the two receivers broke the line simultaneously.

The chief handler was a Frenchman from the Landes. He had the quick sly eyes of a poacher. Bond met him at the kennels, but the handler's proximity was too much for the Alsatians and, to get away from the noise, he took Bond into the duty-room, a tiny office with binoculars hanging from pegs, and waterproofs, gum-boots, dog-harness, and other gear stacked round the walls.

There were a couple of deal chairs and a table covered with a large-scale map of the Forest of St. Germain. This had been marked off into pencilled squares. The handler made a gesture over the map. "Our dogs covered it all, Monsieur. There is nothing there."

"Do you mean to say they didn't check once?"

The handler scratched his head. "We had trouble with a bit of game, Monsieur. There was a hare or two. A couple of foxes' earths. We had quite a time getting them away from a clearing near the Carrefour Royal. They probably still smelled the gipsies."

"Oh." Bond was only mildly interested. "Show me. Who were these gipsies?"

The handler pointed daintily with a grimy little finger. "These are the names from the old days. Here is the Etoile Parfaite, and here, where the killing took place, is the Carrefour des Curieux. And here, forming the bottom of the triangle, is the Carrefour Royal. It makes," he added dramatically, "a cross with the road of death."

He took a pencil out of his pocket and made a dot just off the crossroads. "And this is the clearing, Monsieur. There was a gipsy caravan there for most of the winter. They left last month. Cleaned the place up all right, but, for the dogs, their scent will hang about there for months."

Bond thanked him, and after inspecting and admiring the dogs and making some small talk about the handler's profession he got into the sedan and went off to the gendarmerie in St. Germain. Yes, certainly they had known the gipsies. Real Romany-looking fellows. Hardly spoke a word of French, but they had behaved themselves. There had been no complaints. Six men and two women. No. No one had seen them go. One morning they just weren't there any more. Might have been gone a week for all one knew. They had chosen an isolated spot.

Bond took the D.98 through the forest. When the great autoroute bridge showed up a quarter of a mile ahead over the road, Bond accelerated and then switched off the engine and coasted silently until he came to the Carrefour Royal. He stopped and got out of the car without a sound, and, feeling rather foolish, softly entered the forest and walked with great circumspection toward where the clearing would be. Twenty yards inside the trees he came to it. He stood in the fringe of bushes and trees and examined it carefully. Then he walked in and went over it from end to end.

The clearing was about as big as two tennis courts and floored in thick grass and moss. There was one large patch of lilies of the valley and under the bordering trees a scattering of bluebells. To one side there was a low mound completely surrounded and covered with brambles and briar roses now thickly in bloom. Bond walked round this and gazed in among the roots, but there was nothing to see except the earthy shape of the mound.

Bond took one last look round and then went to the corner of the clearing that would be nearest to the road. Here there was easy access through the trees. Were there traces of a path, a slight flattening of the leaves? Not more than would have been left by the gipsies or last year's picnickers. On the edge of the road there was a narrow passage between two trees.

Casually Bond bent to examine the trunks. He stiffened and dropped to a crouch. With a fingernail, he delicately scraped away a narrow sliver of caked mud. It hid a deep scratch in the tree-trunk. He caught the scraps of mud in his free hand.

HE now spat and moistened the mud and carefully filled up the scratch again. There were three camouflaged scratches on one tree and four on the other.

Bond walked quickly out of the trees on to the road. His car had stopped on a slight slope leading down under the autoroute bridge. Although there was some protection from the boom of the traffic on the autoroute, Bond pushed the car, jumped in, and only engaged the gears when he was well under the bridge.

And now Bond was back in the clearing above it, and he still did not know if his hunch had been right. It had been M's dictum that had put him on the scent—if it was a scent—and the mention of the gipsies. "It was the gipsies the dogs smelled . . . Most of the winter . . . they went last month. No complaints . . . One morning they just weren't there any more!"

The invisible factor. The invisible man. The people who are so much part of the background that you don't know if they're there or not. Six men and two girls and they hardly spoke a word of French. Good cover, gipsies. You could be a foreigner and yet not a foreigner, because you were only a gipsy.

Some of them had gone off in the caravan. Had some of them stayed, built themselves a hide-out during the winter, a secret place from which the hijacking of the top-secret dispatches had been the first sortie?

Bond had thought he was building fantasies until he found the scratches, the carefully camouflaged scratches, on the two trees. They were just at the height where, if one was carrying any kind of a cycle, the pedals might catch against the bark. It could all be a pipedream, but it was good enough for Bond.

The only question in his mind was whether these people had made a one-time-only coup or whether they were so confident of their security that they would try again. He confided only in Station F. Mary Ann Russell told him to be careful. Head of F, more constructively, ordered his unit at St. Germain to co-operate.

Bond said goodbye to Colonel Schreiber and moved to a camp-bed in the unit's H.Q.—an anonymous house in an anonymous village back-street.

To page 46

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BERNADETTE." — Pretty button-through shirtmaker frock in no-iron cotton. Colors are pink and grey, blue and grey, pale green and grey, turquoise and grey, all on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/2/9.

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Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles, 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 47. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

MUMMY!!

MUMMY!!!

"Please let me have pretty curls like Judy. At school today all of the other children and teacher, too, said how nice her hair looked.

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using Curlypet on it, her hair's all lovely curly and wavy.

"Her hair smells beaut, too!

"Please, Mummy, get Curlypet for my hair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

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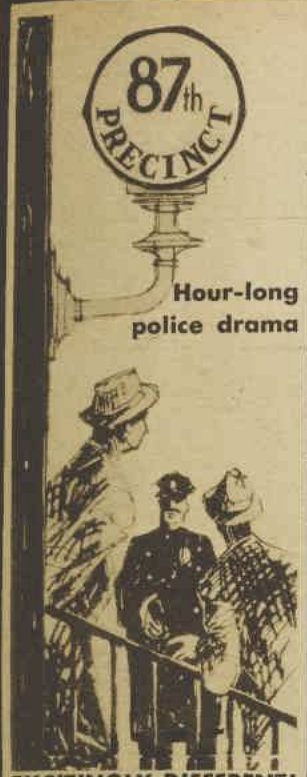
EXCITING NEW TV SHOWS FOR '62!



Hour-long police drama

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GUEST STARS:

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FOLLOW THE SUN

Father of the Bride

DIAL 9 FOR ENTERTAINMENT IN '62
TCN CHANNEL 9

SHIRLEY BOOTH plays Ted Key's famous "Saturday Evening Post" character

HAZEL

Action-packed stories of racing cars and the men who drive them.

STRAIGHTAWAY

The thrilling adventures of an insurance investigator

SHANNON

starring George Nader

RIPCORD

Thrills and spills as daring sky-divers drop their way into danger spots.

EVERGLADES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4922797

Continuing . . . FROM A VIEW TO A KILL

from page 44

The unit had provided the camouflage outfit and the four Secret Service men who ran the unit had happily put themselves under Bond's orders. They realised as well as Bond did that if Bond managed to wipe the eye of the whole security machine of SHAPE, the Secret Service would have won a priceless feather in its cap "vis-a-vis" the SHAPE High Command, and M's worries over the independence of his unit would be gone for ever.

Bond, lying along the oak branch, smiled to himself. Private armies, private wars. How much energy they siphoned off from the common cause, how much fire they directed away from the common enemy!

Six-thirty. Time for breakfast. Cautiously Bond's right hand fumbled in his clothing and came up to the slit of his mouth. Bond made the glucose tablet last as long as possible and then sucked another. His eyes never left the glade.

The red squirrel that had appeared at first light and had been steadily eating away at young beech shoots ever since ran a few feet nearer to the rosebushes on the mound, picked up something, and began turning it in his paws and nibbling at it.

Two wood-pigeons that had been noisily courting among the thick grass started to make clumsy, fluttering love. Bees clustered thick among the roses on the mound, and from where he was, perhaps twenty yards away from and above the mound, Bond could just hear their summery sound. It was a scene from a fairytale — the roses, the lilies of the valley, the birds, and the great shafts of sunlight lancing down through the tall trees into the pool of glistening green.

Bond had climbed to his hideout at four in the morning and he had never examined so closely or for so long the transition from night to a glorious day. He suddenly felt rather foolish. Any moment now and some silly bird would come and sit on his head!

IT was the pigeons that gave the first alarm. With a loud clatter they took off and dashed into the trees. All the birds followed, and the squirrel. Now the glade was quite quiet except for the soft hum of the bees. What had sounded the alarm? Bond's heart began to thump. His eyes hunted, quartering the glade for a clue.

Something was moving among the roses. It was a tiny movement, but an extraordinary one. Slowly, inch by inch, a single thorny stem, an unnaturally straight and rather thick one, was rising through the upper branches. It went on rising until it was a clear foot above the bush.

Then it stopped. There was a solitary pink rose at the tip of the stem. Separated from the bush it looked unnatural, but only if one happened to have watched the whole process. At a casual glance it was a stray stem and nothing else. Now, silently, the petals of the rose seemed to swivel and expand, the yellow pistils drew aside, and sun glinted on a glass lens the size of a shilling.

The lens seemed to be looking straight at Bond, but then very, very slowly the rose-eye began to turn on its stem and continued to turn until the lens was again looking at Bond and the whole glade had been minutely surveyed. As if satisfied, the petals softly swivelled to cover the eye and very slowly the single rose descended to join the others.

Bond's breath came out with a rush. He momentarily closed his eyes to rest them. Gipsies! If that piece of machinery was any evidence, inside the mound, deep down in the earth, was certainly the most professional left-behind spy unit that had ever been devised — far more brilliant than anything England had prepared to operate in the wake of a successful German invasion, far better than what the Germans themselves had left behind in the Ardennes.

A shiver of excitement and anticipation—almost of fear—ran down Bond's spine.

So he had been right! But what was to be the next act?

Now, from the direction of the mound, came a thin high-pitched whine — the sound of an electric motor at very high revs. The rosebush trembled slightly. The bees took off, hovered, and settled again. Slowly, a jagged fissure formed down the centre of the big bush and smoothly widened. Now the two halves of the bush were opening like double doors. The dark aperture broadened until Bond could see the roots of the bush running into the earth on both sides of the opening doorway.

The whine of machinery was louder and there was a glint of metal from the edges of the curved doors. It was like the opening of a hinged Easter egg. In a moment the two segments stood apart and the two halves of the rosebush, still alive with bees, were splayed widely open. Now the inside of the metal caisson that supported the earth and the roots of the bush were naked to the sun. There was a glint of pale electric light from the dark aperture between the curved doors.

The whine of the motor had stopped. A head and shoulders appeared, and then the rest of the man. He climbed softly out and crouched, looking sharply round the glade. There was a gun—a Luger—in his hand. Satisfied, he turned and gestured into the shaft. The head and shoulders of a second man appeared. He handed up three pairs of what looked like snowshoes and ducked out of sight.

The first man selected a pair and knelt and strapped them over his boots. Now he moved about more freely, leaving no footprints, for the grass flattened only momentarily under the wide mesh and then rose slowly again. Bond smiled to himself. Clever devils!

The second man emerged. He was followed by a third. Between them they manhandled a motor-cycle out of the shaft and stood holding it slung between them by harness webbing while the first man, who was clearly the leader, knelt and strapped the snowshoes under their boots. Then, in single file, they moved off through the trees toward the road. There was something extraordinarily sinister about the way they softly high - stepped along through the shadows, lifting and carefully placing each big webbed foot in turn.

Bond let out a long sigh of released tension and laid his head softly down on the branch to relax the strain in his neck muscles. So that was the score! Even the last small detail could now be added to the file. While the two underlings were dressed in grey overalls, the leader was wearing the uniform of the Royal Corps of Signals and his motor-cycle was an olive-green B.S.A. M.120 with a British Army registration number on its petrol tank.

No wonder the SHAPE dispatch-rider had let him get within range. And what did the unit do with its top-secret booty? Probably radioed the cream of it out at night. Instead of the periscope, a rose-stalk aerial would rise up from the bush, the pedal generator would get going deep down under the earth, and off would go the high-speed cipher groups. Ciphers?

There would be many good enemy secrets down that shaft if Bond could round up the unit when it was outside the hideout. And what a chance to feed back phony intelligence to GRU, the Soviet Military Intelligence Apparat, which was presumably the control! Bond's thoughts raced.

The two underlings were coming back. They went into the shaft and the rosebush closed over it. The leader with his machine would be among the bushes on the verge of the road. Bond glanced at his watch. Six-fifty-five. Of course! He would be waiting to see if a dispatch-rider came along. Either he did not know the man he had killed was doing a weekly run, which was unlikely, or he was assuming that SHAPE would now change the routine for additional security.

These were careful people. Probably their orders were to clean up as much as possible before the summer came and there were too many holiday-makers about in the forest. Then the unit might be pulled out and put back again in the winter. Who could say what the long-term plans were? Sufficient that the leader was preparing for another kill.

The minutes ticked by. At seven-ten the leader reappeared. He stood in the shadow of a big tree at the edge of the clearing and whistled once on a brief, high, birdlike note. Immediately the rosebush began to open and the two underlings came out and followed the leader back into the trees.

In two minutes they were back with the motor-cycle slung between them. The leader, after a careful look round to see that they had left no traces, followed them down into the shaft and the two halves of the rosebush closed swiftly behind him.

Half an hour later life had started up in the glade again. An hour later still, when the high sun had darkened the shadows, James Bond silently edged backwards along his branch, dropped softly on to a patch of moss behind some brambles, and melted carefully back into the forest.

. . . . .

That evening Bond's routine call with Mary Ann Russell was a stormy one. She said: "You're crazy. I'm not going to let you do it. I'm going to get Head of F to ring up Colonel Schreiber and tell him the whole story. This is SHAPE'S job. Not yours."

Bond said sharply: "You'll do nothing of the sort. Colonel Schreiber says he's perfectly happy to let me make a dummy run tomorrow morning instead of the duty dispatch-rider. That's all he needs to know at this stage. Reconstruction of the crime sort of thing. He couldn't care less. He's practically closed the file on this business. Now, be a good girl and do as you're told. Just put my report on the printer to M. He'll see the point of me cleaning this thing up. He won't object."

"Darn M! Darn you! Darn the whole silly Service!" There were angry tears in the voice. "You're just a lot of children playing at Red Indians. Taking these people on by yourself! It's showing off. That's all it is. Showing off."

Bond was beginning to get annoyed. He said: "That's enough, Mary Ann. Put that report on the printer. I'm sorry, but it's an order."

There was resignation in the voice. "Oh, all right. You don't have to pull your rank on me. But don't get hurt. At least you'll have the boys from the local Station to pick up the bits. Good luck."

"Thanks, Mary Ann. And will you have dinner with me tomorrow night? Some place like Armenonville. Pink champagne and gipsy violins. Paris in the spring routine."

"Yes," she said seriously. "I'd like that. But then take care all the more, would you? Please?"

"Of course I will. Don't worry. Good night."

" 'Night."

Bond spent the rest of the evening putting a last high polish on his plans and giving a final briefing to the four men from the Station.

. . . . .

It was another beautiful day. Bond, sitting comfortably astride the throbbing B.S.A. waiting for the off, could hardly believe in the ambush that would now be waiting for him just beyond the Carrefour Royal. The corporal from the Signal Corps who had handed him his empty dispatch-case and was about to give him the signal to go said: "You look as if you'd been in the Royal Corps all your life, sir. Time for a haircut soon, I'd say, but the uniform's bang on. How d'you like the bike, sir?"

"Goes like a dream. I'd forgotten what fun these things are."

"Give me a nice little sedan any day, sir." The corporal looked at his watch. "Seven o'clock just coming up." He held up his thumb. "Okay."

Bond pulled the goggles down over his eyes, lifted a hand to the corporal, kicked the machine into gear, and wheeled off across the gravel and through the main gates.

Off 184 and on to 307, through Bailly and Noisy-le-Roi, and there was the straggle of St. Nom. Here he would be turning sharp right on to D.98 —the "death route," as the handler had called it. Bond pulled into the grass verge and once more looked to the long-barrel .45 Colt. He put the warm gun back against his stomach and left the jacket button undone. On your marks! Get set . . . .

Bond took the sharp corner and accelerated up to fifty. The viaduct carrying the Paris autoroute loomed up ahead. The dark mouth of the tunnel beneath it opened and swallowed him. The noise of his exhaust was gigantic, and for an instant there was a tunnel smell of cold and damp. Then he was out in the sunshine again and immediately across the Carrefour Royal.

Ahead the oily tarmac glittered dead straight for two miles through the enchanted forest and there was a sweet smell of leaves and dew. Bond cut his speed to forty. The driving-mirror by his left hand shivered slightly with his speed. It showed nothing but an empty unfurling vista of road between lines of trees that curled away behind him like a green wake. No sign of the killer. Had he taken fright? Had there been some hitch?

But then there was a tiny black speck in the centre of the convex glass—a midge that became a fly and then a bee and then a beetle. Now it was a crash-helmet bent low over handlebars between two big black paws. He was coming fast! Bond's eyes flickered from the mirror to the road ahead and back to the mirror. When the killer's right hand went for his gun . . .!

Bond slowed — thirty-five, thirty, twenty. Ahead the tarmac was smooth as metal. A last quick look in the mirror. The right hand had left the handlebars. The sun on the man's goggles made huge fiery eyes below the rim of the crash-helmet. Now! Bond braked fiercely and skidded the bike through forty-five degrees, killing the engine. He was not quite quick enough on the draw.

The killer's gun flared twice and a bullet tore into the saddle-springs beside Bond's thigh. But then the Colt spoke its single word, and the killer and his bike, as if lassoed from within the forest, veered crazily off the road, leapt the ditch, and crashed head on into the trunk of a beech. For a moment the tangle of man and machinery clung to the broad trunk and then, with a metallic death-rattle, toppled backwards into the grass.

Bond got off his machine and walked over to the ugly twist of khaki and smoking steel. There was no need to feel for a pulse. Wherever the bullet had struck the crash-helmet had smashed like an eggshell. Bond turned away and thrust his gun back into the front of his tunic. He had been lucky. It would not do to press his luck. He got on the bike and accelerated back down the road.

He leant the bike up against one of the scarred trees just inside the forest and walked softly through to the edge of the clearing. He took up his stand in the shadow of the big beech. He moistened his lips and gave, as near as he could, the killer's bird-whistle. He waited. Had he got the whistle wrong?

But then the bush trembled and the high, thin whine began. Bond hooked his right thumb through his belt within inches of the gun-butt. He hoped he would not have to do any more killing. The two underlings had not seemed to be armed. With any luck they would come quietly.

Now the carved doors were open. From where he was Bond could not see down the shaft, but within seconds the first man was out and putting on his snowshoes and the second followed. Snowshoes! Bond's heart missed a beat. He had forgotten them! They must be hidden back there in the bushes. Blasted fool! Would they notice?

The two men came slowly toward him, delicately placing their feet.

WHEN he was about twenty feet away, the leading man said something softly in what sounded like Russian. When Bond did not reply, the two men stopped in their tracks. They stared at him in astonishment, waiting perhaps for the answer to a password. Bond sensed trouble. He whipped out his gun and moved toward them, crouching. "Hands up."

He gestured with the muzzle of the Colt. The leading man shouted an order and threw himself forward. At the same time the second man made a dash back toward the hide-out. A rifle boomed from among the trees and the man's right leg buckled under him. The men from the Station broke cover and came running. Bond fell to one knee and clubbed upwards with his gun-barrel at the hurtling body. It made contact, but then the man was on him. Bond saw fingernails flashing toward his eyes, ducked, and ran into an uppercut.

Now a hand was at his right wrist and his gun was being slowly turned on him. Not wanting to kill, he had kept the safety-catch up. He tried to get his thumb to it. A boot hit him in the side of the head and he let the gun go and fell back. Through a red mist he saw the muzzle of the gun pointing at his face. The thought flashed through his mind that he was going to die —die for showing mercy . . . !

Suddenly the gun-muzzle had gone and the weight of the man was off him. Bond got to his knees and then to his feet. The body, spreadeagled in the grass beside him, gave a last kick. There were bloody rents in the back of the dungarees. Bond looked round. The four men from the Station were in a group. Bond undid the strap of his crash-helmet and rubbed the side of his head. He said: "Well, thanks. Who did it?"

Nobody answered. The men looked embarrassed.

Bond walked toward them, puzzled. "What's up?"

Suddenly Bond caught a trace of movement behind the men. An extra leg showed — a woman's leg. Bond laughed out loud. The men grinned sheepishly and looked behind them. Mary Ann Russell, in a brown shirt and black jeans, came out from behind them with her hands up. One of the hands held what looked like a .22 target pistol. She brought her hands down and tucked the pistol into the top of her jeans.

She came up to Bond. She said anxiously: "You won't blame anybody, will you? I just wouldn't let them leave this morning without me." Her eyes pleaded. "Rather lucky I did come, really. I mean, I just happened to get to you first. No one wanted to shoot for fear of hitting you."

Bond smiled into her eyes. He said: "If you hadn't come, I'd have had to break that dinner date." He turned back to the men, his voice businesslike. "All right. One of you take the motor-bike and report the gist of this to Colonel Schreiber. Say we're waiting for his team before we take a look at the hide-out. And would he include a couple of anti-sabotage men. That shaft may be booby-trapped. All right?"

Bond took the girl by the arm. He said: "Come over here. I want to show you a bird's nest."

"Is that an order?"

"Yes."

(Copyright)

"It's raining."

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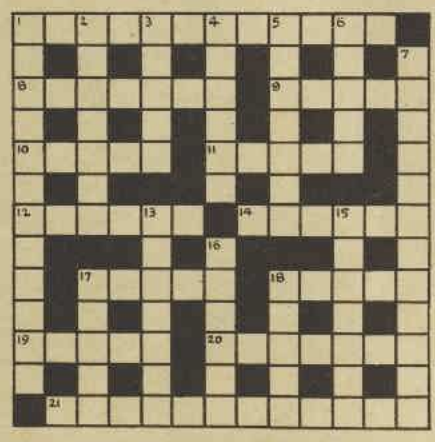
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and Magnon, with a fleet of space ships, have given up their attempts to bomb the strange "star-eater." They are baffled. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This branch of science is for shy dictators (12).
8. Screech ending late (7).
9. Lyric poetry containing a seed vessel (5).
10. Golden eagles which are not quite earnest (5).
11. Regular task (5).
12. Trifling ornament starting with a drop (6).
14. This may be worthless, but it helps a spider (6).
17. Lunatic as Terence and full of hereditary social class (5).
18. Laura of the ear (5).
19. Stupid person getting his name from the Subtle Doctor (5).
20. Provided you don't miss, you do 18 on a full links (3, 4).
21. Owner of a better pub (6, 6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Upper chamber (5, 2, 5).
2. Face about the vase each day (7).
3. Precious stones give nothing to friends (5).
4. One-third of a pipe (6).
5. Quivering effect of a Rome lot (7).
6. Stifling waste, if headless (5).
7. The latest issue moves in it (12).
13. Sure tea (Anagr., 7).
15. Title of respect or whips (7).
16. Meagre from Ash Wednesday to Easter Eve (6).
17. Plant with brightly colored flowers and large leaves (5).
18. The white poplar, the top of which was an early murder victim (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 448 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7391. — Full-skirted frock and matching jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¾yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/9.

F7505.—Slim-line casual frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7376.—Pretty teenage frock in sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

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F7506. — Two-piece suit with cross-over V-neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7507. — Belted jacket with straight skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

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● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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